PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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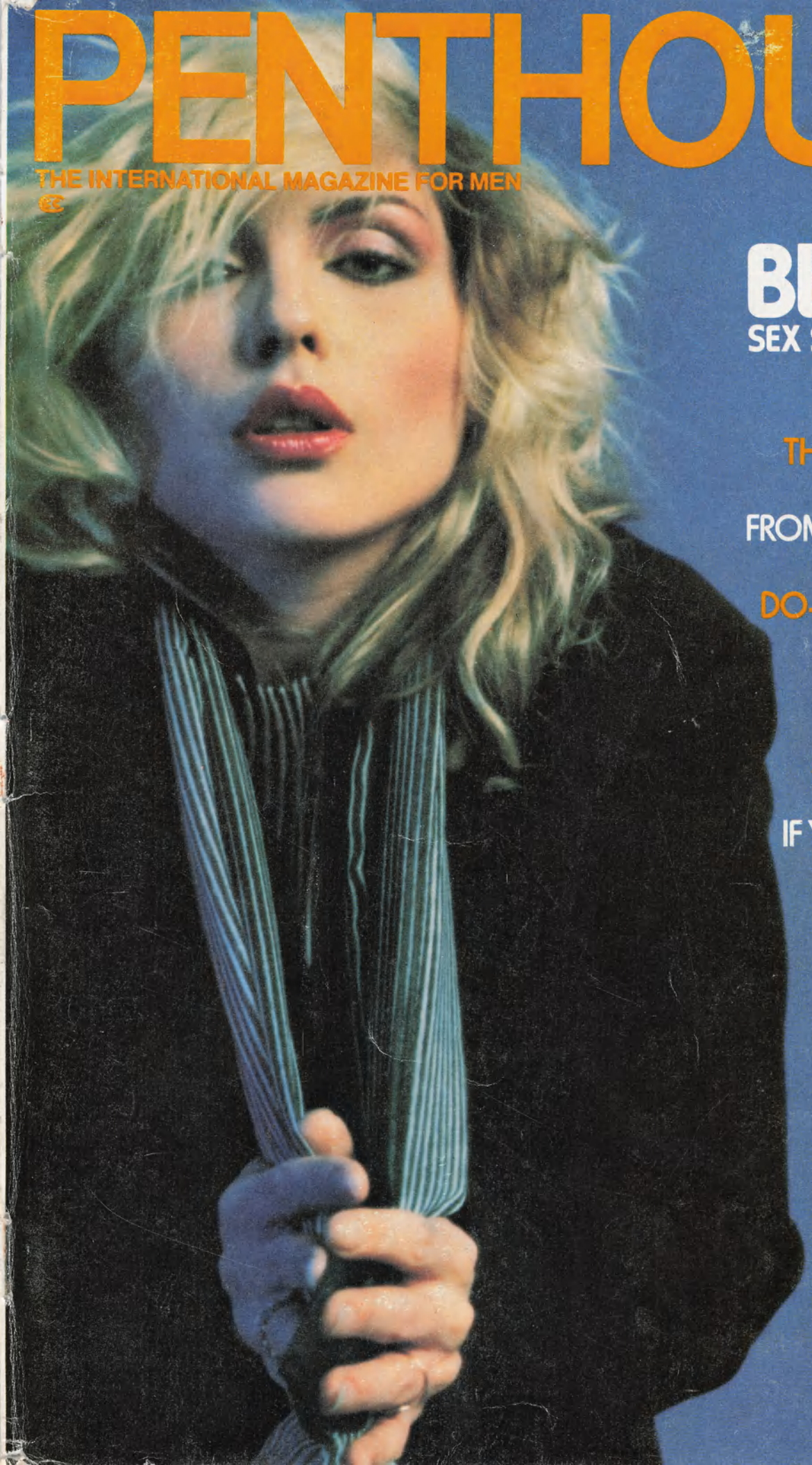

BLONDIE:
SEX SYMBOL OF THE 80'S

WOMEN'S LIB:
THE MALE STRIKES BACK

LOVE LETTERS
FROM FAMOUS AUTHORS

SEXUAL MECHANIX:
DO-IT-YOURSELF EROTICA

THE JOY OF
TALKING DIRTY

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IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM...

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By Robert Harris, Technical Director

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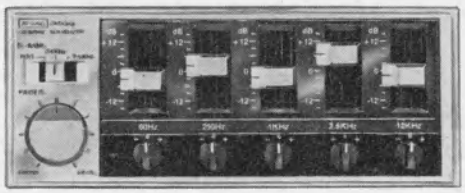
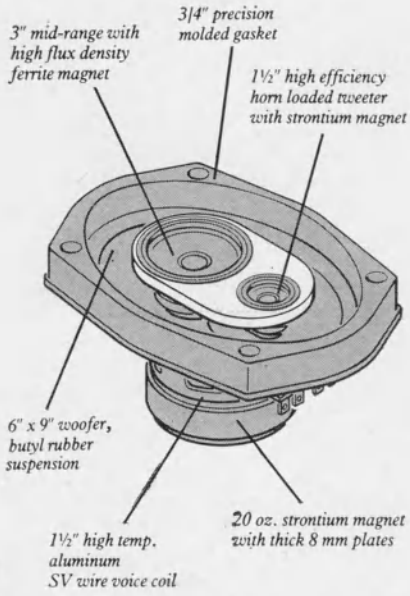


HCE-750 HiComp Semi-parametric graphic equalizer

It's an electronically-tuned AM/FM multiplex receiver with a built-in auto-reverse cassette deck. The HCM-0010 has 12-station memory, LED display, built-in quartz clock and an automatic station seek. It also features a CrO_2 switch, Dolby®, FM muting, 4-way stereo balance controls, separate bass and treble controls and a Hard Permalloy tape head. Its looks are straight out of a stereo buff's music room.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HCS-362 HiComp 6" x 9" 3-way speaker system.

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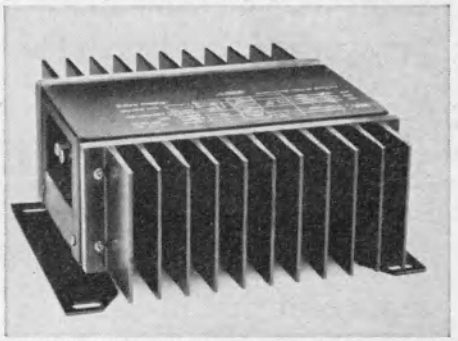

HCB-830 HiComp 120 watt 4-channel power amplifier

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For further information, write to: Robert Harris, Technical Director, Dept. PH , Audiovox, 150 Marcus Blvd. Hauppauge, New York 11787.

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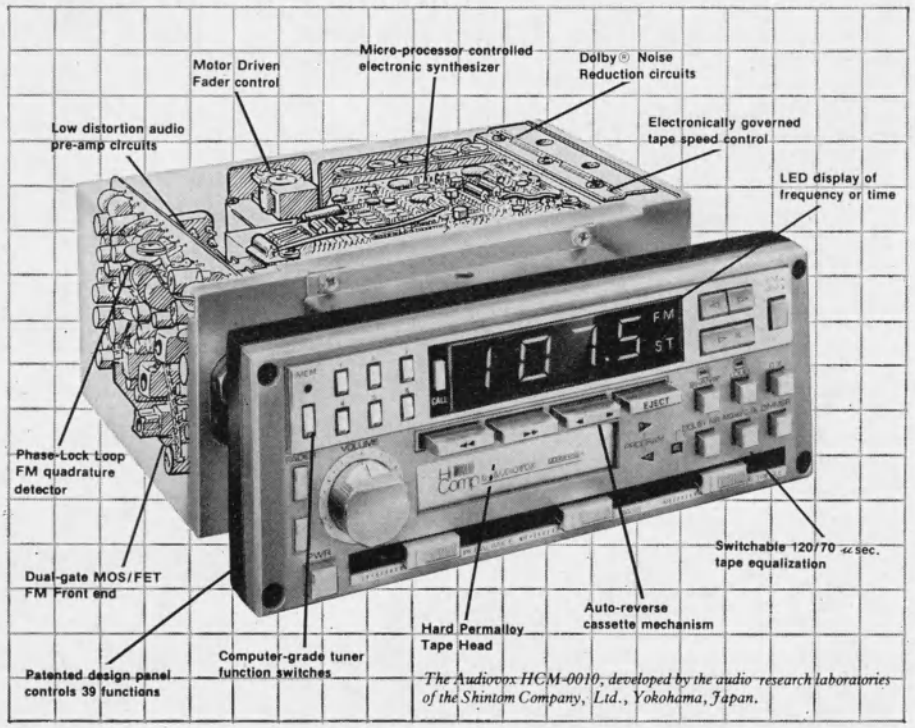
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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/February 1980

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$7995*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GS Model shown. S Model $7195. Slightly higher in California. Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown $275-$295.) Prices effective Dec. 1, 1979. All prices subject to change without notice.

**EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GS Model with 5-spd. trans. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 16 estimated mpg, 27 estimated highway mpg.

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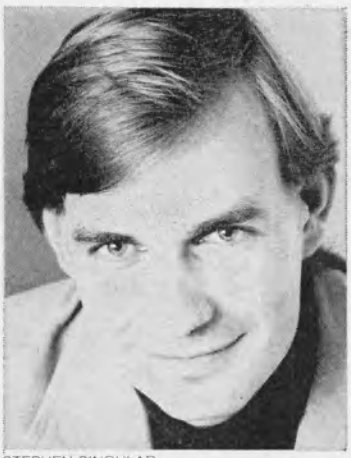
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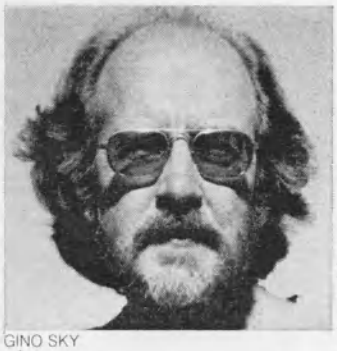
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HOUSECALL

February is, of course, the month for lovers, and—for this first February of the 1980s—*Penthouse* celebrates love, romance, and the relationship between the sexes. Our cover girl, **Debbie Harry**, captured by famous New York photographer Mick Rock, for instance, may be as much a sex symbol of the 1980s as Marilyn Monroe was of the 1950s. In "Punk's Dream" (page 70) **Debra Rae Cohen** profiles Debbie, who, as Blondie's lead singer, has made it the hottest rock-'n'-roll band in the world. "I think that the highest appreciation that anyone has is usually sexual," Harry told Cohen. ". . . .That is the important thing. Sex is the biggest seller. . . . Sex is it." And Debbie's relationship with Blondie's lead guitarist, Chris Stein, appears to be the most important thing in her life right now. "Less spontaneous, more self-assured," Cohen writes, "she goes farther out on the limb he selects. It's part of being a nice girl from New Jersey; you find—and defer to—a nice boy to depend on."

But there aren't too many women who feel that way anymore, thanks to the feminist revolution—perhaps our most significant legacy from the 1970s. As a 30-year-old midwestern male told writer **Stephen Singular**: "Men don't know what to be for women anymore because women don't know what they want from men." In "Stand Up and Howl" (page 52) Singular describes several extraordinary conversations with men from all over the United States who are beginning to believe that the next ten years will see the rebirth of male liberation. "They are tired of being criticized," writes Singular, "and are starting to fight back. They are proud of their maleness and don't want women telling them who they are and how they should be."

Actor **Lee Marvin** could be a perfect role model for some of these men. "I think we're seeing a little male-chauvinism backlash now," Marvin told our interviewer, Mutual Radio's **Fred Robbins** (page 106). "I think the boys are getting a bit tired of it all. It just gets so bad when women's lib gets into relationships." Marvin knows what he's talking about. After living with singer Michelle Triola for six years, Marvin decided that he wanted out. In a landmark lawsuit Michelle sued him for a million dollars in what tabloid writers were quick to call "palimony." The judge finally awarded her $104,000 for "rehabilitative purposes"—a decision that allowed both sides to claim victory. Marvin's reflections on the lawsuit and on what the public wants in movies today ("The underdog has now become the leading man . . . . he's got to burn the town down") make this *Penthouse* interview compelling reading.

More compelling reading can be found in "Love Talk" (page 151), in which three couples permitted their lovemaking to be taped. The uncensored and uninhibited transcripts show that the Great Love Revolution of the 1970s, when touch was in and talk was out, is clearly over. The three couples featured in "Love Talk" show that verbal lovemaking continues to contribute significantly to the excitement of the physical act itself.

Our fiction this month follows the *Penthouse* tradition of featuring the best work of new, young writers. **Gino Sky**, the author of "The Cool Green Earth Loves You" (page 76), runs a small cattle ranch in Idaho and has also worked as a truck driver, a climbing guide, a tap-dance instructor, and a bicycle mechanic—among other things. Fortunately for us, among these other things is a formidable penchant for writing, and his magical tale of the love between Virginia Spring, the cheerleader of the Great Dream Team, and Ranger Rose, the basketball star of Idaho High, will enchant and delight you. It is excerpted from *Appaloosa Rising: The Life and Times of the Cowboy Buddha,* which will soon be published by Doubleday.

Romance and humor are not incompatible, as **Nick Tosches** proves in "Lust among the Adverbs" (page 122). Tosches conjures up seven filthy love letters by some of America's greatest authors, including Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner.

Fun of a more visual sort can be found on page 109, where our resident humor editor, **Bill Lee**, illuminates the Super Bowl rites of passage for fans and nonfans alike in "Grid and Bare It". And **Jim Wilson** in "Sexual Mechanix" (page 117) fantasizes a how-to magazine for the romantically inclined. Wilson, whose *Mr. Bill Book* will be published soon by Running Press, is now sole creator of all forthcoming Mr. Bill films.

Of course, the greatest celebration of romance is found in beauty, and the greatest celebration of beauty can be found in the many pictorial pages of *Penthouse* that celebrate the first Valentine's Day of the 1980's. ○—□

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FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Apples and cherries go together

I am a female, aged 22. I have been a faithful reader of *Penthouse*, especially the "Forum" and Xaviera sections, for the last six years. What follows is the story of how I lost my cherry in the Big Apple.

I have always been an introverted person; so I did little dating until after I went to college. Even there, I never found anyone I really wanted to take me all the way. So I remained intact—until last April. I released my sexual energies through fantasy and masturbation, often aided by the letters in "Forum." I have also always been excited by buildings, particularly large and impressive-looking ones. I invested them with sexual identities and brought myself to many a fantastic climax imagining them fucking each other or me.

When I graduated from college last March, my brother sent me enough money to fly back and visit him in New York. Having been born and raised in the Central Valley of California, I had never seen a city as large and exciting as New York. I was taut with sexual frustration the whole time I was there, because my brother and I slept near each other in his studio apartment. There was no way that I could let go without the fear of waking him up.

From the windows of my brother's high-rise apartment, I could see all sorts of famous Manhattan skyscrapers. Dominant over all of its neighbors, however, was the Empire State Building. Gazing at its silvery spire and its massive yet gracefully masculine form for two weeks only added to my tension.

On the day before I left New York, my brother took me to see the Empire State, which faces across the street from his office. They were remodeling the 102nd floor that day; so we could only go up to the outdoor observatory on the eighty-sixth floor. I was thrilled, however, by this great building, which dwarfed the other seemingly massive structures, like the Chrysler Building, that towered below us. I felt a sexual surge of power as I looked down upon the city, a feeling that was heightened as my skirt blew against me, rubbing sensuously against my legs.

As we were leaving, I looked up at the facade of the Empire State and saw it gazing down at me with an almost human expression. The building has two large, deep-set windows over the main entrance that stare out from under a heavy brow line like enormous eyes. Below these windows is a large, square, masculine-looking mouth opening. I was already anticipating the fun I would have when I returned home to the privacy of my own apartment, but I never dreamed of the further adventures that the Empire State had in store for me.

We went across the street to my brother's fourth-floor office, where he had to meet some people before we could go out for lunch. When we got to his office, my brother opened the Venetian blinds to disclose the great male face of the Empire State gazing in at us. My brother's phone rang. So he didn't notice my gasp as I sank into a chair, wetness growing between my legs. When he got off the phone, he said he had to go see some people on another floor, even though it was almost noontime. He asked me if I wanted to go with him or wait in his office for about an hour. Naturally, I chose the latter, my knees quaking in anticipation of the masturbatory delights I was about to experience.

As soon as my brother left, I shut the door of his office and turned up the radio on some loud rock station. Even though I knew the other employees would be leaving for lunch, I didn't want to take a chance that someone would hear my cries of ecstasy when I came. I brought a chair up close to the window and, resting my feet on the low sill, began to rub my skirt in between my legs. The feel of the woolen material against my panty-hosed legs and crotch had me close to orgasm in about three radio songs—maybe ten minutes. The combination of this sensation with the sight of the Empire State staring right up my crotch had me so lost in passion that I didn't hear one of my brother's male coworkers come into the office.

I don't know what he must have thought when he saw me there, but it didn't take him long to grasp the situation—among other things. He came up behind me and, with his mouth close to my ear, said, "I am the Empire State, and I've just come in from across the street, and now I am going to fuck you!" I was so gone that I was helpless to stop him as he slipped his hand between my legs and pulled down my panty hose. He moved my legs so that he could kneel in front of me and bury his face under my skirt.

The sensation that followed was like no other I'd ever experienced before, and I bucked and moaned, no longer caring whether all of Manhattan heard me. My anonymous friend kept up his exquisite stream of licks and kisses, and I was almost convinced it was the Empire State, not a human being, that was bringing me

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After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

to such a tremendous climax. The building's great dark eyes seemed to bore into my own as I came voluminously.

Before I had entirely recovered, he lifted me by the armpits and leaned me backward across the desk. When I turned my head sideways, I could still see the Empire State looming over me. I continued to stare at it as my unknown friend parted my legs and began to insert his ample organ into me.

Although I expected the first time to be extremely painful, I was so aroused by this time that I was wide open, and he was able to slip it in with only a little difficulty. It was only when he began to thrust his hard, hot fire iron in and out of me that my membrane broke, and I felt some pain. The hurt was washed away by the throbbing imminence of a second orgasm. I had my head right next to the radio, which was blaring into my ear. The music could not drown out my screams, though, as I rolled my head back and forth and let the saliva dribble out of my mouth and onto my brother's desk blotter. Mr. "Empire State" must have lasted a good ten minutes, because the long version of "Stairway to Heaven" and "Champagne Jam" by the Atlanta Rhythm Section went by before he finally came, knocking me hard against the desk.

After he finished, he leaned across and kissed me for a moment and then got up. I could hear him zipping his pants while I lay there, feeling the warm juices of love between my legs. Fortunately, my heavy skirt kept anything from spilling on my brother's desk, even though we did knock a stack of papers to the floor. I lay there, immersed in the aftermath of sexual climax and still gazing out the window, eyes unfocused, at the Empire State Building. I barely heard my brother's friend when he said he thought he'd better split. When he shut the door, I realized that I hadn't even taken a good look at his face. The disc jockey shouted into my ear that it was 12:45 P.M. So I very hurriedly jumped up.

It was then that I noticed several smiling people standing at the fourth-floor windows of the Empire State. At first, I was mortified. But then, in a sudden flash of daring, I gave them an encore by slowly raising my skirt. When it reached my chin, the onlookers broke into silent applause.

I had barely pulled up my panty hose and put the office into order when my brother walked in. Fortunately, he didn't even notice my breathlessness or the glint in my eye. It goes without saying that I'll never forget my visit to the imperial city of New York. Even though I now have a steady lover, I still have never received a royal fucking or a truly skyscraping orgasm quite like the one I got at the hands of Mr. "Empire State."—*A.J., Sacramento, Calif.*

"Never mind, Doc. Miss Stevens just kissed it and made it better."

Love that discipline

I would like to share an experience with the readers of *Penthouse*.

I am 18 years old and employed by my sister and brother-in-law. Since they both work, I've been cleaning their house twice a week after school; I've been working for them for about six months now. My sister had been complaining about my work, and one afternoon my brother-in-law came home early and started yelling at me, saying I wasn't doing my job well. So I told him to shut up and not to worry about me. The next thing you know, he grabbed me by the arms and pulled me down over his knee. With one hand on my lower back, he reached around and pulled my jeans down and then my panties. Then he started slapping my bare bottom with his hand. Each spank was harder and harder. After about 35 to 40 swats, he stopped long enough to tell me that if I didn't start doing a better job around the house, I could expect this more often. Then he proceeded to give my naked buttocks another 20 whacks.

I must say, I do clean house a lot better now. But I was turned on by that spanking, and I am trying to get up enough courage to receive another one someday.—*Name and address withheld*

Water sports

I never thought I would be writing to *Penthouse*, but last night our apartment complex held a block party that I knew would be worthy of only your inspiring magazine.

It was a typical suburban block party, on a warm and sticky August night. Around 11:00 P.M. everyone was feeling pretty loose, thanks to the constant flow of alcohol and the side trips everyone was taking to smoke a quick number.

Several great-looking studs had decided to throw Larry, the apartment manager, into the pool. They had a tough time of it, and watching their sweaty, muscular bodies was having an effect on me. Before I knew it, I was being grabbed, none too gently, and in I went. Pretty soon everyone had joined us.

Soon Jeff, a neighbor, peeled off his tight jeans and dove in naked. The mood of the party shifted, and in what seemed like no time, naked bodies were all about me. The sight of all the nude bodies would have been enough to make a nun break her vows.

Now I'm no nun, but I'm not Xaviera, either. I had never been involved in any type of group-sex scene before.

I just stood at the edge of the pool, enjoying the glorious feel of the cold water against my body. Naturally, what was going on around me was having an effect on my body temperature. I dived under the water to surprise Jeff, who was minding his own business. I swam between his legs and started using his eight-inch tool as a snorkel. As I sucked and kissed him under the water, I bobbed up for air, only to find his eager mouth

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The MK2 Series. You don't have to be a radio station to afford performance good enough for a radio station.

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awaiting my kiss. After we passionately searched for each other's tongue, he lowered his hand to my aching nipple and began a breaststroke like I've never experienced before. His left hand searched for my throbbing clit as he inserted his fingers inside me.

As I looked around, everybody had paired off into couples or groups. Everybody was involved in his own skin-diving games.

There beside me was a bobbing head of red hair that I quickly recognized as my good neighbor Liz. I had always thought Liz to be a quiet and religious woman. Much to my delight, she was not participating in a baptism. The water was churning furiously around Liz and Linda, the wife of our resident school principal. Linda was moaning with pleasure as Liz sucked her swollen breasts. Coming up behind Liz was the virile young paper boy, Bobby, anxious to make a delivery into her awaiting haven. As Bobby began pumping Liz from behind, I grabbed Jeff's pulsating member and gently stroked it. In short, the pool was a shimmering, magical sea of sex.

Meanwhile, Jeff grabbed a nearby rubber raft, and we wasted no time climbing aboard. I gripped his oar and engulfed it in my hungry mouth. I nudged his head around to my quivering cunt and began deep-breathing exercises in earnest. As I came furiously, Jeff's magnum shot deep into my throat. My body was now aching to take the main event. He pushed my knees back against my breasts and in one fell swoop thrust his enormous cock deep into my loins. At that point, I thought I could go no higher. But just then John, the lifeguard, swam over and stuffed his circumcised penis down my throat. The taste of his salty prick, combined with Jeff's constant thrust, brought me to a tidal wave of orgasmic frenzy. Jeff and John came in unison, and, laughing, both slowly disappeared beneath the surface. I turned my head to look back at Liz, who was sandwiched between Bobby and Larry. Her face told the whole story: satisfied.

The block party was such a smashing success that we've decided to make it a regular event.—*Name and address withheld*

Virginal spender

I'm a senior at a small central Michigan high school. I came from a big-time suburban high school at the start of my junior year. I'm what you would call the football stud of the school. I'm hung fairly well and never seem to have a problem getting pussy.

Since I moved in, all the guys would always talk about a girl named Carol Ann. She had been the beauty of the class since elementary school and is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen: about five foot five, reddish hair, and a perfect body (ripe and round). Carol Ann is very shy and had never had a boyfriend before. I never talked to her during my junior year, but I knew who she was, and she knew me.

In my senior year I discovered Carol Ann was in one of my classes and sat right next to me. We became good friends. When homecoming time came, I decided to ask this untouched virgin. She accepted. She looked just like an angel from heaven at the dance, and I was the proudest guy there. Afterward, in a parked car we French kissed and necked a bit, but that was it. Still it was the farthest anyone had gotten with her.

One Saturday I invited Carol Ann to a football game at my old school. It was a long drive, and her parents didn't expect her until late that night. Before we left, we stopped at a store, and one of my friends was there. He told me that I should look at one of the hard-core sex books, and he gave it to me. I uninterestedly set it on the dashboard in front of Carol Ann, hoping she would look at it. After a while, she finally opened it and read the articles, spending a long time on each page. I acted as if I hadn't noticed.

At the game she snuggled up close to me and kept pestering me for kisses. After the game we went to a party, and the same thing happened. She stuck to me like glue and kept kissing me. She

For full color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send $2 to Box 929-P, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

was getting to be a pest, a hot pest. Once we returned home, I drove around for a while. We circled around my favorite parking spot, and then we decided to stop.

We started French kissing and necking. I was on top of her, and she was squeezing me with all her might. I knew I had to go for it. I was so horny. I slipped my hand under her shirt and then her bra, and there were no objections. I felt her fine, round tits, and as I did, her nipples hardened and grew in my hands. They were masterpieces. I unsnapped her bra and unbuttoned her shirt to make things simpler for both of us.

Then I saw just what I expected, the most beautiful tits I could imagine. Carol Ann was now in heat. I licked and sucked on her tits and nipples and never wanted to stop, but I knew I had to move on. I started putting pressure on her groin. It felt hot and moist, and I knew what I had to do. I had the hardest hard-on I had ever had, and I would not be relieved until her juices were all over my cock. I unzipped her and slipped her pants over her fine ass. She was moaning and shaking, and I knew she was dying to be fucked. And I was dying to fuck her. Her clit was swollen and soaked. I slipped my pants down and freed my cock. I entered her vagina for the first time, and it was awfully tight, but I knew I was in heaven. Poor Carol Ann seemed to be in some pain; so I pulled my cock out. I felt blood on it. Still she wanted more. I put it in and pumped, and she shook. She was going wild. Finally, I shot my load, and we were both in bliss. I had never had sex like this before. It felt so proud to know I was the guy who removed this angel's flowers.

We became very close and dated steadily. We fucked several times, and each time was the best of my life. We finally broke up, and she went back to being the pure, shy Carol Ann who only talked to her few friends. I don't think she knows yet, but we'll be going to the same university next year. I know I will get her again.—*Name and address withheld*

Double excitement

I am a sophomore at a large midwestern university, and until yesterday I thought your letters were fake.

After my late night class, I was slowly walking through the central campus when I noticed two of the most voluptuous blondes I had ever seen. As I got closer, I got a big surprise! They were identical twins, and I noticed that they were staring at my bulge; their nipples hardening through their tight, silky blouses, emphasizing their beautiful, braless tits.

As I walked past, I stopped and asked them their names and later I asked them if they would care to come over to my apartment to smoke a joint or two. They immediately agreed, and soon we were sitting on my couch.

After getting incredibly high, we were feeling very loose, and our small talk soon turned to sex. I was sitting between the two of them on the couch when suddenly I felt a pair of hands caressing my thigh. I turned to see who they belonged to, and another set of hands began to stroke the thick fur on my chest. I couldn't believe it! I was finally fulfilling my deepest fantasy: making it with two foxy twins at the same time.

As Karen was trying her best to ram her tongue down my throat, Kathy was tugging at my zipper with her teeth. Soon we were all naked, and as Kathy was attempting to swallow my huge, 11-inch tool, Karen lowered her dripping pussy to my eager tongue. I licked as fast as I could, quickly bringing Karen to orgasm after orgasm. I could feel myself nearing the point of no return, and I began ramming my throbbing meat down Kathy's throat, until jets of jism filled her mouth and dribbled down her chin, further exciting me. Kathy was superhorny now and was screaming, "Fuck me! Fuck me!" as she finger-fucked herself into a furious frenzy.

Meantime, Karen was masturbating herself with a candle, as her sister and I moved from a fantastic 69 to the missionary position. Kathy and I fucked like this until all the sap was pumped from my

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swollen walnuts. Soon she was nearly unconscious from coming so much, and since I was still hard, I turned to Karen, turned her around, licked her puckered hole, and rammed my cock into her ass. My hand was rubbing her pussy, and soon she had several powerful orgasms. The tightness of her humping buttocks was incredible as I finally exploded in a symphony of ecstasy. Her sister had finally come back to life and joined in the fun by licking Karen's hot snatch.

We fucked and sucked like this for hours and at last collapsed into a heap. In the morning they were gone, but they left their phone number on my desk. I am looking forward to more double excitement and earth-shattering orgasms.—*Name and address withheld*

More than touch football

Being an avid reader of "Forum" and enjoying the stories so much, I thought it time to share an unusual experience of mine with other such readers.

I play football for a very prestigious southern school and am, in fact, one of the biggest guys on the team. My nickname is "Giant." But the name isn't due only to my height; the guys in the locker room call me giant for another reason.

Anyway, a few weeks ago we beat a very good team quite convincingly. Later that night, when I was studying in my room, I heard a knock at the door. When I said, "Come in," nobody came in; so I went to the door. There stood two of the best-looking cheerleaders from the other team. I didn't know what to say, and my mouth just hung open. Then one of them said, "Hi, my name is Anne, and this is Karen. Are you Giant?" I said, "I sure am." Then they both laughed, and I understood why. Then Anne said, "Well, let's just find out how big you are." With that coaxing, my cock began to grow.

I invited them in for a beer, and they accepted readily. When I had gotten the beers from the fridge, I noticed the girls had undone a few buttons on their blouses to reveal their luscious mounds. My rod had just about reached its full foot when they begged me to sit between them. I readily accepted this time. They got to work right away. One undid my belt while the other handled the zipper. When she saw my pecker, Anne exclaimed, "Wow, I don't know if I can handle that redwood."

But she did. She took my baby between her lips and began to suck gently at first. Karen in the meantime was taking her clothes off; she had a great body. When Anne had almost escorted me to the gates of heaven, she took her mouth off my cock and continued to jerk me off while licking the tip of my rod. I blew an enormous load right in her face. She then licked me clean and lay back satisfied. Karen then moved in and coaxed me back to 12 inches. She then straddled my face with her legs and slowly lowered herself onto my awaiting tongue. Her box was wet and steaming by the time I even got started. Quick little darts aimed at her clit really turned her on. While she shuddered in multiple orgasms, Anne had now mounted my throbbing meat and was bouncing with a vengeance.

Shortly after Karen's orgasms had subsided, Anne and I climaxed in one great, long orgasm. We all lay back on my bed exhausted. Then the girls got up, said, "Thanks for the beer," and left. I can't wait to play that team again!—*Name and address withheld*

News break!

I attend a small girls' college near Boston. It gets boring around here; so I go home a lot. On one of my visits home, I stopped by the radio station where I used to work. I went there to see my friend, Chris, who was on the air from 10:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. I got there a little early and was sort of glad, because I had never met the morning newsman and now was my chance.

I walked in and hugged Chris and looked toward the newsroom. Behind the glass sat the most magnetic man I had ever seen. This man was well built and had layered brown hair and the most luscious blue eyes I had ever seen. When the newsman was done with the news, he came to the place where Chris and I were. He asked Chris to introduce us. Chris did. This man's name was Pete. At this point, Chris left the room to prepare for his radio show. Pete sat down next to me and said nothing, but I felt his eyes moving up and down my body. I am tall, five foot seven, with long, curly, brown hair and big, blue eyes, and I have a 38-26-38 figure. I was wearing no underwear under my tight, faded jeans and tight work shirt.

Pete finally spoke up and asked me if I wanted to get high. Of course I wanted to, and Pete led me onto the fire stairs in the building. I sat on a step, and Pete stood above me. We smoked a joint and took many spoonfuls of coke. All I kept thinking was that I wanted to get into Pete's pants in the worst way.

Breaking into my thoughts, Pete asked me why I had such an evil expression on my face. I told him that I wanted his body. Pete knelt down and put his mouth on mine. His tongue went all around my mouth, and I was getting hornier than a hamster. Pete unbuttoned my shirt and put his hot mouth on my tit. I leaned back and groaned as my nipples got hard. I reached over and unzipped Pete's pants. I withdrew from them the most beautiful cock I had ever laid eyes on. It was about nine inches long, smooth, and hard. I stroked the magnificent prick, and it got harder and harder. Pete suddenly pulled away from me and licked his finger, put the wetness on the head of his cock, and then sprinkled some coke on it. "What's that for?" I asked. "To get your little mouth numb," he answered.

I put the head of that marvelous cock in

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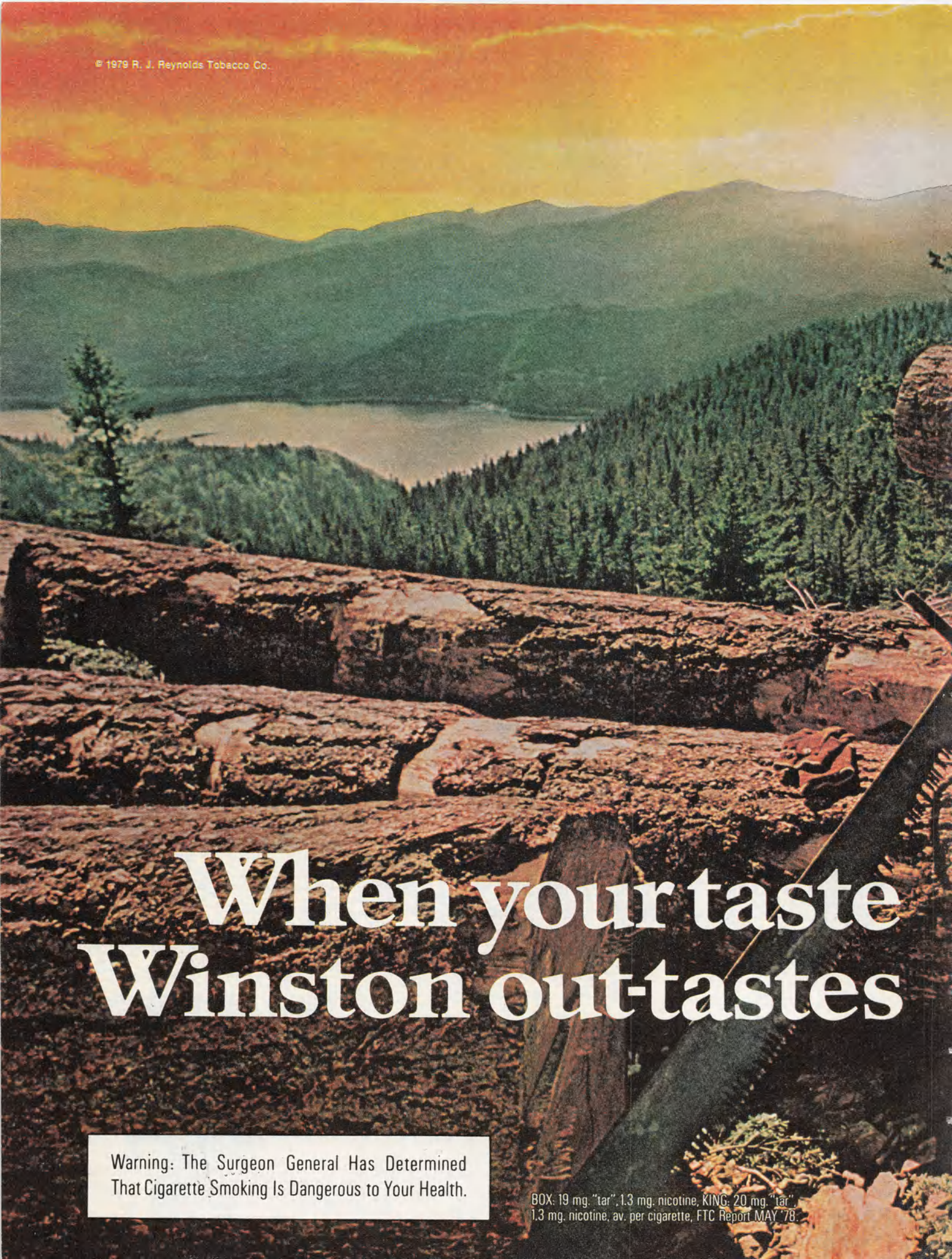
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my mouth and ran my tongue all around it. I then slid Pete's long tool all the way into my mouth and sucked. I played with his balls while I was giving the most pleasurable blowjob of my experience. I was getting so horny while I was doing this and Pete was so totally into what he was getting that I undid my pants and started to rub my hard little clit.

I was ready to lose my mind when Pete pulled away from me, turned me over, and rammed his cock all the way into my wet, hot hole. He fucked me hard and fast until I had the most incredible orgasm of my life. I came for what felt like hours. Pete climaxed just after I did. He was shaking all over when he came in buckets.

It took a while for us to catch our breath and get ourselves together. Pete and I parted when he left the building. I went back into the radio station. When Chris asked where I had been, I could only smile, but I think he knew.—*Name and address withheld*

Peeping cock

I attend a large southern university in North Carolina. One night I staggered into my apartment, drunk and frustrated after a night of unsuccessful attempts to get laid. Little did I anticipate the erotic adventure to come.

Looking out my window across the courtyard, I saw one of my beautiful coed neighbors "getting ready" for bed. Deciding to get a closer view, I stumbled outside to the bushes just next to her window. The blue curtain was opened just enough for me to see her removing her black lace lingerie. Clad only in the skimpiest of panties, she lay out on the bed and began massaging her firm, golden breasts. As her nipples began to harden, so did my cock. She licked her fingers and began twisting her ripe, red nipples, and slowly her hands moved down her waist, her back arching and her hips moving from side to side. She pushed her panties down to her knees, and her smooth hands stroked the inside of her thighs. By this time, my face was pressed against the windowpane, and I was rubbing my swelling cock.

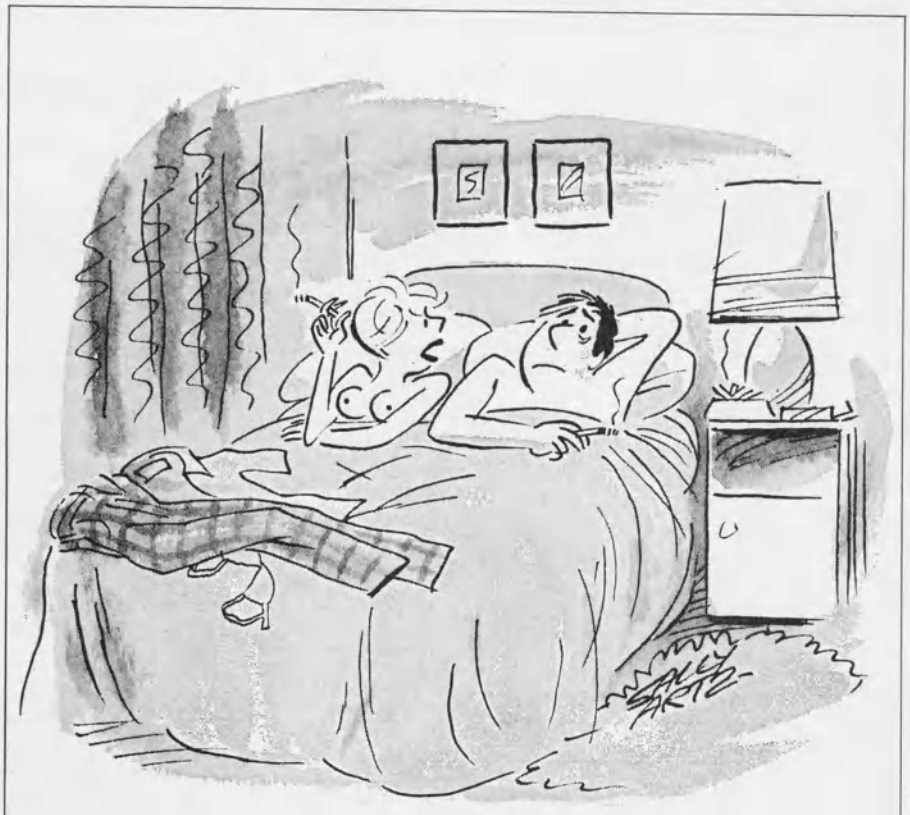
This lovely girl's long, black hair was radiant in the moonlight, and her back arched so that her eyes almost met my own. She began massaging the fine, black hair of her wet pussy. Her body was quivering, moving from side to side. As I grew more excited, I pulled my erect cock from my pants and began really jacking off.

Still quite drunk, I stumbled loudly toward the windowpane. The girl jumped up and turned my way, her long hair falling across her large, tanned breasts. I was speechless. I could only stare at the beauty in front of me. She showed embarrassment, anger, and fear all at once. I was fanatically trying to zip up before dashing away when all of a sudden she smiled and opened the curtains even further!

My cock was screaming-stiff as she lay down on the bed, this time with her moist pussy lips facing my way. She slowly licked her moist, glossy lips, and she seductively pulled all of her hair behind her head. She began stroking her large breasts as she slowly spread her long and smooth legs farther and farther apart, revealing her beautiful, moist pussy. She reached down with both hands and played and teased her pussy lips. Her hands moved in and out of her wet mound as she began twisting and rocking from side to side. Her muff was practically four feet away, and I was close to exploding my load.

Suddenly she stopped her fingering and reached over to her drawer, removing a ten-inch dildo. She sat up on her elbows and began sliding all ten inches of plastic in and out of her moist cunt as her breasts jounced. She was looking me right in the eye now, licking her lips seductively. I couldn't take it any longer, and came in long, hot spurts. She smiled in approval as the come hit her windowpane for what seemed like a lifetime. She then turned over, her ass pointing right my way. She slid the dildo in and out of her tight cunt, and her breasts knocked together as she rocked back and forth. She squirmed, rocked, and moaned for almost 15 minutes, her firm ass close to my excited face. Again I played with my engorged cock, and again I came in long spurts. Finally she had enough. She looked around at me, smiled, and drew the curtains.

Much time has passed since that fateful night, and as you can guess, my beautiful coed neighbor has the stickiest windowpane in the entire apartment complex!—*Name and address withheld*



"Are you going to lie there all night, worrying about your wife's extrasensory perception?"

Ah, to have a woman

As a 20-year-old junior coed at a major western college, I have had numerous sexual experiences, both usual and unusual. However, I have never had one quite as unusual as the one I had last winter at Lake Tahoe.

Another girl and I had rented a cabin for a weekend of skiing and fun-seeking. The other girl, Barbara, had beautiful long, black hair, a luscious figure, and two cute, dimpled cheeks.

We arrived Friday night, after a six-hour drive; so all we had strength for was climbing into bed and trying to get some sleep before we had to get up and go skiing the next day. The following morning Barbara was up before I was. When I awoke, I looked up to see her staring at me. As I caught her doing this, she laughed and turned away, saying that she was sorry and that she didn't know what she was looking at. I dressed and we went skiing.

There were so many cute guys on the

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slopes that I could hardly keep my mind on skiing. They all looked so tanned and muscular that I was in love many times over. My pussy became moist, and it was all I could do to keep from putting my hand down there and getting some relief.

But when the day ended, Barbara and I went home alone. As we drove, we decided to hit the casinos that night and see if we could find some companionship. But after returning to the cabin, showering, eating, and smoking a few joints, we discovered that it was nine o'clock and we were both dead tired; so we decided to spend the night sitting by the fireplace, drinking some sparkling wine, and playing backgammon.

As the night wore on, we got tired of backgammon and we simply sat by the fire, sipping our drinks, talking, and feeling cozy and tired. But soon the fire went out, and I discovered there was no more wood. We wrapped ourselves up in a blanket together to keep warm. Several times as we talked I caught Barbara looking directly at my cleavage. We drunkenly laughed it off, and when I felt Barbara softly rubbing my leg, I thought little of it. I drifted off to sleep, and a few minutes later, when I woke up, Barbara and I had fallen slowly into each other's arms. It felt safe and warm to be holding her. We were wearing only bras and panties, and Barbara leaned forward, undid her bra, and let it fall between us. She had two large, perfectly tanned breasts with small, "manly" nipples. Her hand reached behind my back and began to undo my bra. At first, I thought of stopping her, but I let her pull it slowly off. My large, white breasts merged with her tanned ones, and I felt an incredible warm rush over my body.

She put her hand on my stomach, and she slid it gently down the front of my panties. Her finger darted in and out of me, working me as only another woman could. My body went limp as each second she touched me became sweeter and sweeter. I collapsed gently onto my back, and Barbara immediately withdrew her finger and put her fiery tongue to work, bringing me to a climax that made me feel as if I'd explode.

When I recovered, I looked up to see Barbara's lean, tanned, voluptuous body standing over me. I got up on my knees in front of her and reached up to touch her warm, smooth breasts. My mouth fell into her thick, black muff of hair. I continued to fondle her breasts, as my tongue did its work. As I did this, her nipples rose and her legs buckled. She fell onto the floor, and I finished my job as Barbara came to a panting, groaning orgasm.—*Name and address withheld*

Share and share alike

Diane, Karen, and I grew up in the same neighborhood, inseparable friends since the age of five. The three of us reached puberty almost simultaneously, having our first periods within a month of one another, and shared those wonderful yet awkward experiences common to young girls on the threshold of becoming women. It was only appropriate that the most unforgettable experience of our lives should also be shared together.

Thanks to protective parents, we had had virtually no experience with boys. At most, I experimented with French kissing and very light petting. I learned about masturbation early, and although we never discussed it, I'm sure my friends were into it also. The one desire that was uppermost on our minds when we were 18 was to see my brother in the nude. He was a very private person; as strange as it may appear, I had not seen him naked since childhood. Gary was a handsome, well-built high-school senior who exuded an aura of sensuality that turned girls on like crazy.

We devised a simple plan for our peep show. Every night at about the same time, Gary would take a shower and go to sleep. Late in the afternoon I went into his room and adjusted one of the shutters so that it was partially open but yet could not be detected. That night, when I heard the shower running, I quickly called my two friends, who lived only a few houses away. We were soon outside his window, giggling and making silly comments, eagerly waiting for the show to begin. He came out of the bathroom, drying off with a towel—providing us with a tantalizing view of his sizable cock dangling limply between his muscular, tanned thighs. We watched mesmerized as he finished drying, took some *Penthouse* magazines out of the closet, and spread them on the bed.

He flipped through the pages while sitting in an Indian position, his hand gently stroking his organ, which quickly enlarged to a size that made us gasp. He reached over to the night table, retrieved some tissues, and, to our delight, jerked off. All too quickly he cleaned up and turned off the light.

The next day in school, still turned on by the previous night's episode, we animatedly laid plans for a bold encounter. Intoxicated by his beautiful body, we had to get a closer look. The following weekend my parents were to be out of town. Gary was known to be an extremely hard sleeper who could sleep through anything. That Saturday morning, about 8:00 A.M., hearts pounding, the three of us cautiously opened his bedroom door. Fortunately, he was lying on his back, sleeping very, very soundly.

We inched our way to the bed and slowly removed the covers; he had nothing on but briefs. Being the brave leader of the threesome, I carefully inserted my fingers under the elastic band, watching him for signs of stirring, and pulled the underpants down. When the shorts had reached his knees, I stopped and we

"Hey, honey, have you seen my penis enlarger?"

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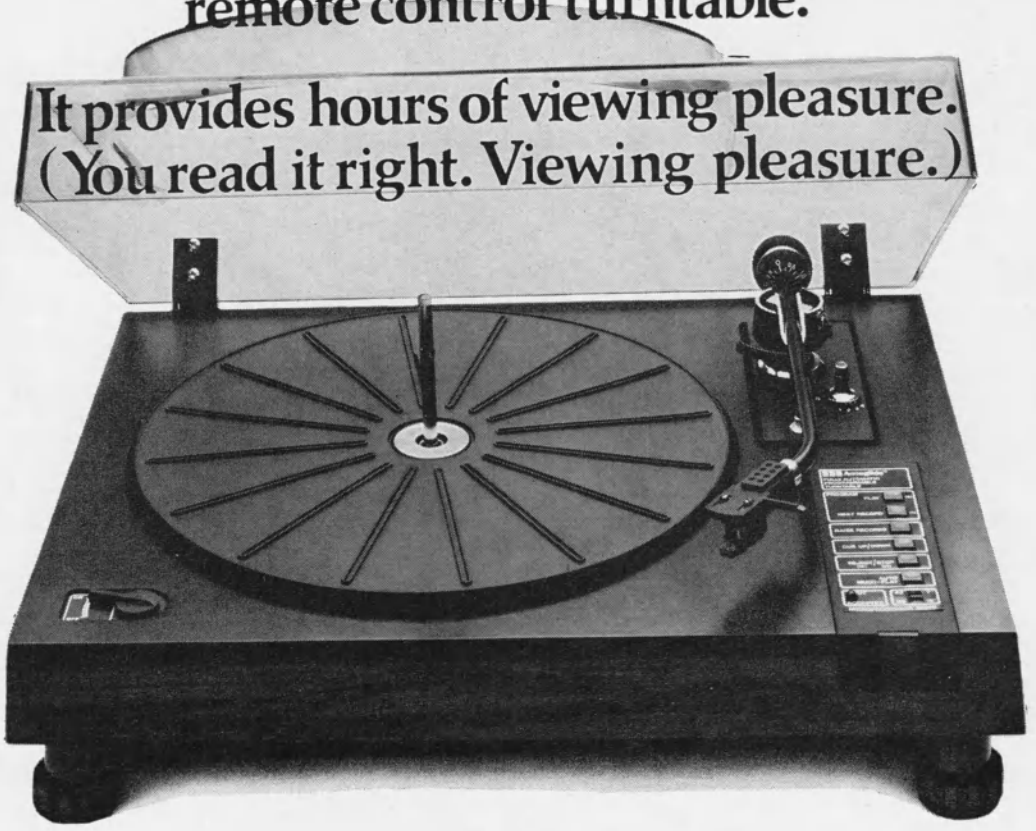

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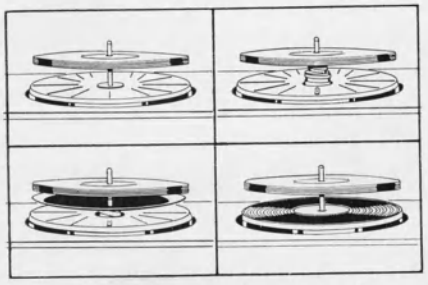

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gaped at the luscious sight before us. None of us had ever been this close to a penis before, and we gazed upon it in awe, almost reverently. Karen felt a rush of panic, and urged me to pull the shorts back up and to get out fast. But Diane, obviously enjoying herself too much to leave, whispered that she would love to touch his cock. The thought made my knees weaken. I could feel my clit tingle and wet warmth seep between my legs.

Diane ever so softly ran one finger through his thick patch of pubic hair, up the side of his shaft, until she reached the tip. She marveled that the texture was like pure velvet. Having no desire to be left out of this delectable adventure, I made sure he was out like a light and then delicately lifted his tool and caressed it. Karen, loosening up a bit, played with his balls. From the corner of my eyes I could see Diane rubbing the front of her jeans. His tool, imperceptibly at first, began to engorge and within seconds had risen to an enormous height.

The sexual tension was unbearable; we knew something had to happen. It did. Diane, without a word, unzipped her jeans and stepped out. Karen and I stood there speechless. Our eyes fell on the large stain on the front of Diane's panties; ours were unquestionably in the same condition.

Her voice quivering, she said that she wanted to have Gary's dick touch her "down there" and proceeded to peel off her panties. She carefully crawled on the bed, straddled Gary's legs while supporting herself on her knees, and held the headboard. We watched as her moist lips hovered an inch from the top of his dick. Then, intuitively I took hold of Gary's towering member and gently slid the tip back and forth between Diane's silken wetness. Her fragrant musk permeated the room. She soon began to moan softly, her hips rotating slowly. I moved his rod more vigorously on Diane's snatch, and her movements accelerated as she came closer to orgasm.

Suddenly, Gary's eyes flashed open, panic stricken. He reflexively jumped, throwing Diane to his side, and sat up looking around in utter bewilderment at the sight that unfolded around him: his own erect tool, glistening wet; Diane trying to cover her nakedness; Karen pulling her hand out of her jeans; and I standing there like a petrified idiot.

Ten minutes later, after hearing our humiliating, tearful explanation, his face lit up and he exclaimed, "I won't tell anyone about this under one condition— let's finish where we left off!" We didn't object, for by this time we were all so turned on that we were at the point of no return— particularly Diane, who earlier was at the brink of orgasm. She begged Gary to finish her off, and he gladly accommodated by first nibbling her knees and slowly working his way up to her thighs. By the time he reached her pussy, she was writhing uncontrollably. She said she would remember forever the intensity of the orgasm she reached when he finally began sucking her clit.

The next three hours consisted of lusty abandonment—mutual biting, sucking, fingering, etc. Gary didn't fuck us because he had no protection. We learned a lot that morning 5 years ago, and although fate never again presented us with a second opportunity to indulge ourselves in the same manner, the memories are as stimulating and precise as if it had all happened just yesterday.—*Name and address withheld*

"I want a second opinion!"

Police recreation area

At times the midnight shift can be very dull, which can be very long and boring for a policeman in a southern town with a population under 2,000. On one recent night, however, this all changed for the better, and what began dull turned into a very exciting night.

There is a young schoolteacher in our town who could make any man wish he were still in school—a dark-haired beauty whom I had spoken to previously only to say hello when she was passing on the street. On this particular night, Teacher walked into the police station at about 1:30 A.M. and said hello, explaining that she had not been able to sleep and had decided to go for a walk. I cheerfully replied that she was welcome to sit and talk for a while. She smiled and walked the short distance to a chair across from my desk and sat facing me, beginning to make small talk about police work. As sometimes happens, the conversation soon turned to sex crimes and sex in general.

When the subject of police officers occasionally getting sexual offers came up, I replied that "police officers need love, too." I thought that I had angered her, because she stood up and walked toward the door. But instead of opening it, she turned the key to the locked position and turned around to face me, pulling down the already low neckline of a loose-fitting sweater to expose the most beautiful set of full, firm tits that I have ever seen. "These need love, too," she said, walking straight to my chair and offering one of those firm, half-inch nipples to my mouth. I hungrily sucked first one nipple and then the other, bringing each to a full three-quarters of an inch long while I reached around her and felt her firm, tight ass. She almost climaxed from my licking and sucking and suggested that we find a more secluded area of the office.

Once in the office, we wasted no time getting at each other and immediately taking her clothes off. We started tongue-kissing deeply, and my hands were exploring her entire body as she unzipped my pants and pulled out my fully erect, eight-inch dick, squeezing and rubbing

the swollen head until I thought it would burst. Teacher then pulled away from me and dropped to her knees and engulfed my dick in a luscious mouth that was so hot that the first contact made jolted me with surprise. As she sucked the entire length of my dick, she moaned and made animal sounds that had me coming in about 30 seconds. She licked and sucked, draining me and swallowing what seemed like a pint of my semen. My knees became so weak that I fell to the floor and buried my face in her hot, wet pussy, tonguing her clit and love tunnel with quick, sharp flicks of my tongue. Teacher's body shook and climaxed four times in a matter of minutes.

I was beginning to get another hard-on with my pants down around my ankles by now, and she was sucking my dick with that steamy, hot mouth again. She then rolled over on her elbows and knees, and I positioned myself behind her. I sank my shaft to the hilt on the first thrust. If I thought her mouth had been hot, I was now in for a real shock! It felt as though her pussy would actually burn my throbbing dick. In a matter of minutes she climaxed another two times. "Please," she moaned, "stick it in my ass. Fuck me up the ass with that wonderful, hot cock." I readily obliged and had no trouble entering her ass because we were both now thoroughly soaked with our combined love juices. After only a dozen or so strokes, she began to shake and climaxed again. This triggered me into having the wildest, most violent climax that I have ever experienced.

Before she left, I asked if I could be Teacher's Pet. She just smiled slowly and said that I could, adding that she was a firm believer in retesting. That suits me fine.—*Name and address withheld*

Student knows best

For almost 20 years, I have taken my high-school classes on trips with very few incidents. Last June, however, our class excursion will long be remembered. We went to a museum to study the reproductive system and then spent a few hours in the neighboring park. A few of the students were missing at the time of departure. I went looking for them, and as I passed a rather secluded area near a lake, I peered through the bushes and saw a very enticing sight.

Marie, a 17-year-old, black-haired, brown-eyed student who turns all male eyes in the hallway, was on her knees, sucking another student's stiff cock. The moans I heard were his, as Marie was expert in her endeavors. She moved her mouth up and down his organ and flicked her tongue to catch the small drops of semen on the tip of his cock. I was amazed that not one drop spilled.

Although my own organ was swollen and throbbing, I had to get the class back to school. I was in a quandary. If I reported the incident, there would be all sorts of repercussions involving my lack of supervision. I decided to act as though I hadn't seen anything. I didn't want the couple to know I saw them; so I called their names as though searching for them, and they came out from behind the bushes.

I yelled at them for not being ready to go on time and did not report the incident. Marie would graduate in a week, and it would all be over. Marie, on the way home, kept asking me what I thought she was doing in the bushes. I replied that it was not my concern and that she would be on her own in a week anyway.

A few days later the kids graduated, and I was in my room, getting records straightened out. The school was fairly empty. There was a knock on the door, and—you guessed it!—it was Marie. She thanked me for not reporting her because my doing so might have meant her graduation. She also said that she knew what I had seen and that she couldn't help noticing my excited condition when she came out from behind the bushes. In fact, she wanted to bet that I was in the same condition right now. I choked on my words, telling Marie to leave as her hand started toward my crotch. "I was eighteen yesterday," she replied, "and I am no longer your student. I have always liked your tight dungarees and have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

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Cancer

Please convey my thanks and congratulations to Gary Null for his informative, well-researched, and eye-opening article "The Suppression of Cancer Cures" (October 1979).

If all he has written about the plight of Dr. Stanislaw Burzynski and the work he has accomplished with antineoplaston research is true, then please convey my congratulations and encouragement to that gentleman also.

To the National Cancer Institute, The American Association of Cancer Research, and the Harris County Medical Society, I pose this one question: have any of your staff ever watched a loved one, a friend, or a relative literally rot away and then die from the deteriorating side effects of the often useless resort to cobalt and chemotherapy treatments (the so-called proven and accepted methods of cancer therapy) only to have the so-called experts inform them that they did "all that was within their power" for the patient?

To them you may convey my most profound contempt and disgust for the farce they are perpetrating on the American public and the rest of the world.

By their suppression of the efforts made by dedicated and sincere individuals, such as Dr. Burzynski, Dr. Ivy, Dr. Max Gerson, and others, in their work to find an alternate method in the treatment of cancer, they are also suppressing the hopes and dreams of every individual who is inflicted with cancer and also those of generations to come.—*P. J. Brady, Bellefonte, Pa.*

I was very moved by the article "The Suppression of Cancer Cures," by Gary Null. Over the last 11 years, five members of my family have been afflicted by cancer—three of them having died. My mother was one, and she died at the age of 42 of lung cancer. A few months ago I heard of a friend's death at the age of 21.

In this day and age, we have computers and all sorts of modern inventions and ideas. The denial of cancer research seems like a huge contradiction of the values of our modern society.

When I frequently hear "vaccinate your children against childhood diseases," I think what a travesty it is that any medical association could so readily deny any helpful research, whether "conventional" or not. Why take an oath to preserve life if only to deny it? The pity of it is this: "How do you beat the system?"

People have a tendency to think that "it won't happen to me." Do you suppose that was the thought of the Harris County Medical Board of Ethics? Referring to the September 1, 1978, letter from the board, I would imagine cancer should make a person "emotionally distraught" but not necessarily "unrealistic." To most people, cancer means sure death, and that's as realistic as you can get.

It's my personal opinion that if the American Cancer Society denied this research, then it's a big rip-off for people who have made contributions, especially since the treatment has been proved effective.

I was appalled when I read the article, and I hope it affected others the same way. Thank you for telling it like it is.—*Mrs. R. Blair, Coolidge, Ariz.*

I have recently been diagnosed as having either lymphoma or Hodgkin's disease (I am currently awaiting the results of the various tests to determine which one) and have been advised about the methods of treatment currently available to me: radiation or chemotherapy. I do not want to go through either of these treatments and was somewhat unsure of alternate methods of treatment open to me.

Coincidentally, I have just completed reading the last two articles on cancer in the October and November issues of *Penthouse*, and I must admit that they have given me hope for treatment that would not have an adverse effect on my body. Thank you, *Penthouse*, for bringing this information to light and for changing a dismal outlook to one of hope.

Keep up your investigative reporting. Our country needs more of it to stay informed.—*Name and address withheld*

Tough luck

In regard to E. M. Porrazzo's complaints about the Air Force Academy in his "Give Us the Man and We'll Give You the Boy" (October 1979), I can only say, "Life is tough, pal."

When you are about to commit yourself to something as restrictive as four years in a military academy, it pays to use a little healthy skepticism in gathering information and opinions as to what to expect. Talk to a wide sampling of officers who are graduates. Look for alternatives. A recruiter's job is to get young people into the academies—of course they'll paint the best picture possible. To subject yourself to four years of regimentation

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Dave was impressed with Kawasaki's ability to meet the EPA standards without loss of power. In fact, he appreciated the improved acceleration, the stable idling and the short warm-ups that the unique Clean Air System gave him.

But the real truth is, Dave Lewis bought the KZ1000 LTD because he had no choice. The mean, low-down, both feet on the ground stepped seat; the low, fat rear tire; the teardrop fuel tank; the pullback handlebars; he couldn't resist.

Of course, with his friends, Dave was quick

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to point out how reliable the 1015cc engine was; that it was easy to maintain with its transistorized breakerless ignition. He raved about the way it handled and the excellence of the three drilled disc brakes. He would mention that his was the engine that holds most major drag records and the world land speed record.

Then a lady would pass by and smile. As he smiled back, Dave knew why he bought the KZ1000 LTD.

Come and check out the KZ1000 LTD at your local Kawasaki dealership and while you're there make a pass at the other LTDs. 'Cause they've got the power to keep you out there looking good.

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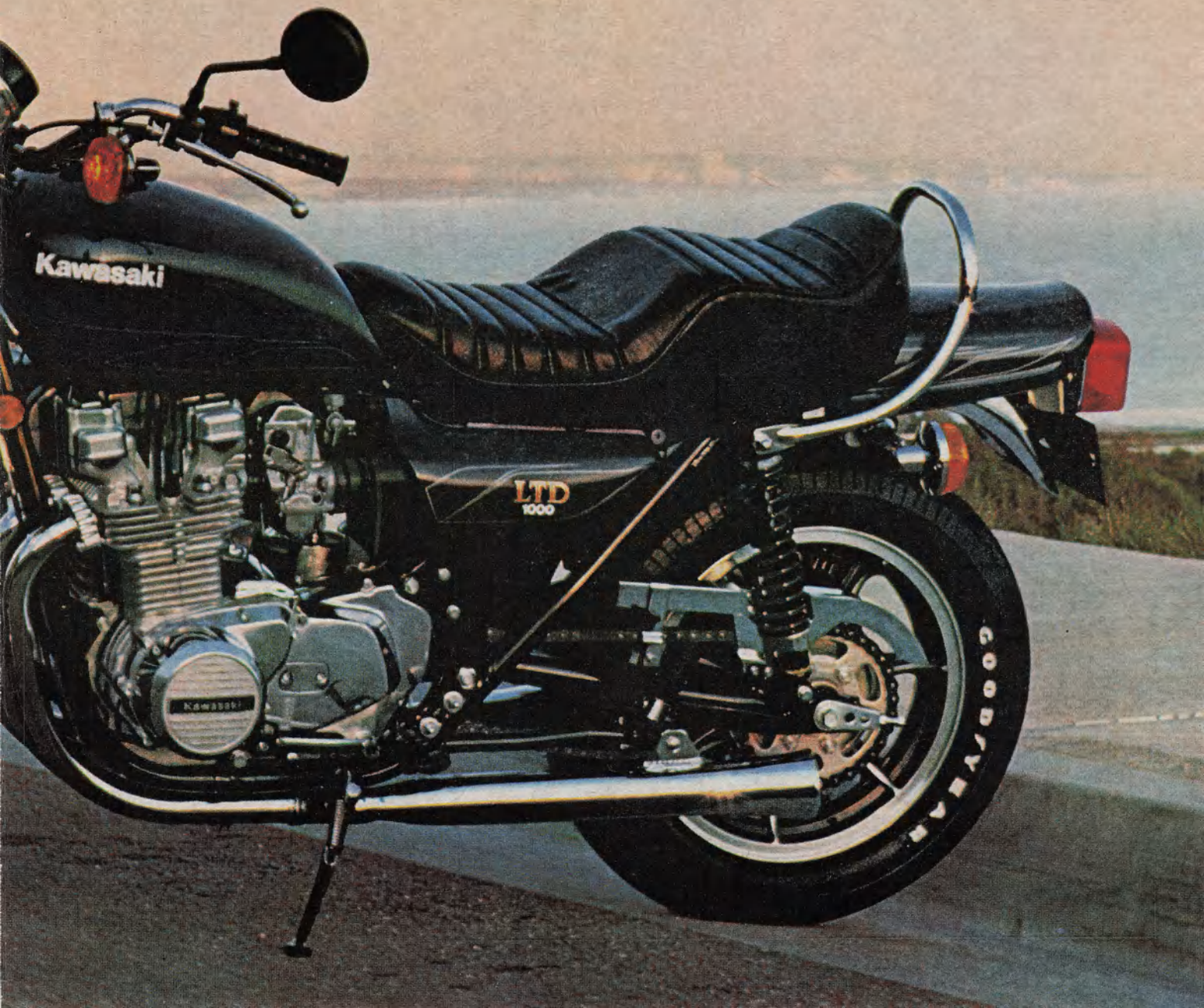


based solely on their promises is less than discerning.

I spent three years at the University of Southern California as a Naval ROTC midshipman. Before making my decision, I did a lot of listening. I consequently came aboard with my eyes open and have never regretted it. If Mr. Porrazzo feels that his decision to enter an academy was not a wise one, that is unfortunate, but please spare me the whining. The title of the piece is most appropriate. In his case it is clear that whatever he was before he entered the academy, he is now most certainly a boy.—*P. F. Frost, Oakland, Calif.*

As a fairly recent graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, I was surprised when I read E. M. Porrazzo's "Advise & Dissent" essay concerning what he claims to perceive as a lack of integrity among Air Force Academy recruiters.

I understand his contention that he and "nearly all of . . . the Cadet Wing" were "conned" into attending the academy; hell, I went through that phase myself. But from the point of view of someone who has gone through the *full* academy experience (which includes graduation and an officer's commission), I can only conclude that the young man has conned himself.

I will readily concede that recruiters, catalogues, and recruitment films play a large part in the positive aspects of student life. I experienced the same things when I was recruited by U.C.L.A. and Notre Dame. But it is completely beyond my comprehension that any person could enter a service academy as completely ignorant of the privilege limitations, duty requirements, and available academic programs as Mr. Porrazzo appears to have been.

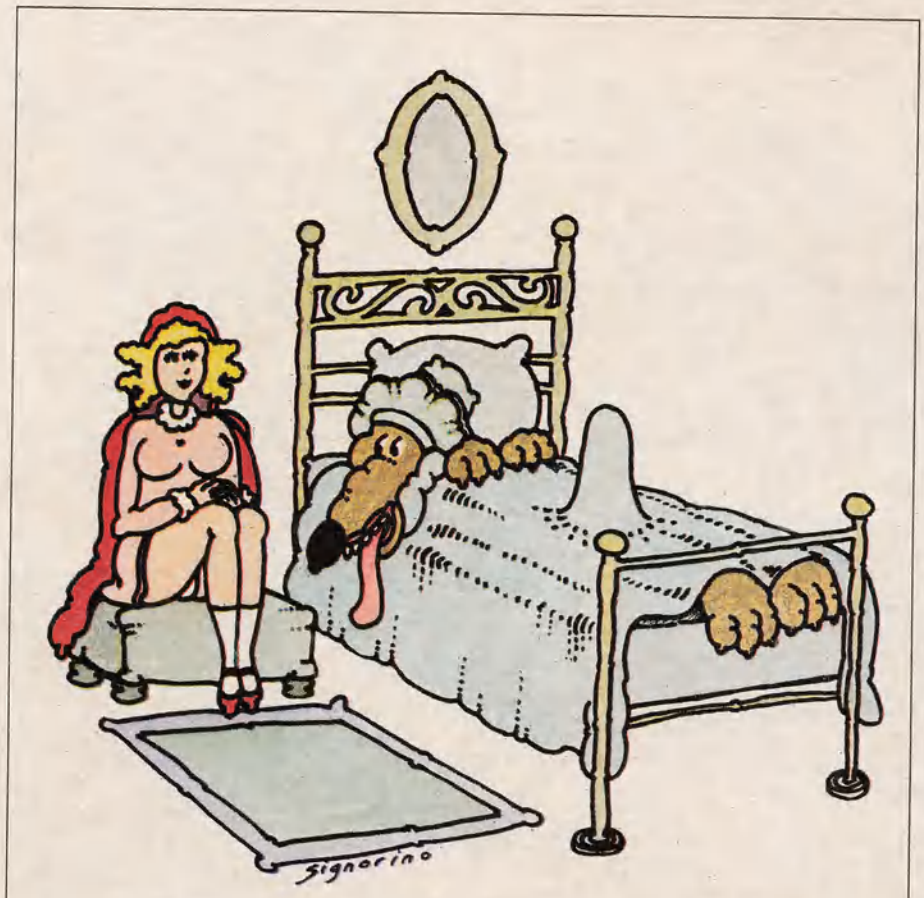
Did the man make no effort to find out anything more about the place than the recruiters told him? Just meeting the requirements of admission, the physical exams and tests, and academic examinations would expose all but a blind and deaf man to a multitude of people with a veritable fount of knowledge on what life at a service academy really entails. I went to West Point fully prepared to suffer through that first year. Most of my classmates did, too. Those who were unprepared, those who were "conned," found out and had the sense to resign at far earlier points than Mr. Porrazzo's three and a half years.

Hey, let's face it, guys, the service academies are a bitch. Any cadet/midshipman will tell you that. Anybody who arrives at an academy expecting free flying lessons, free time, a free education without obligations is either naive or completely out of touch with reality. Which of these categories suits Mr. Porrazzo? Neither, I am afraid. Mr. Porrazzo asks this of the American taxpayer: "Are you really getting your money's worth?"

Hell, no, not when people like you, Mr. Porrazzo, are ripping off seven semesters of free college credits without returning the military obligation you incurred for the privilege. The education you receive at academies is not free. What you receive in terms of a degree you pay for in service to the nation—at least, you are supposed to.

Maybe I'm the one who's blind, but in Mr. Porrazzo's quotation from the admittance catalogue that he claims promises free flying lessons, I can't find any such intimation. As to his claim that only five to ten cadets enter the parachuting program every year, I personally attended jump school with over 90 USAFA cadets. I won't call Mr. Porrazzo a liar, but I know he's not telling the truth.

Congratulations, Mr. Porrazzo, on that seven-eighths of a free bachelor's degree. And I'm sure that with your essay you convinced a lot of people that your intentions in resigning were honorable. That is, all except those of us who've been there, guys like you and me, Mr. Porrazzo. Guys who really know better.—*Francis J. Srduini, TUSLOG DET 97, APO, N.Y.*



"And gosh, Granny, what a big, um . . . er . . ."

Hazing

I read with interest the article "Hell Week," by Richard Price, in your October 1979 issue. It is a fascinating and complex subject, and for several years I have corresponded with men around the country who were willing to swap descriptions of their hazing experiences in return for an inside look at how other guys had fared while being initiated into a fraternity, social club, athletic club, or whatever. The activities described ranged from the innocent to the lurid, but on the whole I am persuaded that hazing is, at its heart, an unmistakably sexual event with a syndrome of recurring themes, just as the Kronhausens found pornography to be characterized by commonly recurring themes.

Not all initiations incorporate all of the basic elements, but most have enough to qualify. Depending on the squeamishness of the initiators or their concern for appearances, you can have a fairly mild event, with no more than imitation sex, or a wildly raunchy carnival, where the initiates are put through an ordeal of brutality and obscene humiliation they will never forget. Most initiations are somewhere in between. But although the trend in the late sixties and early seventies was toward the mild end of the spectrum, I would say there is now a definite swing toward raunch.

Thus, while Mr. Price's article is no doubt an accurate description of hazing as practiced at his frat, it is not necessarily typical. A major function of hazing in all-male groups is to test the masculinity of the initiates. This is not limited to sex,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

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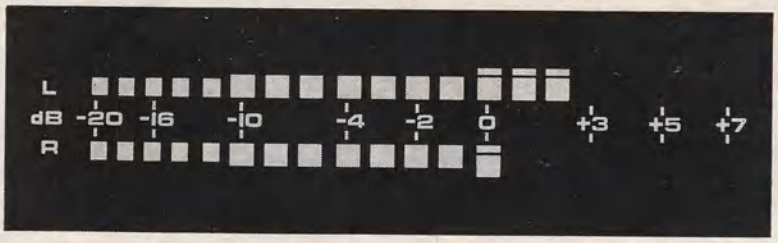

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So we suggest you go to your Pioneer dealer and listen to it. You'll hear what's really made the CT-F950 an instant success.

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

I can't complain about my sex life. I've had my fun. But you would have to call it a straitlaced type of sex life. You date a gal and take her to bed, or you might meet a gal in a bar and get drunk and jump each other's bones for a couple of nights. I am somewhat inhibited; thus, my experiences are somewhat private in nature. But I'm probably just like anyone else in fantasizing about kinky happenings.

Well, what happened to me recently is something one just fantasizes about or sees in stag films. For me, personally, it was most definitely a fantasy come true!

The other day I got home from work in the wee hours of the morning (the sun was already coming up). My body was sore, and I was bone tired. I went into my apartment and grabbed a beer and worked on it rather quickly while I did the little routines one does when one gets home from work. My body was just completely shot. So I decided to grab a couple more beers and head out to the Jacuzzi in the apartment complex where I live. I dragged my body into the tub and just sat there, right up against one of the water jets, letting it work on various parts of my body as I sipped on my beer. After having had nothing to eat for about nine hours, I found the beer was getting to me fast. I just sat there in a stupor, feeling very tired and totally blasé.

After about 20 minutes, I heard the gate opening to the pool area. I looked up, and in walked a sharp-lookin' gal in a bathrobe. In walked another sharp-lookin' gal right behind her. Now I was kind of fantasizing, Hmmm! Well, at least I'll have a little company. *In walked a third gal. All in bathrobes. Then in walked a guy, a second guy, and a third guy. All in robes.* Well, rub-a-dub-dub. So much for my fantasies for the moment.

They were yakking away—obviously somewhat inebriated—just friendly as hell and shootin' the breeze with me, and we'd never even seen each other before. As I was in this dead stupor, I really wasn't even looking at them. Just an occasional glance. Now this pool area is right in the center of the apartment complex and not 60 feet from a heavily traveled street, although there are bushes and trees obscuring the view.

Anyway, I happened to glance up as they were taking their robes off. Needless to say, I perked up a little and casually sat up, as there were suddenly three very well-built gals standing right in front of me totally nude. They all had very healthy sets of jugs and, of course, those nice little, hard-to-take-your-eyes-off triangles between their sweet and shapely legs.

As I said, they had all been drinking. They jumped into the Jacuzzi, yakking away, and the gals were kinda ribbing me about the fact that I had trunks on. Like I said—I'm kind of inhibited. And being very tired and somewhat inebriated myself, I just sat there, dumbfounded. Needless to say, I developed a large bulge in my trunks. So we just sat there for a few minutes, they on one side and me on the other. Then the sharpest gal of the three casually moved around the Jacuzzi and sat down beside me. She wasn't there three seconds when she grabbed my crotch with a good little grip on this huge bulge I had developed, which was getting bigger! "Oh, my," she said, "that's quite a bulge you've got there. Come on—take your trunks off" (as she started tugging on them). In the meantime I was saying to myself, Wow. This is happening to me? Little, dull ol' me*? At the same time I was a little apprehensive, as here were these three guys just sitting there, looking on; and I was having trouble telling from the*

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

expressions on the faces of two of them just exactly what they were thinking. The third one—he was just having a ball, jumping around and feeling all the girls. And then he went underwater and started eating out one of them.

Anyway, this gal continued tugging on my trunks, and the other two gals came over and joined in the tugging. I had just barely gotten my trunks down to my thighs when the first gal put her hand on my cock and started gently massaging it. "Ohhhh, my,*" she said, "you* do *have one big, beautiful cock!" (I must admit that seems to be the general consensus among gals I've been with. I think it's only slightly above average in length, but it is* very *thick and hard as a rock when it's up.)*

"Girls, come over here and feel this!" The other girls came over and put their hands on my cock—and agreed. And I think that one guy even put his hand on it. Being in my stupor and totally dumbfounded and totally turned on—I never made a move to feel their snatches or boobs or anything—I just sat there and let them do what they wanted with my cock. All of a sudden the beautiful gal who had been massaging my cock just up and straddled me and mounted my cock! She began a gentle, circular motion. It was so gradual and gentle I hardly even realized I was all the way in until she started moving up and down on it.

I just basked there in a state of shock, enjoying it very much—but not, as I look back on it, as much as I wanted to, because I was distracted by these three guys just looking on, two of them not saying a word. They looked as surprised as I was. The third guy came up behind the gal and put his hand under her ass—I think just checking things out to see that I actually had my cock in her. I felt his hand on my balls. He seemed to be enjoying it all. So we sat there, humping away for several minutes. At one point she said, "Mmm, I wonder what you'd be like on dry land?" I said, "A damn sight better than here!" as I was distracted and just sitting there, not doing much on my part. By now this gal's humping was starting to get more violent as she started to get hot.

Unfortunately, she was not the only one who was starting to get hot! I could feel my juices beginning to sing. But I was thinking to myself, Aw, man, I don't wanna pop my rocks yet—I ain't done enjoying this! *I know that under certain circumstances (exactly what circumstances I've never stopped to figure out) I can get my rocks off and still keep a hard-on. Knowing this, I have developed an ability to get it off and show absolutely no sign of doing so. Realizing that I was going to explode shortly, I decided to do it quietly and hope I could still keep a hard-on. I was getting closer and closer to the big moment, and the curious guy bobbed over to us again. For a moment there I thought he was going to pull the gal off me and start in on her himself. That would have been a dreadful happening—for her to stop just when I was ready. But I guess he was just coming over to check things out again, keep his hand in, as it were.*

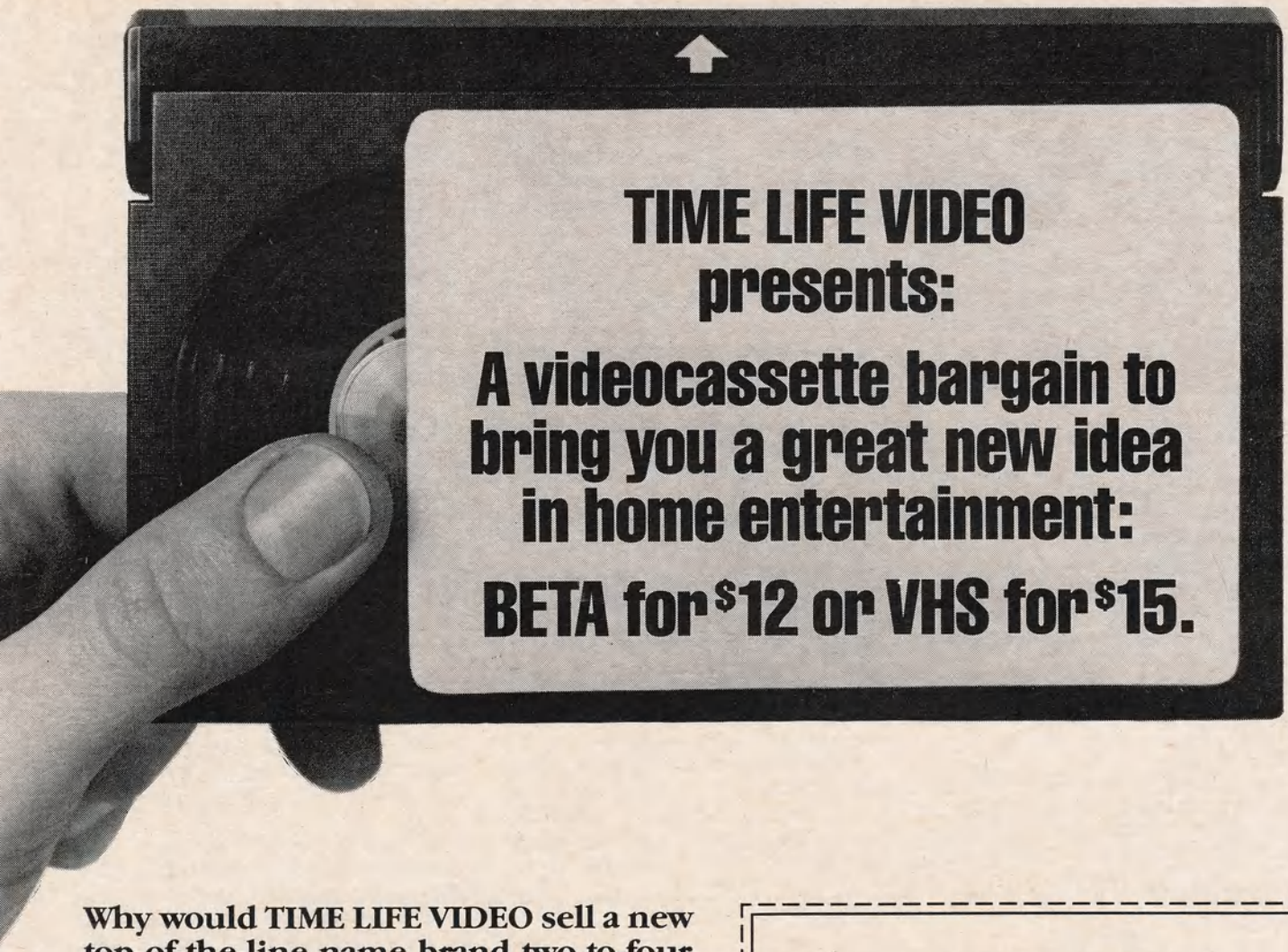
Lo and behold—although I never showed any sign—she got her top-of-the-hill jolly the same time I did! And I was successful in keeping my hard-on. So we continued for another few minutes. Then she slid off and just stood there, her hand on my cock. All of a sudden she ducked beneath the foamy surface. I knew where she was heading, although I couldn't see her. I could feel her take my cock in her mouth. And she sucked long, deep, and hard for as long as she could hold her breath. Muff-diving? This was true cock-diving.

While she was still down there, the other gal moved over beside me. The first one finally ran out of breath and came up, and as she did the second gal took my cock in hand and said to the first one, "You mean you didn't get him off?" The first gal moved off to the side and said, "Next!" The second gal murmured, as she was fondling my member, "It's too big." But that didn't stop her. She merely said, matter-of-factly, "Do you mind?" and was already mounting my cock. And she applied the same gentle, gradual, circling motion, just like the first gal. I said to myself, Wow! Not only do I fuck one gal out of the clear blue sky, now I'm fuckin' another one. *So we commenced humping away. Now, once I get my rocks off, I can hang in there forever. And this gal was enjoying every second of it. I was thinking that maybe I could get all three of them. As it turned out, the third one wasn't interested—and all of the others had by now moved over to the pool. After several minutes this gal got her rocks off. Content and limp, she disengaged and sat beside me—once again, with my cock in her hand. Then she pointed everybody out and introduced them to me and said that they were all husband and wife. (Whether that was true or not I don't know.)*

By now all the others were putting their robes on. The second gal got out of the Jacuzzi, put her robe on, and said, "It was very nice meeting you." And they all up and left! Just as suddenly as they came in. I had a notion to ask whether they would like to get together again, but I was still in a state of shock—and thinking about the three guys, two of them stone-faced and silent. All of a sudden they were all gone.

And you know what? Between being in a drunken stupor and my mind being totally occupied with what was, unbelievably, happening, if those two girls walked by me in the apartment complex, I wouldn't even recognize them! That's driving me nuts. I try like hell to get a pic-

"... And I'm offering a reward."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ture of their faces in my mind, and I can't do it. How will I ever be able to recognize them so that we can all have a repeat of that episode?—D.D.

"Expect the unexpected" is what happened to you, and it happened when you were least expecting it. Trying to reenact or organize the kind of wild scenes you fantasize about will not work out. And if you try, they will most likely flop, leaving you terribly disillusioned. You're best off leaving your fantasies to chance: maybe they'll work out, maybe they won't. Just don't get greedy—or, for now, waterlogged with expectancy.

POWER FAILURE

Lately I have been losing my sex drive, and it is very frightening to me. A year ago I lost my virginity to the man who is now my husband. I am 18; he is 27. During the past year we had sex as often as we could, six to seven times over a weekend; and when I dropped out of college to live with him, it was at least twice a day. My husband is a very good lover, very sensuous and considerate of my needs. Yet I am worried now, because our sex life has been hampered by a slight problem.

The problem is that after one of our fast, hard fucks, I am usually very sore. The fast fucks usually start out slowly, to allow me to juice up, if I'm not already wet. Sometimes the cause of soreness is from scratches by my husband's fingernails, which he has clipped as short as he can (but that isn't enough). So I have had to ask him to stop putting his fingers up my cunt. But now even fucking does me in. My vaginal walls feel blistered. You can imagine how discouraged I am right now. What a downer for my husband when I have to stop our passionate lovemaking because I'm too damn sore! Could it be an infection? We both are very clean people.

Lately I've been suppressing my sexual desire for my husband for fear of the pain. Also, in the past few days I have noticed I can't get aroused easily anymore in any way. *It's as though my sex drive were nonexistent. This upsets me a great deal.*

We don't like using Vaseline, though in times of emergency we have. But that was only two or three times, because a nurse once told me never to use Vaseline, the reason being that it makes the lining of the vagina deteriorate. There is a special hospital lubricant that she said was completely safe and very effective, but I'm wondering if having to supply ourselves with it will be expensive.

What could we be doing wrong? Now, even when I'm juicy I get sore. Is it psychological? Or just physical? I love my husband so deeply that it hurts my feelings to be copping out on him like this. We both are so sexually oriented that our marriage may go down the drain if we can't solve this problem. Can you offer some advice? Do others have my problem? Everyone else I know seems to be able to fuck all day, which makes me feel even worse.—G.R.

I suggest you visit a good gynecologist, who will give you a thorough vaginal examination. Maybe the soreness can be cured quite rapidly by means of a medicated cream. If you're really all that poor, contact a public health office to obtain some information on female hygiene.

What worries me more than your physical pain, however, is the way you and your husband go at making love. There's a difference between lovers and fuckers, and from what I can see you two are merely wild fuckers. It seems your husband has fucked your pussy to pieces and left you loveless. Love doesn't only go through a man's stomach and a woman's pussy. Try your hearts (all two of them) for a while, and maybe your sex life will improve, too.

Besides some good loving, you could also try a good lubricant. K-Y jelly is one of the best. A gynecologist or public health officer will be able to suggest others. But when in doubt, stick with K-Y.

GOOD HEAD, GOOD SEX

My wife and I seem to have a problem that needs solving in a hurry.

When we make love to each other, it is always very beautiful, but when it comes to oral sex, my wife runs into a problem. You see, I love to perform cunnilingus on her, which she truly enjoys but is still embarrassed to ask for. But when my wife wants to suck my cock off, she cannot get me to come (no one else has, either) no matter how hard she tries, which bothers her. When she goes down on me, it always feels so good, but for some reason, nothing! Which is now getting me *depressed. My wife now blows me just enough to feel good and become good and hard. Beyond that, she feels, it seems hopeless. What gets me is that when she takes my cock out of her mouth and slips it into her juicy cunt,* bango—*I fill her up to the max with my vital sap.*

What we are asking you is, How does a lady give her man that special headjob that is a sure thing? My wife isn't really sure how to give one, nor am I. (My wife feels that jerking me off while sucking isn't a real blowjob.)

Please help us, for it would really help my wife's ego. We truly love each other and want to satisfy each other to the fullest.—D.D.

Tell your wife to stop despairing and to start putting more emphasis on her tongue motion. The tip of the cock is very sensitive, and all men love having a woman tickle their cock hole with the very tip of her tongue. Also, caressing the

"Whenever I eat a girl scout cookie, I get an erection."

scrotum is nice, and don't forget about that "bridge of sighs" between your ass and cock. Make sure her teeth are not in the way, though there are different opinions about this. I have encountered men who love to have their cocks bitten or even struck by a hand or a hairbrush; this depends on the man's pain threshold.

The fact that you can't come in her mouth, or in anyone else's, is probably due to some hang-up. Maybe you subconsciously view oral sex as a taboo or something dirty. Don't give up hope. In time, you'll come. Just give your wife encouragement and tell her to keep doing what she's doing.

It's true, by the way, that some men think sperm is dirty and that getting a blowjob "degrades" the woman, takes her off her pedestal (whatever that is). The other day I met a man who said I was the first woman to have taken his come in her mouth. He simply could not resist the way I did him, even though he squirmed around to avoid ejaculating. He is a great but conservative lover who hardly ever performs oral sex. But once he came in my mouth, I swallowed it all—except for a little—then proceeded to kiss him and make him taste his own sperm. He jumped up from the bed and was absolutely disgusted with what I'd done. "How could you put that horrible sperm in my mouth?" he shouted. No wonder he wasn't into blowjobs! If he didn't want to taste his own sperm, he probably didn't want any woman to, either. So much for giving him another great blowjob!

The taste of sperm can be rather bitter. Coffee-drinking men don't have the greatest-tasting come. Sweets eaters, however, have quite palatable sperm. Whatever the taste, it takes some getting used to. A chocolate malt it's usually not.

PEN-PAL ROMANCE

Had to write to tell you of a beautiful relationship I have with a very special pen pal. I'm married: three children and a good sex life with my husband. I never was interested in another man until I met Rob by way of an ad in the paper—he was in prison. We started corresponding, and our friendship grew into a deep affection for one another. Meanwhile, we had never laid eyes on one another!

He was in for a year, and we really burned up the mail service, telling each other how much we would like to get together and carry out the fantasies we had described in the letters. With careful planning, we met at a Holiday Inn after he got out. I met him in the lobby and knew it was him. We kissed the longest kiss, and I could feel his cock growing until I could hardly stand up any longer. At last my fantasy mail-lover was here before my eyes, and I wanted to savor every moment.

We went to the bar and had a few drinks. But our eyes kept giving us away; so we went to our room. We embraced again, and he told me how much my let-

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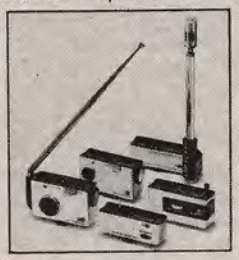

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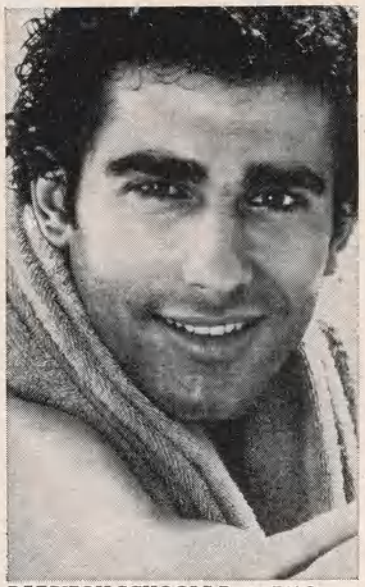

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BARBIZON FOR MEN

ters meant to him—how they had helped him through a bad time. He took my blouse off, sucked my rather large tits, and bit them till I cried out—but it felt so good. Off came my skirt, and he laid me on the bed. I was dripping and wanting his cock inside me so bad!

He stared at my pussy and told me of his dreams of licking it and bringing me to orgasm over and over. He started gently at first, then went wild. He licked me so expertly that I came three times. He lay next to me, and I grabbed his cock and licked it and gave him the most exciting blowjob he ever had. After we had rested, he took me in his arms, pulled me on top of him, and began sucking and fondling my breasts. I begged him to put his cock in me all the way—a year was long enough to wait! He did, and I can never put down on paper the love, lust, and excitement this man made me feel for the first time in years when he entered me.

We see each other whenever possible. I hope someday we may be able to have a "future" together. Right now there are children involved, and we cannot hurt them. I just wonder how many others are in the same predicament. Xaviera, I would do anything for this man. I wish we could have met years ago. We are very compatible in all respects.

How can I go on living my life when I yearn to be with him? He is tender and cares for my feelings and knows exactly how to compliment a woman with words and loving arms!—S.A.S.

Is this guy worth gambling an entire family for? After all, you seem to have enjoyed only a few romantic afternoons with this man. Look at your relationship with him carefully. Is it just a good fantasy come to life momentarily, or is it something more permanent? You say you knew him through his letters, but I doubt if this could really be true. Only after you've lived with a man do you truly know him. With the letters, you were giving each other the very best sides of your personalities. Also, it isn't difficult to put up a good facade for a few hours once in a while in some hotel room. Fantasies are nice as long as we don't confuse them with reality.

HOW TO HANDLE A MAN

I am an 18-year-old housewife. My husband and I have had a fantastic sex life since a few years before we got married. Although there were a few men before him, I was still very inexperienced in sex. He taught me the joy of oral love, both giving and receiving it, and he's also the only man I ever came with.

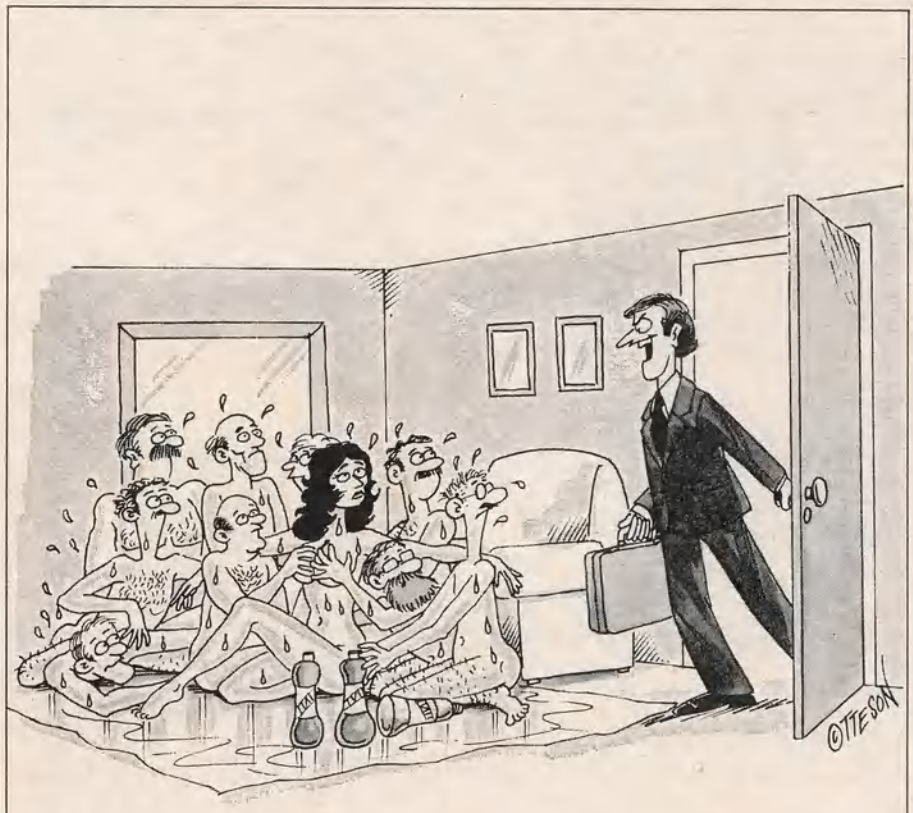
My problem is this. One morning, while I was getting him off to work, he was in the bathroom and I was in the kitchen, putting together the usual sandwiches. For some reason or another, I walked back to the bedroom. In coming out of the bedroom, I passed the bathroom door, which was slightly open. I glanced in the crack as I passed by, and what I saw made me freeze in my tracks. I didn't have a very good view, but I could see my husband was standing in front of the toilet. His arm was flailing up and down. I couldn't see his hand, but I knew it was wrapped around his beautiful prick. I watched in amazement as his arm went faster and faster and his hips began to buck uncontrollably. Then the arm stopped.

I ran back to the kitchen as quietly as I could and sat down. My hands were shaking, and my cunt was dripping wet. I did not mention this to my husband, but after he was gone I lay in bed, bringing myself to climax after climax while I relived every delicious moment of that bathroom scene.

After a couple of weeks of standing outside that forbidden crack in the door, I decided that masturbation should become a part of our lovemaking. That night, I carefully brought up the subject, not mentioning that fact that I had seen him before. He seemed to like the idea and said that he'd like to see me masturbate, too. I was beyond words, and every night that we went to bed my cunt would be dripping with anticipation—only it never happened! It was as if we had forgotten all about it.

I wasn't giving up yet, though. One night, while making love, I was feeling especially daring and took his hand and placed it on his penis. When he just let it lie there, I started stroking it up and down with my own hand until he took over. Just when I thought my dream was about to become reality, he stopped and made some remark about having a better place to put his cock than in his hand. I was so disappointed!

How can I get him to masturbate for me? I have thought of letting him "accidentally" catch me getting off and see if that won't warm him up to the idea. What do you think? There's nothing I'd like more than to fondle and lick his ass hole and balls while he manipulates his own prick. Please advise me.—J.L.



"Aha! I knew we couldn't use a whole case *of salad oil in a week!"*

Like coming in a woman's mouth, masturbation is often regarded as something to feel guilty about. Also, some men see it as an activity for little boys. Once you're a man, they feel, you should be getting the real thing, namely, a woman. Maybe you ought to tell your husband how much it excited you when you caught him by accident. Beg him to masturbate while you're watching or try masturbating each other. This is pretty kinky; just make sure you're both positioned so you can get a good view of each other's body and face.

Your letter reminds me of a fantastic man I once lived with. I cheated on him, and to punish me, he decided to go on a sex strike for a month. He just teased me.

One day I was busy in the kitchen and noticed my man had been in the shower a long time. I crept in and saw him jerking off behind the closed shower curtain. Quickly I took a glass of cold water and threw it over the curtain. Never have I seen a man exit from a bathroom so fast! Of course, he was still horny as hell, and we broke his strike right there—on the balcony—where, neighbors or not, he nailed me from the back. To tell you the truth, I prefer getting fucked to having some man waste his stuff in his hand. I have nothing against masturbation, but when one is oversexed and undersupplied, why let a good thing go to waste?

SEX IS NOT FOR SINGLES

My name is Alyse, and I want to find out if I'm weird because of my sex life. First of all, I love men to fuck me. I have been fucking for over ten years now. I love sex all the way around, and I can say I'm good *at what I do. But when I'm getting fucked by a man, I try to make it so good for him that it always ends up that he comes before I even get started.*

So, when I get home (I live in the same house with my mom and dad), after everyone is asleep, I read Penthouse. *Which makes me horny as hell. I start playing with my tits, making my nipples hard, and wetting my finger and rubbing it around my nipples. Then I start playing with my pussy, which really makes me hot. Then I start fucking myself with a big rubber dick. After I fuck myself till I'm so hot I can hardly stand it, I put the dick in as far as it will go, close my legs, and start moving my hips like crazy. Then I turn over, with the dick still inside me, and put two of my fingers (which I had been sucking on as if they were a dick) in my ass hole. So, with a big dick inside my pussy and fingers up my ass, I am going crazy, saying things like, "Fuck yourself, Alyse . . . do it harder." And by then I'm having a climax that is out of this world.*

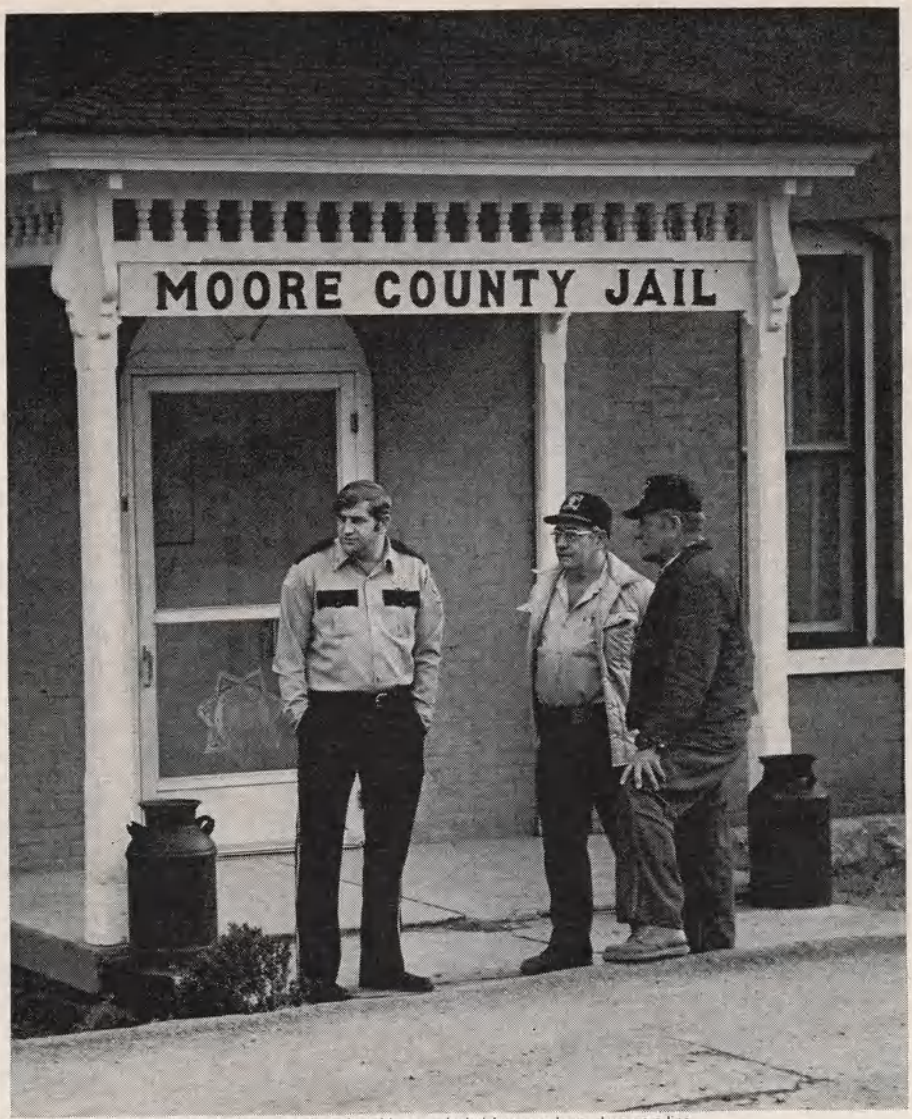
So I'm asking: am I weird because I can satisfy myself better in bed than any man can?—A.K.H.

Why not become more selfish in your lovemaking? Stop thinking about pleasing just the man. Lovemaking ought to be a mutual pastime, not a solo performance. Forget about your dildo at home; it's hard for any man to compete with a big plastic rod. Have more patience when it comes to sex. Don't just fuck—let the man put a little more effort into his foreplay. When you're really hot and horny from his kissing you, tickling you, eating you, let him penetrate your vagina, and I'm sure you'll enjoy it more than you would some plastic dildo.

PENTHOUSE POWER

I am writing to express my appreciation of your column. Recently, when I was having a usual, slow day at my office and needed something to read, I went to the drugstore to get a magazine. All that the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194



If you'd like a booklet that tells you more about Lynchburg and what happens here, drop us a line.

THE MOORE COUNTY JAIL is only one of the sights you'll see in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

There's a lunchroom called the White Rabbit that used to be a turn-of-the-century saloon. There's a store where they sell walking-sticks, whittling kits and Tennessee hams. And naturally there's Jack Daniel Distillery where smooth-sippin' Tennessee Whiskey is made. If you're coming this way, we hope you'll spend time in all our nice places. Excepting, of course, the Moore County Jail.

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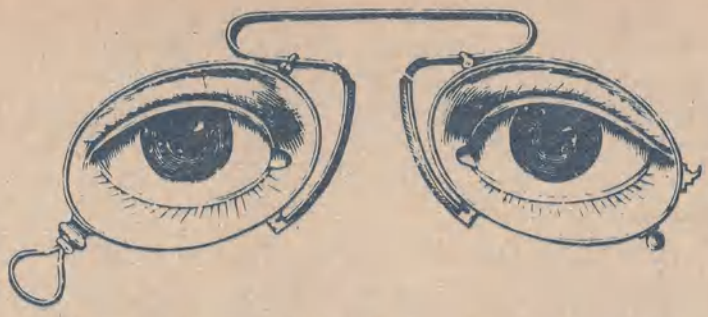


VIEW FROM THE TOP

CHEAP ROMANCE

BY MARILYN STASIO

All the signs tell us we're in the middle of a romantic renaissance. Down at the disco, the girls are wearing little plastic hearts in their hair. Beefcake and cheesecake posters of John Travolta and Cheryl Ladd are outselling posters of Hell's Angels bikes and abandoned kittens. And the Walt Disney film corporation has rereleased *Sleeping Beauty* because "our market research shows that there's now a renaissance of its values and philosophy—true love, waiting for one's lover, lifelong commitment."

Romance is indeed in the air, but not the kind to make you want to rush out singing in the rain. For all of the new love signs circulating in the culture, few of them seem to be plausible indications of what the Disney people call the "values and philosophy" of true love. Most of them, in fact, are the familiar old stereotypes of love, coated with enough plastic sophistication to sell on today's market. And the only kind of romance that sells these days is cheap romance.

Hollywood has had a field day with modernized versions of the old clichés about love and lovers. The sentimental love-conquers-all story in *Rocky II*, which has Talia Shire clinging bravely to Sly Stallone through totally unreal, tearjerker crises. The old-fashioned, hands-across-the-water wartime romances in *Yanks*. The classic and time-honored strong-man-and-weak-woman love posture assumed in its most fantastic form in *Superman*.

And, of course, Woody Allen's Adorables. Hollywood's most popular lovers today are the cute-'n'-kooky oddballs who are frozen into eternal adolescence on the screen, where they can be forever fey without ever having to grow up into adults. The same chubby-bunny cuteness has created spin-off couples like Chevy Chase and Goldie Hawn, Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss, David Steinberg and Susan Sarandon, and, despite their advanced years, Glenda Jackson and George Segal. Even such a supposedly "mature" treatment of modern romance as *An Unmarried Woman* idealizes its lovers beyond belief.

The last real portrayal of true love to come out of Hollywood was *American Graffiti*, which courageously showed that a boy's real love affair is with his car. Other movies that have tried to reflect the kind of romance people are really living today have turned out to be box-office poison or genre curiosities. Barbra Streisand charmed nobody with her *Main Event* showing of a dominant woman. Alan Alda provoked only moderate box-office interest for the politician in *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* who tried to sustain two serious love relationships at the same time. And neither *Players* nor *Moment for Moment* won over moviegoers with their contemporary older-woman-and-younger-man romances.

Television is awash in its own brand of cheap romance. "Love Boat" alone has recycled every turkey love-story cliché since the advent of the radio soap opera. In commercials, women are as vapid as ever—only now they're wearing jogging shorts instead of aprons. In series comedies, romance translates into the leers of lusty old men, or the passionate squeaks of adolescents, for stunners like Suzanne Somers and all her tribe. In action series, love means never having to say you're sorry for having killed, raped, or otherwise defoliated some luscious bloom. In drama, love is what you call clinging to your mate when he/she/one-of-the-kids develops bone cancer/leukemia/brain damage.

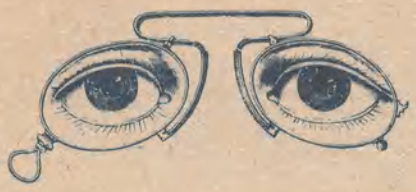
Cheap romance is also making a good showing on Broadway. *Chapter Two*, Neil Simon's romantic-comedy hit, is a celebration of Simon's real-life courtship of his second wife—who is so idealized in the play that the audience has to shield its eyes lest it go blind from the dazzle of her perfection. In *They're Playing Our Song*, a musical also scripted by Simon, we're back in the cute-'n'-kooky department, with two screwball lovers conducting their romance in the kind of adolescent frenzy that usually brings on cardiac arrest with grown-ups.

Romance is really resurging in music, along with a curious assortment of love objects to reflect it. Classical music is going through a neo-romantic period, stirring up new interest in Mahler, which is understandable, and in Franz Berwald, which is not. Dance companies are hauling out all their old classical warhorses so that balletomanes can thrill to the spectacle of fantasy lovers frozen in sentimental postures of a love that is all style and no gonads.

James Cherry

This new romantic sensibility, with its emphasis on style and insistence on stereotyped symbols, comes through loudest in the cheap romance of disco. The disco vamp-queens, with their sultry voices and jump-me costumes, are caricatures of the old Rita Hayworth/Lana Turner role models of the Dangerous Woman. Just as disco lyrics are juiced-up versions of the romantic songs of long ago and far away, so is the disco dance style a parody of those intricate and intimate dances Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers used to do.

For that matter, the whole disco life-style is a travesty of old-fashioned boy-girl romancing. On the dance floor couples play out their romantic illusions of Hollywood stars having Hollywood romances. But



after clutching each other all night to the groans of Gloria Gaynor singing "I Need a Man," the girls go home and carefully pack away all their sequined, chest-hugging tube tops and skyscraper heels in tissue paper. And the boys go off to the nearest gay bar.

There's nothing so awful about recycling vintage formulas of love and romance for a modern market. And it's hard to think of the disco babies as victims, since they probably know all about the fantasy nature of their lives, and, indeed, get off on it. What's awful is when something genuinely original and contemporary gets crushed by all the clichés. Or when some calculated formula from yesteryear is successfully passed off as fresh goods. Or, worst of all, when people respond with feeling to what they think is an honest reflection of their own emotion, when they've really been manipulated by a calculating entertainment industry, spinning the same old wheels.

But don't read this as a moralizing tirade against the wicked, wicked ways of the world. If cheap romance is outselling real love on the popular entertainment market, it's mainly because cheap romance is what we want to buy right now. Somehow the greasy kid's stuff meets certain emotional needs, reflects certain social trends.

We're so conditioned to think of romanticism in the sentimentalized images of our own century that we tend to forget that the practical philosophy of courtly love began in the Middle Ages as an antidote to barbarism. All that good-knights - and - gentle - ladies stuff was encouraged by the Church to get the horny aristocrats to lay off each other's wife and to stop raping children and livestock. Romanticism has surfaced from time to time since then, but it really came into its own in early-nineteenth-century England, a period when real-life marriages were negotiated by lawyers, when women used their bodies as breeding machines for little empire builders, and when men went off to dog fights and brothels to get it off.

So, from a historical perspective, romance never did have a hell of a lot to do with reality. But our own infatuation with cheap romance has grown out of our own social disorders. Has there ever been a period of history so cynical, so disillusioned, and so terrified of emotion as ours? For modern-day love stories we have Maggie Trudeau and Anna Kashfi ratting on their ex-mates in terms that would shock any twelfth-century barbarian into dropping his sheep.

Wide World Photos

Teddy and Joan: a broken marriage or a political campaign.

On a higher plane, we have Joan Kennedy, bravely reconciling with her husband so that the bad publicity over their broken marriage won't screw up the political campaign. Not to mention those tragic lovers, Alexander and Ludmilla Godunov. Back in Russia, Bolshoi dancers are snubbing poor Ludmilla for not defecting with her husband. The dancers say that she "sold her soul" to the Soviets for big ballet roles she feared she'd never get here.

If grown-ups aren't doing such a hot job in the true-love department, don't think the kids are doing any better. A new sociological study, *Teenage Sexuality*, reports that, with most teenagers, "having sex with someone" ran last out of a field of six activities. Romantic attachments did better than flat-out sex, but they both made poor showings compared with "getting involved in athletics" and "doing well in school." And last year's survey by the American Council on Education indicates that college students are overwhelmingly more interested in planning for secure jobs than they are in getting laid or finding a soul mate.

The kids' elders may be prancing around in black-lace garter belts and frilly portrait blouses, but there's hardly more romance in their lives. In fact, all the savvy chitchat these days is about something called "neuterism" or "the New Celibacy," which a lot of people claim beats both romance and sex. The New Celibates admit not only that they aren't getting much but also that they aren't missing it a whole lot, either.

All of which makes this the perfect cultural climate for cheap romance. Because it's unreal, it's also safe, nonsticky, and, well, cheap. Fantasy love is terrific for the kids because it leaves them plenty of time to study and because nobody gets preggers. Grown-up celibates can jog all day, disco all night, and moon over Woody Allen's Adorables at the movies without having to settle for some real-life Ernie Borgnine or Mr. Goodbar at a singles bar.

Cheap romance can also be more fun than the real thing. Unlike true love, cheap romance is a game, a sophisticated form of entertainment in which *we* play the star roles. Costumed in the proper theatrical style as rhinestone cowboys, disco vamps, and macho athletes, we're free to have the fun of playing at role models and safe from the pressures of having to live up to these models in real life.

Role playing, especially playing at romantic roles, carries another satisfaction: it allows us to comment on the character we're playing while remaining detached and in complete control, so that it doesn't take us over. Playing at cheap romance gives us the double gratification of playing the lover and feeling superior to the role.

Why we play at love instead of doing it is another thing. Some of us are probably too selfish to commit ourselves to another person's needs, many of us are undoubtedly terrified of being hurt, and a lot of us are just plain cynical. Whatever people's individual reasons for preferring cheap romance to the real goods, they are collectively strong enough to have made an impact on the culture. So. . . ."If this isn't love, it will have to do/Until the real thing comes along."

Wide World Photos

Alexander and Ludmilla: a convenient marriage or a ballet career.

SCENES

GOING STEADY

Eighty-seven years old, yet **Mae West** never goes to bed before 2:00 A.M. After the guests disperse and the last talk show signs off, she retires. This is the boudoir where four astrals appeared one night, approaching the bed. "That's far enough, boys," she warned, lifting a hand to stop them. For years she claimed she would have encouraged them but was too busy. Recently she admitted her fear of being touched by ghosts. Besides, she always sleeps alone.

West is otherwise immune to the doubts that plague mere mortals. She does what she wants when she wants without concern for money: "I wouldn't make a film now for the sake of money or just to be making a film." Her new Poland Springs bottled-water radio commercials she does because she likes the product, has liked it since the 1920s. Tap water? "I've heard it's good for washing cars," she told the *Los Angeles Times*.

Retirement is not imminent, and death is improbable. Her skin is not just soft; it is soft as a baby's. (She credits daily enemas.)

Two years back she made a picture, her first leading role in 34 years. Nineteen seventy-seven was a good year for comedies, romances, and fantasies. Surely a film entitled *Sextette*, starring an octogenarian actress, had to be all three. Ill rumors began circulating from the start of production and increased as, first, the director, then, other staff members, were replaced. No studio came forward to release the finished film—fine thanks for the lady whose hits once saved Paramount Pictures from bankruptcy. Opening dates passed without an opening. People began to squint, hold their noses, and ask, "Why?" But West's psychic adviser, Dr. Richard Ireland, assures her that *Sextette*, which was finally released in 1979, "will make a bundle."

Twenty-five interchangeable actresses might have played Scarlett O'Hara, but another Diamond Lil or Peaches O'Day is unimaginable. Mae West is unique. "I created my own style. When they 'im-pois-son-ate' me," she once complained, "they rob me"—though the best of the thieves, mostly drag queens, she finds amusing.

Movie Star News

Mae West in Sextette: *"My measurements haven't changed!"*

Through them and through the visible record of 11 films, she retained her old audience and gained a new one. From television, from college film societies and revival theaters that pack them in at a time when theaters showing new films stand practically empty, they know her spoofs on sin, her breathy, one-line gags and gyrating hips. She watches them watching her films "to see where the laughs are. Things I didn't think were funny they scream at." *Sextette*, now a hit on the midnight circuit, is, in these terms, very funny indeed.

"I could be doing something every year. But I'm tired of it, in a way. I get mail from my fans—'Please do this' or 'Do that'—asking me to make pictures." Hundreds of letters are lined up near her couch, many of them from teenagers clamoring for the things she did 40 years ago. She is creator of an image and its prisoner, too. *Sextette* is from a play she toured in in 1952.

"Men can't write a woman's story," she contends. "This is a man's world, and the woman is always the second lead, always hanging on him. I know how to write a woman's story, because I write them for myself."

For 60 years she has tailored the comic plays and classic films that caused Hugh Walpole to write, "Only Charlie Chaplin and Mae West in Hollywood dare to directly attack with their mockery the fraying morals and manners of a dreary world." She won ovations, had boundless success—and troubles, too. Her performance in the play *Sex* sent her to jail in the 1920s, and in the 1930s she was forced to play her interracial romance, *The Constant Sinner*, with a white actor in blackface.

She is "always shooting ahead, busy, busy, busy," novelizing her plays, writing screenplays from her novels, casting her past onto her future. A novel of *The Drag*, her all-transvestite play, is ready for publication. She never got to star on film as Catherine, empress of Russia, because Tallulah Bankhead got there first. ("It played the smaller drive-ins.") Now she plans her *Catherine Was Great* for the 1980 Moscow Olympics—when she will be 88.

She works each day at Ravenswood, the depression-chic Hollywood apartment house, on which she once held the mortgage. "At my beach house I get lazy," she says. To this haven, at age 40, she brought her entourage in 1932. Her sister Beverly, her brother Jack, her father John West—a wrestler and detective—her manager, and her secretary; they took up the whole sixth floor. West never left.

Etched-glass doors muffle traffic noise. A glittering chandelier hangs from a coffered ceiling. Chocolate and cinnamon furnishings complete a shining facade. But in the old self-service elevator the cork paper is inelegantly patched, and the pink and white paint on her apartment door is peeling.

Inside is the fabled ivory parlor. "Antiqued" Louis XIV reproductions and a snow-white baby grand crowd the room. Flowers in baskets, filling the remaining space, add natural color. Press clippings are handy under sofa cushions, and photos depicting a long career line the tables. A nude drawing of West, mounted in a plastic cube, is entitled, "How Do You Like My Hat?"

The air is fragrant with her perfume as West and Paul Novak—since 1954 her butler, secretary, chauffeur, part-time cook, gym instructor, bodyguard, and full-time companion—spin tales, two minds devoted to a single memory.

"She sang her own 'Delilah' in *Goin' to Town*."

"It's still my voice. I don't have to practice."

"When she goes out, people know her on sight. They look and say, 'There's Mae West.' "

"My measurements haven't changed. I photograph the same."

"She never shops—she'd be mobbed."

Dressing a legend is simple: custom-made gowns and diamonds. As Diamond Lil on Broadway in 1928, she wore gems on ten fingers. "At the end of a performance, I just threw them in a box." Everyone wanted to sell her diamonds. In self-defense she louped her own. "I have a jeweler's glass and check them myself for cracks, spots, and feathers."

Tugging a cluster of stones off a finger on her right hand, she confesses it's a fake, a *Diamond Lil* prop. "See the metal backing? They never put a backing on a real diamond." Then, easing a single gem the size of a plum pit from her left hand, she raises it to the sun: "No backing."

As if on cue, the odd effect of that white-on-white-on-white room is briefly transformed. For a moment the ivory walls glow gold around Mae, and the comedienne herself, absently chewing a cuticle, suddenly shimmers as the setting sun of Hollywood peaks through the blinds to pay its compliments. That moment past, she and Novak drive to the beach house for dinner. Does she cook?

"Remember," Novak prompts, "someone asked you that, and you said, 'No one ever asked me to cook.' "

They motor down Wilshire Boulevard. Gossip once had it that Greta Garbo owned Wilshire Boulevard. "They used to have me owning the whole San Fernando Valley.

Did she?

"Pieces of it."

The drive takes them past the berry-colored *Sextette* billboards proclaiming "Mae West Is Coming!" Late at night they return to Ravenswood. They watch the talk shows, because the search for new talent never ends. In 1934 West discovered Cary Grant and starred him in *She Done Him Wrong*. In Elvis Presley's first televised performance, she recognized another just like her, original, and "with such good delivery—I told him so." Plans for them to co-star failed, though. "I wanted to rewrite the material to suit my style."

"It couldn't be a Mae West film *and* a Presley film, too," Novak categorically states.

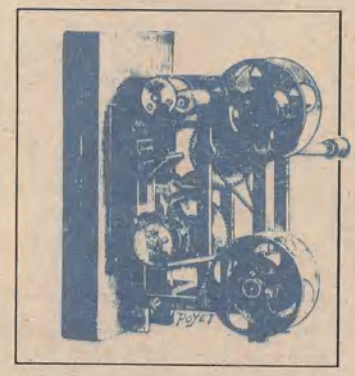
Then to bed.

Why not telephone her up some time? Her number is listed. On May Day she even answers.—*Mitch Tuchman*

Movie Star News

Mae in old Hollywood: saving Paramount from bankruptcy.

FILMS



ODDBALLS

Offhand, you might think ***The Great Santini*** was the name of an aerial act. And offhand you wouldn't be far wrong. Of course, his real name isn't Santini; it's Bull Meechum. He's a lieutenant colonel, and, in 1963, when this movie takes place, he flies fighter planes for the Marine Corps. A hotshot pilot in the air, he's a holy terror on the ground, a martinet to the troops, a menace to his family—and so gung-ho that he wears his fatigues home to relax in and turns out his teenage kids for morning formation. Perhaps only his penchant for playing bad-taste practical jokes in the presence of superior officers has kept him from rising right to the top. He is, I'd guess, the kind of officer the first sergeant used to have in mind when he'd tell us, during basic training, that no matter how rotten things seemed in the army, we should still get down on our knees to God and our local draft boards because we hadn't been sent to the marines.

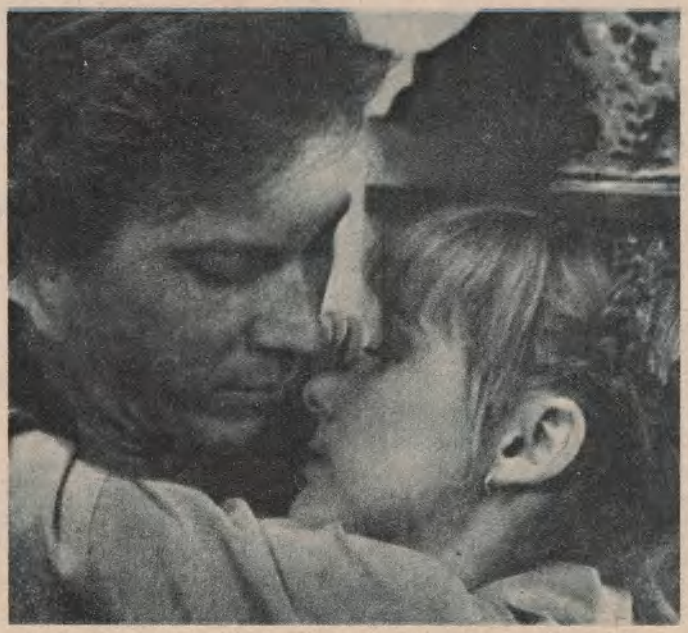
For, whatever the term means in the movies, *The Great Santini* offers us a "portrait": Bull Meechum (Robert Duvall) at work, at play (generally getting drunk), or at home shaping up his family. Though he is a blustering tyrant, nobody—not even the enlisted man he almost kills and then tries bullying into silence in the headquarters john—remains afraid of him. His four kids, all of them almost supernaturally brighter than their father, may salute when ordered, but they also understand Bull down to the last detail of his crew-cut hairline. And though they gripe and their patient mother (Blythe Danner) makes excuses, they all pretty much like what they understand. So this is an "affectionate portrait"—though not so affectionate as to lose its mind, and not so simply a portrait as to cease being, in the more usual sense, a movie, and sometimes a lovely movie in the bargain. It covers the last, rather happy, months of Bull's life and the coming of age of his older son, Ben (Michael O'Keefe), a sensitive boy who must learn to stand up to his father in some crises of life, death, and, as it happens, basketball. At times their relationship grows very cruel. Its tensions and embarrassments mark the turning points of the story. But there is always

Superwife, army tyrant: Blythe Danner and Robert Duvall.

something for the tensions and embarrassments to relax into—conventional contexts like manhood, the marines, the family—and it is those contexts that furnish the principal value of *The Great Santini*.

Robert Duvall must by now have cornered the market in playing loudmouthed military knuckleheads for American movies. In *The Great Santini* he is just about magnificent. Dumb, clever, loyal, and insubordinate, vile enough (trying to cheat his own son at backyard basketball and then repeatedly bouncing the ball off the kid's head when his stratagems don't succeed) and then lovable enough to cover almost all his faults—Duvall is as complete an actor as this tremendously complex role requires. Blythe Danner meets his excesses not so much with submission as with a sense of personal order that, along with her character's devout Roman Catholicism, might make her gentle humanity seem too heroic if it weren't also so good-humored.

Performances of this quality go a long way toward assisting a director like Lewis John Carlino, a playwright and screenwriter whose previous film, *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*, wouldn't exactly inspire confidence. This time, Carlino fails with the most theatrically written things in his movie—the slow death of Ben's young black friend (Stan Shaw) at the hands of some local white hoods, and the climactic, late-night shouting match when Ben has to scream at his father, "I love you, Dad," in one of those soul-barings so dear to the legitimate stage. But Carlino succeeds where he is able to collaborate with some external public order. In this, *The Great Santini* oddly resembles those marvelous John Ford military Westerns, where emotion is always filtered through the rituals of army, church, and family. The channeling of feeling into traditional form makes all the difference, and so just when it seems it should be least freely expressive, the movie discovers its deepest resources of inner grief and joy.



Mad love, unbearable romance: John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.

I can safely say that ***Head over Heels*** is Joan Micklin Silver's best movie so far without claiming too much—or too little. The woman who made *Hester Street* and *Between the Lines* is never without interest, and also never without the kind of ineptitude that makes you wonder whether an oddly angled shot is intentional or is there just because somebody positioned the camera in an especially awkward way. There are more serious problems in *Head over Heels*: some absurdly gimmicky plot devices, a hero morally less attractive than everybody else in the movie, an utterly inappropriate happy ending. And yet it has genuine wit and charm, sometimes for minutes on end, and an oddball intensity that, given its proper development, could have made for a fascinating project story indeed.

Charles (John Heard), a smart-assed young writer working somewhere in the Utah state bureaucracy, one day meets Laura (Mary Beth Hurt), a file clerk in his office, and immediately falls madly in love with her. That's basically it, except that Laura is married—though on leave from her husband—and Charles must suffer that plus the annoyance of various friends, colleagues, and relatives (especially his batty mother—Gloria Graham) in his single-minded pursuit of his heart's desire.

In some respects Hurt (the second sister in Woody Allen's *Interiors*) and Heard (the turncoat ace reporter in *Between the Lines*) represent interesting casting, in that she is no great beauty and he suggests more brash self-confidence than deathless dedication. In the end, she works out better than he does. Charles's long-suffering superiority to the motives, the sensibilities, the intelligence of almost everybody around him—which, I'm afraid, the movie actually believes in—finally becomes too offensive to bear. It's as if you were to take some 1950s J. D. Salinger hero, strip him of his East Coast intellectual precocity, dump him among the ordinary people of Salt Lake City, and consider what's left of him the way to a viable point of view.

But when Charles and Laura are together, they often do promote an attractive aura, even to his futile attempts to pretend he's not crazy in love with her ("I don't think you're that great. As a matter of fact there are quite a few things about you that I don't like." "Yeah? Name one"). And when they're apart, Charles's total obsession sometimes becomes interesting—and unsettling—enough to carry the film. He is, in fact, unbearable, so much in love with her that even Laura can't stand it. And though the all-consuming passion has been treated often enough in sentimental movies before, to treat it unsentimentally, as *Head over Heels* almost does, might have made the great antilove story of the decade.

You'd have to go back a full two decades for the genesis of Michael Powell's ***Peeping Tom***, made in 1959, damned for its sadistic immorality, released in heavily cut prints, and then generally withdrawn until its redistribution, in complete form, beginning late last year. Actually, *Peeping Tom*, the story of Mark (Carl Boehm), a retiring, gentle young Londoner who

Gloria Graham as the batty mother in Head over Heels.

murders sexy young women while recording their responses to their own death agonies with his home-movie camera, has been a cult phenomenon among film buffs—not leastwise because it seemed to cause the partial eclipse of its distinguished director's career.

Most moviegoers will remember Michael Powell, a truly important British filmmaker, for his 1948 *The Red Shoes*, which must have started half a generation of ballet dancers on their careers. My own memories tend toward *The Spy in Black* (1939) and *I Know Where I'm Going* (1945—all three of these codirected with Emeric Pressburger), which shaped my early love for movies far more than any number of more official masterpieces. *Peeping Tom* really belongs in this company. I suspect the troubles it had with critics stemmed from the—unacknowledged—fact that it brought to its sensational material a rather contemplative frame of mind. If you want blood and gore to go along with your more cerebral psychosexual stimulation, you'd better look elsewhere. The film is neither gratuitously shocking nor even especially suspenseful. Its hero, though genuinely crazy (driven that way in childhood by his late father, whose mad-scientist researches into fear he is now, in effect, continuing), is the shyest of monsters. And the girl downstairs he comes truly to love (Anna Massey) is never really in danger from the well-sharpened spear built into his camera tripod.

But as idea, *Peeping Tom* is an intriguing movie, and sometimes an affecting one as well. Critics have compared it with Hitchcock (also British, and Powell's friend), but in its kinkiness, its awareness of hidden lives, above all its involvement with the technology of voyeurism, of recording sight and sound, it is closer to the crime melodramas of the late Fritz Lang. But where Lang saw voyeurism as a form of entrapment, Powell sees it as a way of making contact with humanity's experience of pain. If necessary, his young hero will create the pain—whence the plot of the movie. But one time he comes across some that is already created. In a dirty-pictures photography studio where he is working, a beautiful young girl stands in profile against a window—until she turns to reveal on the other side of her face a hare lip and to ask Mark what he'd think about taking *her* picture. Courteously, he looks not at her lip but into her bitter eyes, and he says something about understanding her. It's a momentary contact; the girl never reappears. It is also both the scariest and the loveliest thing in the movie and an emblem of the occasional but substantial rewards of *Peeping Tom*.—*Roger Greenspun*

Peeping Tom's *Anna Massey, Carl Boehm: voyeur as agent of pain.*

WORDS

WHERE LOVE HAS GONE

Forget about propriety. You can't sell pulp in a velvet slipcase. The heroes in most of these romantic potboilers are "punished by the burning desire of their own awakened hungers"; the heroines "rage against the boundless passions that enslave them to the men they had sworn to hate." There's plenty of "soul-wrenching betrayal" and "silken scheming," garnished with generous helpings of sex, sex, sex. And if you don't climax before the plot does, there's always a sequel waiting in the wings to do the trick.

No one's got the formula down quite like Judith Krantz, this year's valedictorian from the Sidney Sheldon School of Soapers. In ***Princess Daisy*** (Crown, $12.95), she goes to ridiculous extremes to prove that in the game of love there are few contestants with any scruples. It's Krantz's odyssey of one Daisy Valensky, daughter of a Russian prince and a Hollywood starlet. Daisy leads a most distressing life. After her parents divorce over the rejection of Daisy's retarded twin sister, Daisy is raped by her horny half-brother, Ram. Both parents meet violent deaths; Daisy assumes responsibility for her sister's welfare, but Ram inherits control of the royal treasury. The only way for Daisy to pay for her sister's special schooling is to give in to Ram's incestuous demands—right? Not a chance! Instead, she simply becomes a spokesperson for the world's most extravagant line of fragrances—Princess Daisy—for which she pockets a fortune. And if you think the plot smells just a bit funny, you're right on the money. I suspect Krantz had a few laughs churning out this one; in the right frame of mind, you might, too.

Romance of one kind or another has always been fueled by unrequited love, but the net effect isn't usually as smoldering as the way Scott Spencer presents it in ***Endless Love*** (Knopf, $10.95). After David Axelrod is sent packing by his girl friend Jade's father, he does what any red-blooded 17-year-old would do to get her back:

Charles William Bush

Krantz: romantic formulas.

David burns their house down. Unfortunately, Jade's reaction is probably the same as yours, in which case you fully understand why she refuses ever to see him again. But Spencer's objective is not so much to dramatize David's crime as it is to dissect the nightmare of obsession. In the aftermath of the deed, he examines David's singular goal—regaining Jade's love—with startling conviction. That, coupled with an authentic and compelling narrative, sets this romance apart as a both remarkable and disturbing work of fiction.

Equally disturbing, although not nearly so lucid, is ***Unholy Loves*** (Vanguard, $10.95), by Joyce Carol Oates. Set on the claustro-

Graeme Gibson

Oates: romantic satire.

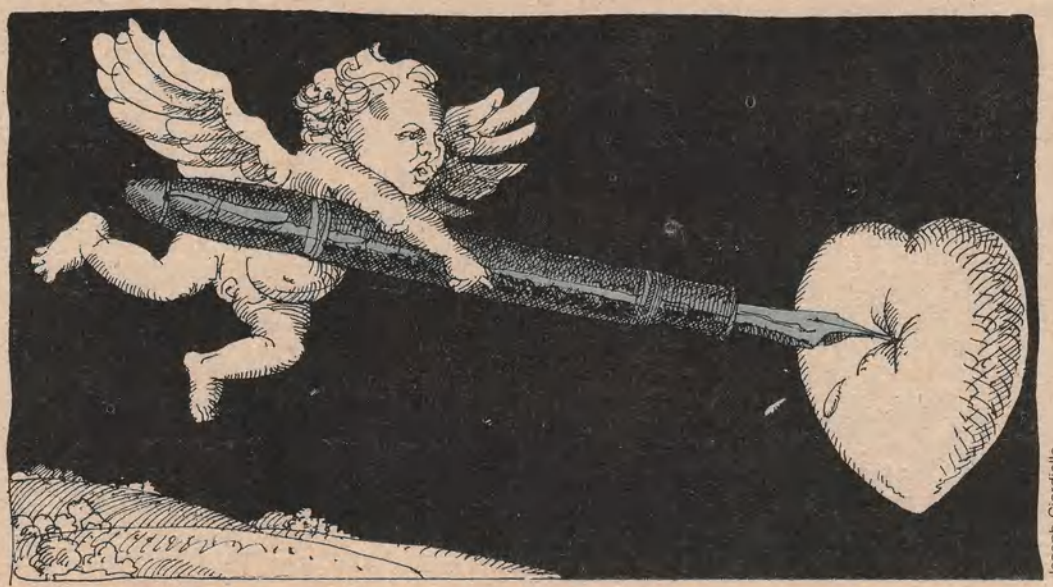
phobic campus of Woodslee College, the story concerns the visit there of the distinguished British poet Albert St. Dennis and his ensuing effect on its faculty. St. Dennis, they discover, is a hostile and objectionable boor, resentful of the celebrity attained by his rivals, Yeats and Eliot. But the staff's individual moral habits are not much better than their guest's, and their escapades are certainly less interesting. Oates is a gifted novelist, but her attempt at romantic satire is far too serious to uncork the underlying whimsy of her characters.

The secret to the financial success of page-turners like ***The Legacy of Beulah Land*** and ***Land's End*** is, I would guess, that they don't take themselves seriously *whatsoever*. Still, they remain a durable staple of romantic fiction.

The Legacy of Beulah Land (Doubleday, $12.50), by Lonnie Coleman, is the final, and perhaps the silliest, episode in this trilogy that began when the Kendrick family first settled the plantation in 1783. Since then (this book picks up the tale in 1879), there's been so much fucking around that it's impossible to distinguish the masters from the slaves. This is one big happy family whose illegitimate children arrive almost as regularly as the morning mail. Now, try to follow this: Benjamin Davis, who manages the plantation, can't marry Bessie Marsh because she's considered trash, although they manage to produce a son on the cuff. The lady he loves won't marry him, either, because of the kid. So Ben marries Priscilla, whose fanatical mother lures her away from Ben—which leaves him free to marry Frankie. But Frankie marries Ben's cousin, Bonard, who promptly dies. That drops her into the clutches of who else but Ben's blind-and-sex-crazed father. Oh well, you get the point.

Land's End (McGraw-Hill, $14.95), by Kevin Starr, is even more intricate—if you can believe that—and suffers from historical vertigo. One is never quite sure whether the action at hand is taking place in 1975, 1962, 1915, or 1870, and often three periods intertwine on the same page. The protagonist, Sebastian Collins, hops between beds in San Francisco, Cambridge, Vienna, Rome, and Paris with such bursts of energy that it's a wonder he lived to tell the story; I suffered from jet lag halfway through, but who am I to say? My grandmother read it with unmitigated delight and swears that television's Erik Estrada is a cinch to grab the role of Sebastian when it comes time to cast the mini-series.

On the other hand, it's difficult visualizing the individuals who populate Bel Kaufman's romantic fantasy, ***Love, etc.*** (Prentice-Hall, $11.95). In a scrambled blend of letters, diary entries, even a novel-within-a-novel, Kaufman unfurls Jessica's relationship with Max, the perfect lover. Max is a prince and conducts himself appropriately: he writes Jessica romantic poetry, is forever bringing her little gifts, calls to say good-night—until he borrows her life savings and disappears in Europe. Jessica, however, writes it all off to experience, saying only: "To love is more important than to be loved. . . . I loved, therefore I am." Can I hear that one again, please? With such lines, it won't be long before love joins Latin, Yiddish, and Linear A on the list of dead languages.—*Robert Stephen Spitz*



Joseph Ciardiello

SOUNDS

CLOSING IN

Ever since the early seventies, **Bonnie Raitt** has been closing in on pop stardom—with the irresolute air of a big-game hunter who isn't quite sure it's all right to kill animals. As a former blues purist who still plays mean slide guitar and a political activist who regularly contributes her time and energy to benefits for the feminist, human-rights, and antinuclear movements, Raitt distrusts the trappings and traps of success. On the other hand, she's a child of Hollywood (her father is the actor John Raitt), and she makes bright, melodic pop music that's almost entirely apolitical. Her friends in Los Angeles include the likes of Jackson Browne and Linda Ronstadt, and her most recent album, *The Glow* (Warner Brothers), was produced by Peter Asher, who's celebrated for his meticulous work with Ronstadt and James Taylor. This is fast company, commercially speaking, and even though Raitt continues to perform at numerous benefits and supported the release of *The Glow* with a winter tour of small and medium-size halls, one can't help thinking that sooner or later she's going to join her friends at the top of the sales charts.

Ironically, Raitt's political activism may turn out to be her entrée into the world of multi-platinum record sales and arena concerts. Last September she found herself playing Madison Square Garden three times in one week and performing at a rally in New York's

Battery Park for a crowd estimated at 200,000. The occasion was a series of concerts and other activities for the benefit of the antinuclear movement, organized by MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy), a group Raitt was instrumental in creating. The MUSE concerts at Madison Square Garden, which also featured Bruce Springsteen, James Taylor, Jackson Browne, a reunited Crosby, Stills, and Nash, and other rock superstars, are being made into both a live album and a motion picture, the potential audience for which runs into the millions. And everyone who goes to the movie or buys the record is going to see and hear Bonnie Raitt.

If Raitt had gone after a mass audience by commercializing her music, her longtime fans probably would have recoiled in horror. Throughout her career, which has yielded seven albums that sold reasonably, if not spectacularly, well and no hit singles, she has enjoyed a special sort of relationship with her audience. She trusted them to let her try new things and to stick with her while she slowly blossomed from her blues and folk beginnings into a consummate pop-rocker. They trusted her to make music that was accessible but honest, music that spoke to them intelligently and sincerely about how they lived and how they felt. When it was announced that Peter Asher would produce her next album, some of her fans were apprehensive. To many, Asher is the very personification of L.A. Slick, and his albums are clean but clinical. And it had been a while since Raitt's previous LP, *Sweet Forgiveness*, almost two years in fact. What was happening out there? Was Bonnie "going Hollywood"?

There was no need to worry. *The Glow* does feature the same musicians who record with Ronstadt and Taylor, and it has a certain surface polish. But Raitt's singing is the strongest of her career, there's more of her slide guitar on the record than one has heard in a while, and the entire project has a loose, informal feel. In fact, *The Glow* is the most spontaneous album Raitt has made, and it's one of her best.

Charlyn Zlotnik

Bonnie Raitt: a cult figure who's ready for pop success.

Peter Asher's previous productions helped define the mainstream of seventies pop as a place where folk, country music, rock 'n' roll, rhythm and blues, and a certain calculating but good-natured commercialism could comfortably coexist; *The Glow* stakes out Raitt's personal territory. Her music is much more heavily influenced by black styles than is Taylor's or Ronstadt's, and her black influences are varied: from the old-time delta blues, which still shines through in her guitar playing, to uptown blues, New Orleans R&B, southern soul, gospel, and jazz. But Raitt never sounded like a white girl copying black mannerisms. She sounded like a white girl who sang black material because she related to it and could sing it well, and that's particularly true of the two versions of the Isaac Hayes–David Porter soul tunes that kick off *The Glow*. In the hands of Raitt and Asher's session band, "I Thank You" becomes joyously libidinous rock 'n' roll. And "Your Good Thing," with its intensely emotive vocal and Bill Payne's lovely piano filigree, just could be Raitt's finest recorded performance.

Raitt's personality comes through even more definitively in "The Boy Can't Help It," an exceptionally sassy Little Richard remake dominated by her National steel guitar and a chugging New Orleans rhythm, and in her own "Standin' by the Same Old Love," which features her electric slide guitar to advantage and is an affecting vocal performance that seems to mix two conflicting emotions, loyalty and desperation. More than the soul numbers, these sturdy hybrids of blues, rock 'n' roll, R&B classicism, and FM-radio accessibility define a style that's purely Bonnie Raitt. Now all she needs is the right songs.

Songs have always been Raitt's biggest problem. She doesn't write many herself, and apparently the long wait between albums was necessitated not by studio perfectionism (for most of the vocals and band performances on *The Glow* are first or second takes) but by her continuing search for material. In the past, she has drawn on her songwriter friends, and this has resulted in a broad but somewhat schizophrenic stylistic spectrum, with hard blues existing side by side with sensitive ballads by Jackson Browne or John David Souther. On *The Glow*, Browne's "Sleep's Dark and Silent Gate" sounds distinctly out of place, and there are several rock numbers that, while fitting better, add little to the album's impact. More successful, and a real surprise, is the title tune, a smoky, after-hours jazz number that suggests Raitt is still growing.

Onstage, she's a bristling, bluesy performer who uses the ballads as occasional resting places in her predominantly uptempo sets. Her band, together for several years now, has knitted itself together handsomely; the rock grooves are authoritative, and the gentler songs have their own quiet strength. Raitt has told several interviewers she has mixed feelings about pop success. But with her artistry and confidence growing by leaps and bounds and her activities with MUSE bringing her music into millions of homes, it is difficult to imagine her remaining a cult figure for very much longer.—*Robert Palmer*

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STAND UP AND HOWL!

BY STEPHEN SINGULAR

I have women friends in New York, California, Chicago, and many other places, and they're all saying the same thing: "There are lots of interesting women around, but where are the three-dimensional men?" — A 30-year-old woman in a New York manufacturing firm

Young men today are going through a troubling and confusing time. They are worried about all the old problems — work, money, success, self-respect — but they are mostly worried about the women in their lives. A 30-year-old man from the Midwest said it best: "Women today are confused, too, and that confuses everyone. On the one hand, they want their careers, and on the other they want a traditional marriage and someone to take care of them. They want a man who's masculine, even chauvinistically so, and someone who's sensitive and supportive of all their needs and ambitions. It's hard for a man to be both. Men don't know what to be for women anymore because women don't know what they want from men."

Because of feminism the 1970s belonged to women, and this has left many men feeling shaky. They have questioned a lot of the assumptions they grew up with — about male supremacy, about taking women seriously — but they have come up with few answers. Most men want to be decent to women, but all men are still living and struggling with a whole range of complex and explosive emotions and sexual impulses. This creates enormous inner turmoil in young men: they want to be free, but they are afraid of being lonely. Or they want to be with a woman, but they are afraid of, or bored by, commitment. Men may not want to dominate women anymore, but they also don't want to be dominated by them. The line between these two things is never very clear, and whether one wants to admit it or not, most sexual relationships are also messy power struggles. Men don't necessarily like being egotists, but as any honest woman will tell you, a man with a flattened ego is a limp fish. Finding the right balance in one's personal life today is a constant high-wire act.

If young men turn to their other male friends for help or advice, they see and hear only more confusion. If they look back at their fathers for role models, it often seems that the old men grew up 200 years ago. Their fathers' way (marriage usually) used to solve a lot of problems — or at least keep the lid on them. Marriage is no longer the shelter it once was for men, and marriages today blow apart like shacks in a hurricane. After a number of failed relationships or a divorce, many men conclude that they don't know what the hell is going on anymore, and they become tired and guilty and afraid of their own energy. This is not a happy picture, but it is a familiar one to many men.

"Women today," says prominent Yale psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton, "feel that some things have changed for the better and some gains have been won. But men have no equivalent sense of this. They feel no sense of continuity with the past or the imagined future."

Anthropologist Lionel Tiger sees another problem for men. "For the first time in human history, females now

Illustration by Ignacio Gomez

control contraception completely," he says. "It affects our sex lives, having children, and perhaps many other things. The consequences of this could be enormous, but we don't really know what it means yet. When women control their own bodies, they control more than that. The power they get somebody else loses, like in a hydraulic system. So men are under new pressures now, and there may be things going on here that are larger and deeper than we understand."

"The rest of life is still as difficult for men as it has always been," says Dr. William Goode, a sociologist at Stanford, "but they no longer have women for a compensation. Equality is a hard road to go."

When I decided to talk with some men about all of this, many of them refused to allow their real names to be used. The reason for this anonymity was clear: the men were frustrated and angry, but they didn't want to show these feelings in public. I spoke with a number of men of widely varied backgrounds and from all parts of the country. They all have one thing in common—an overwhelming desire for women—and almost all of them have been affected by the changes women are going through. As I listened to them talk, I kept hearing two themes. One is that they are trying to change and finding it difficult. The old male ego and male sexuality are hard to live with and even harder to change. (As one man from the East Coast put it, "Part of being male in this society is being king of the mountain. But the problem now is finding a mountain.") The second theme is that they are tired of being criticized and are starting to fight back. They don't think that all the old ways—"the macho ways"—are best, but they want to be proud of their maleness and don't want women telling them who they are and how they should be. The men are groping, trying to find their own way on their own terms. Each person presented here is, of course, an individual and has his own special problems. But taken all together, this small group has a lot to say about what it feels like to be a man now.

Clay Harris grew up playing sports in Denver: baseball, basketball, football, a little wrestling. He was a natural athlete and liked playing the games because they made him feel important and got him out of the house. (He remembers his father, a truck driver, this way: "Whenever Dad was around, I got hit.") As Harris got a little older, he decided to try another sport: skiing. The only problem was finding the cash to buy the equipment and get to the mountains outside Denver. He eventually raised the money and was good on the slopes, but he never thought of making a living at it. When Harris was 21, he was arrested for selling drugs and spent several weeks in jail while he was awaiting trial. When he got out—with a minor conviction—he drifted to the West Coast and finally came to Lake Tahoe. He began working in the pro shop at a ski resort, but he was soon hired as an instructor. "I got into teaching," he says with a smile, "because it eliminated the cost of skiing. You're also pretty much your own boss. Everything about my life is healthier in the mountains. I look better, feel better; my skin is cleaner; even my mind is clearer. I use drugs a lot less here, too."

Harris is now 29 and lives in Lake Tahoe by himself. He is handsome and has blue eyes and a dark mustache. He has an easy, relaxed manner, speaks in a quiet voice, and shows little emotion (except when he talks about women; then he tends to grit his teeth). He says that being a ski instructor gives you prestige on the mountain and that it is an easy place to meet women. In the past Harris lived with one woman for several years and was thinking of marriage, but then it fell apart. "She lost her love for me," he says. "One day she just said, 'Look, I don't love you anymore. I don't want to live with you, and that's it.' She left. That type of thing makes you a little bitter about women. It takes away your trust."

> Men's sexuality is more obvious, more immediate, and more fleeting than women's. We're like stud bulls that want to mount everything in sight.

Since then he has dated a wide number of women but has never become deeply involved with any of them. "It's hard for me to be content with one woman now," he says. "Sooner or later I get bored, or something runs out. It's just a matter of time. The longer you spend time with somebody, the more you lose respect for each other. I like working in a resort area, where people come and go.

"Some people think I'm cold, but I'm not. I've got a lot of heat and warmth anytime I have a thing with a woman. I'm more jealous than most men are. I don't want to find out that a woman I'm going out with is seeing another guy. If a woman decides something is more important than being with me, that makes me angry. I get pissed pretty fast."

Harris says that some of the women he meets expect him to be macho and make all the decisions and that some are just the opposite: they want everything to be equal. He doesn't really care which way they are as long as he "can get a clue to which direction they're leaning in. You've got to stay on your toes and get tuned in to them. Otherwise, it's all second-guessing." He describes himself as being somewhere between macho and shy with women. He adds that he isn't affected by the feminist influence on women because he doesn't let it affect him. "I leave feminists right away," he says, "because they're a problem. I move on."

From his experience in the past year or so, Harris says that he has discovered a new kind of woman. "Some women can just sit back and almost be like an audience and get into whatever you're doing: your behavior, your talk, everything. They can play off of it and be part of it. They appreciate you. But these other women, the new kind, are always examining your behavior. They're always giving you little helpful hints on how to improve yourself. You feel like you're in a class and this girl is the teacher. These women are the examiners. The other kind are the participators. They just take an experience for what it is and enjoy it. I like that.

"There's also the complainers and the noncomplainers. If you make love to a complainer and she doesn't have an orgasm, it's always your fault. She's critical of everything you do. She never tells you what is right with you. I was with one of these women a while back, and she started evaluating me right after we made love. You know: the positive and the negative. She never got around to the positive."

Harris says that someday he wants to marry and have children but that he isn't ready for marriage yet. "I'd rather have my freedom for a while," he says. "I'm pretty content with what's going down now. I've decided to take things as they come and ride with the waves. I'm not pushing, and I'm not resisting anymore. I'm a free-floater."

During the Vietnam War, *Don Stern* received a draft deferment for three years by teaching art to the deaf, but he hated this work so much that he decided to quit and take his chances elsewhere. When his induction papers came in the mail, he went to a psychiatrist to get a letter saying he was homosexual, which he wasn't. The analyst took a great interest in his social life and wanted to know what sort of men he was attracted to, how he met them, and how often he made love.

"I'm a terrible liar," Stern says, chuckling. "I didn't know what the hell I was talking about. It was obvious to me that she knew I was lying, but I couldn't trust her enough to tell her this." He eventually got the letter, but it proved unnecessary, as he soon drew a high number in the draft lottery. That was eight years ago, and when he looks back now, it is not with pride. "The war in Vietnam was running all men's lives at that time, and I was running from the problem rather than into it. I would have liked to have been more courageous. I should have resisted and sent in my draft card or left the country like other people did. Having all the tricks to escape—the money, the education, the contacts—and then getting out by the

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lottery is no credit to me."

Now 31, Stern lives and works in a co-op on New York City's Lower East Side and divides his time between painting and fabric design. His wife runs an antique store, and Don is, to some degree, financially dependent on her. He calls himself "a housewife, of sorts," and he cooks and cleans and does the shopping. His paintings, which crowd the apartment, almost exclusively depict the interior of his household. (Stern was the only man I talked with who didn't want to be a father; he said he is more interested in himself than in raising children.) This morning, he is stretched out on the couch in his living room and is simultaneously stroking two tabby cats and smoking.

"I've got probably as little macho as anybody," he is saying, "but what remains in me of the traditional male is a lot of vestigial guilt about not being 'the provider.' Guilt is the main thing that pushes me to earn money. Until I get money and recognition for my paintings—these are very important things to the male ego—a big part of me feels like I'm piddling around." We begin talking about the difference between male and female sexuality, something that Stern finds fascinating and troubling.

"I tend to view women's sexuality as superior to men's," he says. "I think that their sexual response is more closely linked to their emotions. Men are irrational sexually, completely crazy. We're basically rapists, because we're created that way. Our sexuality is more promiscuous, more obvious, more immediate, more fleeting, and possibly less deep. We're like stud bulls that want to mount everything in sight. On the other side of this is that you can have all sorts of warm feelings for someone and be impotent, and that's very strange. Women feel sexual when they feel loving, and that's healthier and more whole and rich, and I envy it. I'm not really happy with my male sexuality, although I like being a man. Maybe male sexuality as it is is passé, a vestige. It should be. We're more sexual than we need to be. We've still got these primitive organs, like dinosaurs."

I ask if he thinks it is more difficult being a male now than in other times. He smiles and sighs. "It's harder being a man *or* a woman than it used to be. The roles are in flux, and there are not such easy tags to pin your ego on. Back then the roles didn't have to be defined. You just *were*. Being a man today is about the conflict between one's nature and morality. There's so much conflict between your penis, which has a mind of its own, and your own mind and culture and beliefs and feelings and what the culture imposes on you. Feminism can and is changing our sex roles and the economics and politics of sex, but I don't think it can change our sexual response. A penis is going to be a penis. I'm not in favor of rape, but it ain't easy to have whatever male sexuality is and be human and civilized. About all you can do is suppress it. When you decide to be not just an animal, you pay a great price and men have more of a problem with this than women. Their sexuality is more compatible with the society than ours is. Women are more advanced. *We* haven't come out of the caves yet."

When I asked the other men about their sexuality and sex lives, some echoed Don Stern and some didn't. Not one was dispassionate.

"I amaze myself. I'd like to sleep with fifty different women a day, if I could."

"No man is ever ready to settle down. It happens, and then you try and live with it."

"Women are so demanding today, especially sexually. I'm finally learning to say, 'No, I can't do it tonight.' "

"Sex has become a chore for me. I don't know why."

"When I really care about somebody, I'm great in bed, but when I don't, I'm a disgrace to manhood."

Men must become more outspoken about their feelings, more at ease with their sexuality, more irreverent and able to laugh at themselves.

"There's still something to be said for bashing a woman over the head, dragging her off behind a rock, and having her."

"A lot of men are scared. We can't dominate sexually anymore. Women are asking for what they want, and performance anxiety is by no means out for men."

"I used to take out my anger at women in bed and get off on it, but I can't do that anymore. I've had a bout of impotence lately."

"Freud said that civilization is built on the repression of sexuality. I guess that's why men have built the World Trade Center. Now that women are getting into the work world, maybe they'll design some incredible swinging gates."

"If you've slept with a woman for one year, it takes two years to get her out of your system. It always takes twice as long."

"Never sleep with a woman who has more problems than you do."

John Markes says that the most important influence on his life has been his father. John Markes, Sr., worked in a steel mill in Gary, Ind., and he wanted his son to become an engineer and come back to the mill as a foreman or a superviser. Mr. Markes was a dominating but quiet father who didn't have any hobbies, didn't drink at the neighborhood bars, and was always making plans for the future. "I rebelled against him," John junior says. "He always wanted me to do the right thing, but I didn't want to be like him and have just a life of duty. I like to get out and have a drink and party. It's hard for me to plan anything for the future."

He didn't go to college and become an engineer but stayed in the Chicago area and worked in the mills for a few years. He began to take part in union activities, particularly reform union politics, and he now works full-time for one of the large locals near Gary. "Most kids growing up around here want to escape their backgrounds and get away," he says. "They go into business or something. I decided to stay and try and change things. My father didn't have any outlet for his thoughts and feelings about politics. But I do, and I became his outlet for a lot of feelings. He had enormous potential. He could have done anything. But he never risked anything, never left the mill."

Markes is 30 and has been married for the past five years. He has a three-year-old son, and his wife is pregnant again. Markes is stocky and has a long scar on his cheek, and he speaks in a low, gruff voice, with long pauses between his words. "There was a lot of hatred between the sexes when I was in high school," he says. "It was harsh back then. I didn't like it, and I think a lot of men resented it. You couldn't relate honestly to a woman because you couldn't get anywhere doing that. The woman expected you to play all those games and say, 'I give you my undying love.' You had to do that if you wanted to get it on with a woman. I hated having to jump through all those hoops to get sex. I mean, I love sex. I'm not even neutral on the subject, but goddamn, it made me and a lot of men angry towards women."

Markes thinks that things have improved since then, in part because of feminism. He believes that feminism has helped working-class women because it has made them more assertive and honest and given them some economic advantages. But he is not very sympathetic to the middle-class women in the movement. "For a while there," he said, "these women were going around with these funny haircuts and making themselves plain or even plainer than they were. They thought all that was a hot issue, but it wasn't. It made me appreciate working-class women more, because they're down-to-earth."

He married a woman with a background similar to his. He says that his wife is well organized, the planner in the family, and good at handling money. ("I can make money disappear like that"—he snapped his fingers and laughed—"and not have anything to show for it.") She hasn't worked for several years, and it is

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uncertain whether she will go back to work after the child she is carrying is born. He wants her to work and have new experiences outside the home, but she is content to be a housewife. "My marriage is more conventional than I would like it to be," he said. "Before I got married, I had an active social life, and I traveled a lot and got around. All of a sudden you're supposed to be in one place with one woman. That's a tough change to make. A part of me is still a hell raiser and a rambler, and it just doesn't die when you get married, the way a lot of people wish it would. I'm not sure it should die.

"People our age don't really know what the right life-style is anymore, like our parents did. We're trying to figure it all out. That's a big difference for us. I'm more of a hell raiser than my wife. Marriage is a lot of responsibility, and I guess I'm a little restless." He sighed. "I love my work. I organize workers and help educate them, and I really enjoy it. That's the secret to the fact that I'm basically happy."

Markes thinks that men who are around 30 now have adjusted fairly well to feminism and today's women, but he is worried about the younger generation. "We have seen the old ways for men to be and the new ways," he said. "Some of the old ways were bullshit—like the really macho stuff of doing anything just to score. But some of those ways are worth hanging onto. Some things in the old male ethic are good. Leadership is good. Courage is good. Strength is good. I can still admire a good soldier as long as he's not a bully. I still like a good fight, not to show that I'm a tough guy and going to kick ass, but to show that I'm not going to back off from the boss or anyone. I wonder if the younger generation isn't just too goddamn soft. They'll grow up without some of our hang-ups, but I wonder if they'll let other people push them around. Being aggressive isn't bad, for men or women. When these extreme feminists talk, a lot of men just nod their heads and say, 'Yeah, fine, whatever you say. This is the way to go.' I've got my faults with women, but that isn't one of them. I stand up to women I disagree with and argue. You got to. Women only respect you if you stand up to them. They can talk a lot of bullshit to someone else, but they'll think twice if they know you're going to call them on it."

Henry Pierce is tall, classically handsome, and dressed in a pinstripe suit and a blue button-down Oxford-cloth shirt. His dark hair just touches his shirt collar, and he looks like the perfect corporate executive or presidential candidate. Pierce is from Florida, but he now works for a public corporation in Los Angeles and is responsible for distributing large sums of money each year for the improvement of health care. A generation ago he could easily have gone to work for General Motors; today, although he makes over $30,000 a year, Henry Pierce sees himself as being on the side of the oppressed.

"The only reason I'm not a bitter old man at thirty-three," he says, "is that I've been able to invest my life helping the poor and handicapped. I feel very privileged."

Pierce graduated from college in 1967, at the height of the Vietnam War. Like thousands of other young men, he dodged the draft, first by attending law school for a year, but he found the law of no interest. Then he worked in government service for four years as an alternative to the military. If there is more bitterness in him than he cares to admit, it starts to seep out when he tells how the war affected him. "In college I was very secure," he says. "Things were in the right time frame, and I was definitely a contender. Five years later I was very *in*secure and attuned to the fact that my life had really been messed up. I was a step and a half behind everybody else. I'd lost turf as the guy who ought to have been the economic and emotional underpinning of my family," Pierce says reflectively.

> Women respect you only if you stand up to them. They can talk a lot of bullshit to someone else, but they'll think twice if they know you're going to call them on it.

In 1970 he was married to Sarah, a Phi Beta Kappa whom he had known since childhood. The two of them looked alike and had the same interests. "I had the feeling," he says, "that I had married the endlessly right mate." In 1972, just as he was entering graduate business school, Sarah took a job as a secretary to help pay for her husband's education. She was quickly promoted to assistant manager, then to manager, then to assistant vice-president, and then to vice-president, all before the age of 28. Her salary jumped from $8,000 to $30,000. "They put her on the express train," Pierce says, "and that was right where she wanted to be."

Her success unsettled him (and still does), and he says that they became "very indelicate" with one another. "She was angry at everything, and she led with her chin twenty-four hours a day."

They separated in 1975 and were divorced in 1977. "It never occurred to me that Sarah would want a career," he says. "She was going to teach a little, we would have six children and live in suburbia, and I would always be slightly dominant. That had always been the natural order of things in both our families. When I saw I was no longer dominant, I felt my ship was sinking."

He pauses to light a cigarette and inhales it deeply. "I meet a lot of women now who tell me they were married to a bastard of a husband five years ago. They say to me, 'You're so much different. You're caring, you're thoughtful, you're understanding.' Sarah could be somewhere right now describing me as a bastard to some other guy, because that's what I was to her. Once I was shown that there are alternative ways of dealing with women, I have been able to change. What disappoints me is that women now think they are discarding one breed of man for another, but they're not at all.

"I was raised with the idea of marrying one person for a lifetime. You didn't trade in models every year. Sarah and I shared everything for twelve years. I was with her mother when she died. She was with my uncle when he died. It's incredibly disappointing to me that the changes I've gone through couldn't have taken place with her. What the hell is the point of having the brains to figure out every other goddamn thing that comes along, professionally, if you can't apply that to your personal life and then act on it?" He pauses again and after a moment says, "I think I've lost the best woman I'll ever meet."

Pierce says that he is not pessimistic about the future. He is "finally" enjoying the first successes of his career—promotions, raises, being taken seriously by his superiors—and he would like to marry again, another "high-powered professional woman like Sarah," but one who wants to have children. Yet, when pushed, he views the whole state of male-female relations today as a kind of sad, futile game of musical chairs: "I know that I'll remarry, someone I'm enthusiastic about, and Sarah will go on to marry the husband my new wife has divorced. She'll marry the man I've become. We will all think that we're with marvelously better people, but we're all with the same people, at a different time, when they have adjusted to a hellishly fast-changing society."

It is no coincidence that two of the first four men here were deeply affected by the Vietnam War. It would be hard to overestimate the effects of the war on men of my generation. The war officially lasted from 1961 to 1973 and sent nearly 3 million men to Southeast Asia. More than 46,000 died in combat, and more than 10,000 others were killed by "nonhostile" causes: suicides, homicides (of Americans by Americans), airplane and car crashes, drug abuse. Tens of thousands of other young men (there are no accurate figures) fled to Canada and Sweden to avoid the draft and lived as refugees, expatriates, and, in the eyes of their country, criminals. Others stayed home and got deferments by performing acts of self-destruction: by eating amphetamines or psychedelic drugs until their metabolisms were so far out of whack that no draft

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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"I'm a natural-born athlete," boasts Kathi Janson, our burnished 35-23-35 beauty, "but as you see by my jacket, I'm lettering in Sensational, with a capital *S*! It's not my accomplishments that get me on the dean's list," she grins. "It has more to do with my attitude."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE

Kathi, a senior at a small Florida college, is studying to be a nutritionist. "My own tastes run to health foods—yogurt, wheat germ, things like that," she divulges, "but my boyfriend says that with my blonde coloring and my kind of skin, I ought to be a butterscotch sundae!"

Her sunny disposition comes from just that—the sun. "I'm crazy about it," she beams. "I soak up more rays than a palm tree! Ivy League schools leave me cold—literally!" she claims. "I'll trade Yankee know-how for Southern comfort any day!"

At night, Kathi likes to double-date—but not in the usual sense. "I'm really outrageous with men," she confesses. "I like to have an early date with someone, come home after a couple of hours—on one excuse or another—and then go out on a second date with someone else!"

Our vixen isn't content to slay men merely with her charms. "I've been playing pool since I was nine," she boasts. "I love to challenge an unsuspecting man to a hot game of billiards—and demolish him!" Win or lose, though, *any* good sport would take his cue from Kathi...

Debbie Harry survived punk, junk, and funk to make Blondie the hottest rock-'n'-roll band in the world.

PUNK'S DREAM

There is a tense hush as Deborah Harry—Blondie's star vocalist—arrives at the photo session. All in black, she glides in, pushing back gleaming, jaw-length hair with well-groomed hands. Her face is heart-stopping; her eyes, like her manner, are set on Repel.

"Over here, Blondie," calls the chic photographer, Anthony Barboza. He sits her on a stool, tries an encouraging smile. "How do you feel?" "Like I always do," Debbie says. She reminds Barboza that Blondie is a group. Her name is Debbie.

Various technical problems occur and reoccur, dealt with by a chorus of assistants and groupies. But then, at the photographic instant, Debbie's eyes flash alive. "Come on, Blondie!" The photographer leaps forward, flushed. The shutter is triggering each glimpse of passion. He stops; she withdraws, stands away, eyes shuttered again. Barboza says, "Go," and she once more turns on the current, plugs in her face. The rest of us stand back, watching the sparks fly.

After an hour Barboza drops his hands to his sides. He bends forward, kisses Debbie's forehead, walks her to the elevator. There actually are tears in his eyes. Later he muses: "I've had a lot of people here—musicians, literary people. The only one who had presence like her was James Baldwin."

The next day I tell Debbie. She nods: "I've always known how to turn it off and on. I can do it just like that." She snaps her fingers. "I'm getting better at it all the time."

BY DEBRA RAE COHEN

Photograph by Mick Rock/Makeup by Sharon Slattery

Lynn Goldsmith

"Blondie is a group!" Debbie reminds everyone. "I'm just the singer."

It's a talent for which she's got increasing use; there are more and more voyeurs to fend off, more people examining her image for flaws, more well, *media* interest . . . Recently, for example, "The New York Times Magazine" considered her for a cover but rejected her as "too trendy," relegating her story to the limbo of filler space between the Drive-a-Volvo and Fly-to-Aruba ads. *Rolling Stone* sent one of its fey young men to assess Blondie's cultural worth, and Debbie and her boys gave the writer such a hard time that he scuttled back to his little cubicle above the F.A.O. Schwarz toy store and there penned a vicious piece implying that the band is a replaceable bunch of amateurs and that Debbie will probably self-destruct—this despite the extravagant success of the band's third album, *Parallel Lines* (a million and a half albums in the United States sold to date), and the fact that the band has signed to do two major motion pictures.

You suspect, after seeing Debbie in action a couple of times, that her surliness, though it is as polished as a lady's handgun, is still some kind of last-ditch defense. She's been fighting the pop-star wars for six years now, and she knows how good she is; elsewhere in the world, Blondie's mix of sixties-style pop and punk power made the group stars dating from its first world tour in 1977–78. Its first hit, "In the Flesh," went platinum in Australia in 1977. The kids love the group in England, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Australia, Japan, even in Thailand, where it seems, when they're not fighting heroin wars or the Cambodian Khmer Rouge, they're clamoring for Debbie. But in America it wasn't until January 1979, with the discofied single "Heart of Glass," that Blondie was pushed to the forefront of mass consciousness. Rock/Disco—the commercial outgrowth of punk rock.

The irony is so heavy it rattles. Blondie's first two albums, *Blondie* (1976/77) and *Plastic Letters* (1977/78), were everything the old Lower East Side punk club/art rock/Max's/CBGB/Warhol's children/New Wave crowd could have wished for. The records blast away, post-electric shocked, subliminally saying, "Business is art." Unfortunately, they didn't sell. For a while, this was okay. In the mid-seventies, to be hitless was to be hip. Poor was chic. The thing is that cockroaches get boring. Linoleum floors lose their thrill. Today Debbie admits: "Success is harder to handle and much more work than no success." Chris Stein, Debbie's boyfriend, lead guitar player for Blondie, and author of "Heart of Glass," puts it very directly: "The hard part about success is that all these people that you like turn against you. Here's the band. They starve. You have no money. You sign bad deals, sign your life away. You spend all your time and unearned money getting out of the bad deals. Then all the people you respect turn around and say, 'You sold out. You suck. Well, fuck you!' "

Parallel Lines was suffused with modified disco rhythms, rife with organ breaks, heavy with surefire hooks, in the classic pop-music tradition. It was a conscious attempt to be commercial, and it worked. Therefore, one had to wonder, shouldn't Debbie and the boys be happier? God knows the press can be a beast, managers can make life miserable, and business and financial worries can turn good musicians into paperhangers. But Blondie had a number-one hit right here at home, and that can make just about anything seem worthwhile; Debbie is the first real female sex-object star that rock 'n' roll has produced, making Janis Joplin, Bonnie Bramlett, and all previous contenders look about as hot as Rosalynn Carter. You'd expect maybe a little smile . . .

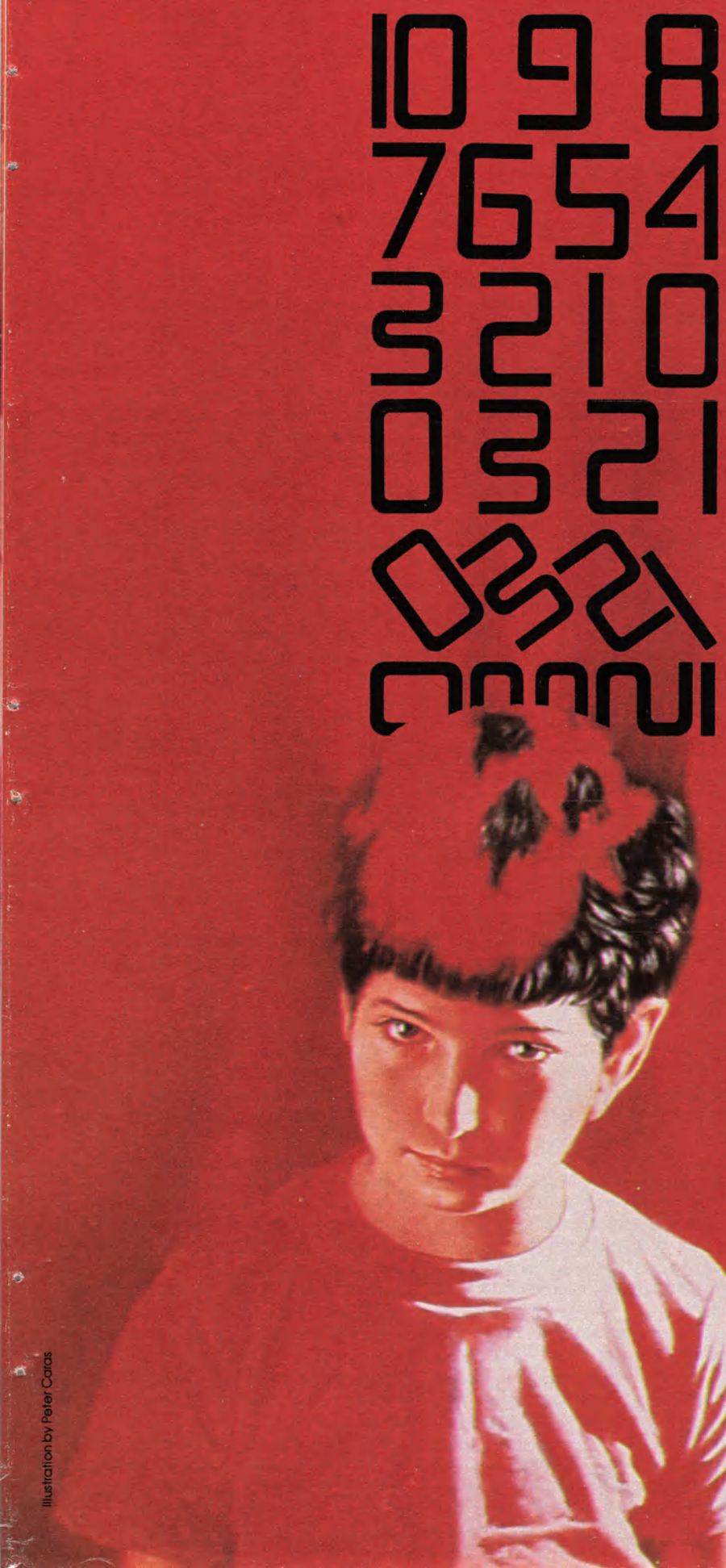
It's hard to balance with a foot in each world. Debbie and Chris—like the other members of Blondie, bassist Nigel Harrison, guitarist Frank Infante, keyboard player Jimmy Destri, and drummer Clem Burke—really do qualify as Lower East Side anti-Art Artists. They disavow labels: they aren't punks, they aren't disco, they aren't New Wave. But Debbie and Chris do pursue interests that might be considered "artistic." They are planning a remake of Jean-Luc Godard's *Alphaville*, with Robert Fripp starring; Debbie has completed work on an independently produced film, *Union City*, in which she plays the wife of a psychotic; and they both worry about the intolerance for new ideas that seems to be developing in America.

When Debbie was singing in groups like Wind in the Willows, and the Stilletoes, she appeared in underground movies and plays. She identifies with Marilyn Monroe, but, significantly, the Monroe of *Some Like It Hot*, not the post–Arthur Miller tragedienne that Hollywood was trying to sell us. Debbie likes comedy, even though she admires the prototypes of the current generation, all of whom seemed to end their lives tragically—Monroe, James Dean, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, etc. Debbie's contemporaries in the lower-Manhattan rock/art crucible of 1972–73 recognized the incestuous nature of modern culture and easily used *any* influences in their eclectic approach to music, art, photography, and literature. Tragedy sometimes *becomes* comedy in the Debbie Harry ethic.

Debbie is a very pretty girl, smarter than the average rock 'n' roller, talented as a singer-writer, with a moon-maiden face that would have made Eileen Ford or Bob Evans slaver if only she'd been a few inches taller. Like most "hip" people, Debbie hung around the New York scene because she loved the excitement of urban night life. In the mid-seventies she became identified with punk, but Debbie and Blondie never considered themselves punk musically (although leather jackets may be found in some of their closets). Instead, Debbie, like David Bowie and Bob Dylan, sees herself as a canvas, chameleonlike, registering the rapid changes of modern culture shock, the need to be a kind of human commercial, brilliantly nonverbal in the land of the self-erasing word.

"Debbie used to talk very freely," Chris Stein says. "But as a result of being abused and misquoted, she cut herself off." "It's strange," muses one of her former associates. "She gets angry at herself for letting down her guard—and then her guard's down *because* she's angry." Often she just switches her emotions on and off when it is appropriate, stunning the straights, reporters, fans, and just about everyone else—even, you get the feeling, herself.

In 1968 "everyone" meant everyone at Max's Kansas City, the Manhattan bar-



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restaurant that was home for Andy Warhol's painting and fashion crowd and a lot of musicians who thought rock was avant-garde art. Max's was a mecca for young glamour-struck hangers-on. It had its own heady aura of heavy drugs, hard music, dark sex. It felt like Haiti in there, with Lou Reed prowling around in black shades at 2:00 A.M., his sleeves rolled down in the hottest weather, John Cale's evil guitar chording on "I'm Waiting for the Man" or "Heroin" thundering like a soundtrack. Even the kids waiting tables were special, alive to the frenzy on the cutting edge of art—the desperate need to be famous. Upstairs the dining-room wall was an evolving exhibit with shifting, changing projected pictures, a photomontage, a light show of sorts done with prisms and the faces of beautiful women and men, no two sequences alike. There were shots of boys and girls who worked at Max's, boys and girls on the scene.

"Those were wild and crazy times." Debbie Harry stares wide-eyed at an 007-style conference table as if watching someone lay out tarot cards. The slick Madison Avenue office of her press agents, The Press Office, is crowded with Kiss posters, press releases, Wings posters, promotional mailings—up-to-date music biz debris—but Harry is thinking back to the sixties, remembering. She shakes her head slightly: "It was fun being so naive and so young . . . to just stand around and look at Andy Warhol, Viva, Ultra Violet, Jane Fonda, James Coburn, Roger Vadim, the Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, you name it. I'd be there every night and watch Alice Cooper go up and down. When I finished work, I'd go upstairs and dance my ass off. What a great time I had! What an education I got!"

For a while Debbie walked the exhilarating cliff edge of disaster; she drifted after her boyfriend into heroin use. She watched a lot of her playmates end up as drug casualties. Excess was the number at Max's.

"I think that was when I really went crazy." Debbie stares down at her hands in silence. "That's when I was really weird. My boyfriend then was a drummer. He had been in the band for about a week. He was an unbelievable, high-caliber drummer, a drummer since he was three years old. He's dead." She clears her throat. Her voice has a husky catch in it. "He died," she repeats. "But—it's unbelievable—he taught me so much about music." Eyes averted, she sweeps her hand across the table and lets it drop. "That's another one gone."

"That's the thing about the sixties; there were all these tragedies. There are still these articles about 30-year-old people that are—they call them survivors. I don't want to be labeled as that, but in a certain respect . . ." Her voice trails off. "A lot of people died."

"Everybody was on drugs then," says Ritty Dodge, who worked with Debbie at Max's. "But nobody talked about it; everybody just got fried and partied all night. Debbie looked then, I thought, like a nice Polish girl—very corn-fed, with long, dirty-blonde hair. Everyone I knew loved her . . . but she was *never* one of the ones who passed out in the bathroom; she always showed up for work, kept it together, went home to her boyfriend. She just took up with the wrong person, and then she went on the skids; she had to have been a little naive, I think, a little out of her depth."

She's not any more: "I'm into Perrier water these days," she says. "Everybody prints the drug stuff, but nobody talks about what a healthy girl I am now." She grins like an ad for Synergy Plus Megavites: "I *mean* it."

Hawthorne, N.J., is the kind of town where you always get stuck behind trucks marked Flammable. Harry was born in Miami to an unknown mother who put her up for adoption when she was three months old. Her foster parents—who now run a gift shop in Cooperstown, N.Y.—soon moved the family to Hawthorne, a nice suburb just across from the Paterson slums. The town is so nice that Hawthorne High's had only one black graduate in its history. Except for a small "school sucks" graffito writ small on a pillar that holds the place up, Beaver Cleaver would find Hawthorne High quite congenial.

> You starve. You have no money. Then you make it, and people say you sold out—you suck. Well, fuck you!

Not much has changed since 1963, when, identical but for the upsweep hairdo, Debbie Harry was voted the best-looking senior at Hawthorne High. When her little sister Martha got out, seven years later, senior girls still wore black sweaters, with single, discreet strings of pearls. Debbie's picture could have been taken one day last week; she looks not a day younger, no less aware. She even looks the same in the yearbook photo that catches her smiling, apple-cheeked, under a plumed cap, three embroidered majorette's frogs on her chest. Look for a hellion, and you'll be disappointed; 16 years ago they weren't bred that way. At most, Debbie projected a gentle rebellion; she was an "introspective freak," writing lyrics and folk songs for Frank Krueger's English class, harboring secret "artistic" ideas. In the space for Ambition, right over her yearbook picture, Debbie wrote "Undecided"—a great sign of freethinking; most girls chose from a spectrum that ran from Mother to Nurse; their greatest desire was "To be a beautician and make my parents proud of me."

Outside, Tom Nolan waves kids past him for fire drill lineup, pointing down the block with a sheaf of papers. Compact and natty in his aviator frames, he looks younger now than in his picture with Debbie's Class of 1963. Twenty years in Hawthorne and Nolan still refers to the townspeople as "they." "This is a *very* conservative place," he confides as we walk back to the building. "I used to be known as 'Tommy the Commie.'

"Let me tell you what it was like for kids who were 'artistic.' When Debbie's class was here, the head of art was just about to retire; she'd taught for *52* years. Debbie's junior dance was called 'When in Rome.' I remember, because they made all these decorations. One kid designed a beautiful, full-length silhouette of a girl—and this damn woman ruined it by making her put a *dress* on it! Made it look absolutely obscene." He shakes his head in disbelief. "I couldn't believe it."

The sun glints off long formica tables in the cafeteria. Nolan is fending off dozens of wheedling kids begging for passes. Slightly more adult, with blue sweater and eye makeup, a pretty blonde is poised to cajole. "Mr. Nolan . . ." she begins; he turns to me swiftly "See that? That's Debbie Harry when she was here." The girl's been anointed, but she's not sure as what.

"Who's she?" the blonde wants to know.

"She graduated from here. And then she went—" Nolan stops. "To jail!"

The girl jumps back, wide-eyed.

"Only kidding," he adds.

"I was destined to be an artist even then," Debbie recalls deadpan. "I practiced putting on makeup a lot. I used to study it carefully and *practice* everything." She spreads out her hands, framing her moon-maiden face. "I used to sit in front of a mirror and try to make myself look Oriental. I made a lot of mistakes; sometimes I'd walk out of the house looking like a ghoul and not really know it. One time in eighth grade my mother wasn't home; so I went upstairs and started fooling around. When I went back to school after lunch, no one would talk to me. Everybody went to one side of the lounge, and I was all by myself, practically in tears, with beauty marks all over my face."

Makeup served as admission to different personas. About this time Debbie began to be Blondie: "In high school I must have had ten or twelve different colors of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

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To 1 part dry vermouth add 3 parts Seagram's 7. Grace with a twist of lemon. Brilliant.

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To 1 part sweet vermouth add 3 parts Seagram's 7 and a dash of bitters. Top off with a cherry. Tops!

Seagram's 7 Perfect Manhattan.
To equal parts sweet and dry vermouth add 3 parts Seagram's 7. Bright idea!

Start out with the great taste of Seagram's 7 and you'll always end up with a great Manhattan. Any way you like them, enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.
AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

THE COOL GREEN EARTH LOVES YOU

When the virgin cheerleader finally gives herself to her old high-school flame, the heavens open and the Cowboy Buddha smiles.

FICTION BY GINO SKY

Virginia Spring was the cheerleader of the Great Dream Team, and Ranger Rose was the basketball star of Idaho High. They had been front-porch star gazers, hand holders, and spirit lovers from their first recess in the third grade. She was rich, and he was poor, and their love for each other was as constant as geological time. It looked as if only the great magic of the Sky Conductor would ever interfere with this amazing union of love. However, in the middle of their senior year, when they were being inundated by awards, prizes, grants, and scholarships, she became pregnant. The amazing truth of this slight-of-hips was that she had never made love with Ranger or anyone else. Virginia and Ranger had done their share of "messin' aroun' " deep inside the haystacks, and they had even gone so far as to stand bare breasted for the bus depot photomat, which churned out four titty-to-titty snaps, but they had never gone for the Big One. She was a true and devoted member of The Church of the Last Chance Cowboys, and therefore she was saving herself for a real, silver-and-leather marriage at The Last Chance Cowboys' Temple of Fame. And

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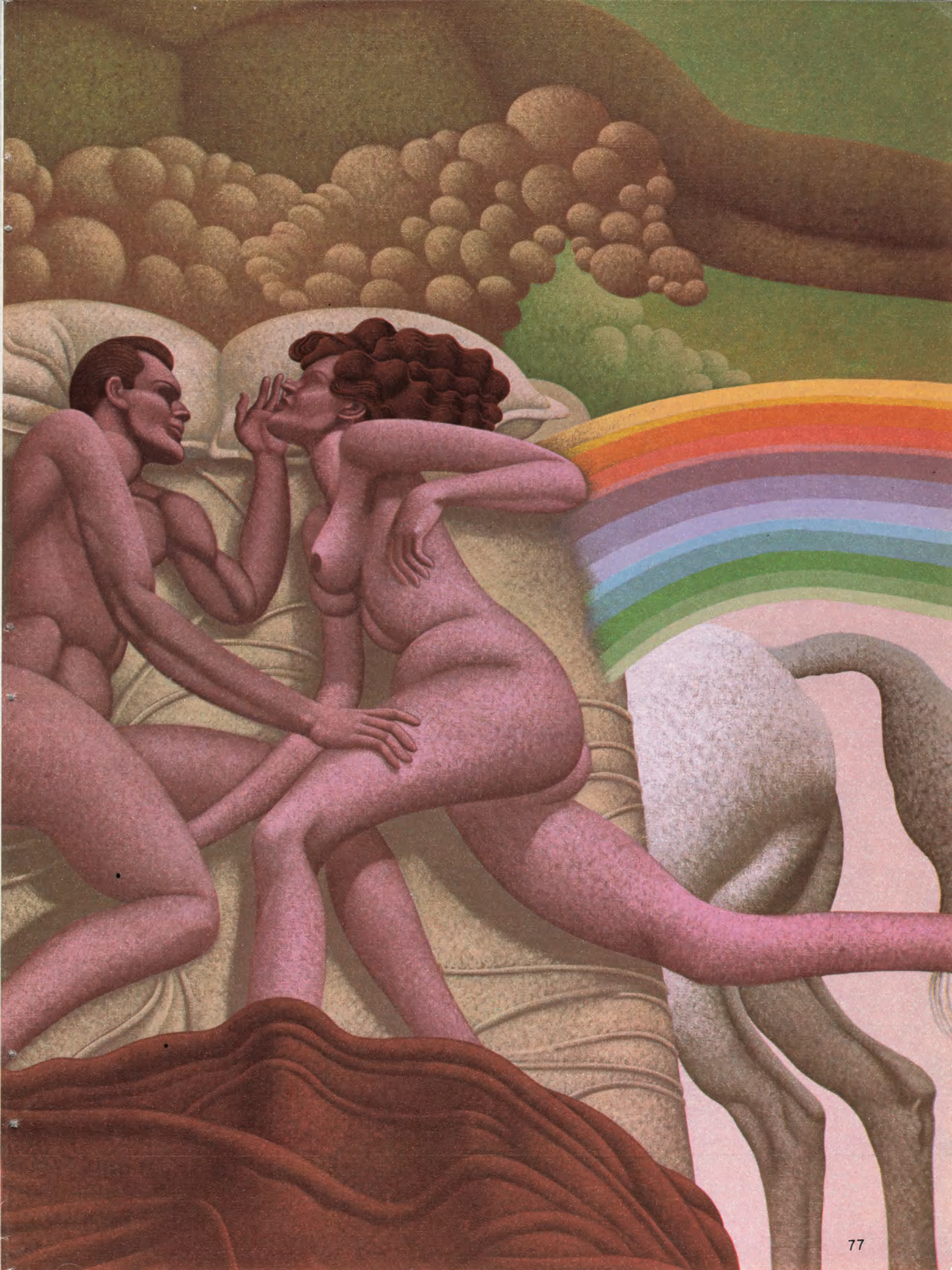
From the forthcoming novel *Appaloosa Rising: The Life and Times of The Cowboy Buddha*, by Gino Sky, to be published by Doubleday.



Ranger was much too innocent and naive to know where his magic wand was supposed to be waved. Nevertheless, despite all of those western assets and advantages, Virginia was knocked up.

After her second month of Period Abstentia, Virginia was convinced that God, the Celloist of Sunsets and Sunrises, had some virgin-birth scheme lurking up the sleeves of his gossamer robes and her destiny was being controlled by the power and the glory . . . Amen.

Virginia valued her virginity more than anything else. Her pom-poms, riding trophies, Arabians, palominos, and Ranger Rose came second in the showdown to her cherished fruit that was tucked so far away inside the mysteries of her beautiful seventeen-year-old body. Therefore, she felt very confident about explaining to her parents that God had been her lover and she was carrying his child. She decided that the best way to announce the news to her parents was to do it as a cheer, using her finest pom-poms, made from the feathers of fifteen rare birds, dyed red and blue. Her parents, conservative and humorless, were eating their evening meal when Virginia came running down the stairs, wearing a halo, wings, and long, flowing scarves. She jumped upon the dining-room table, and in a low, religious crouch and with her pom-poms singing in the air, she began her Grand Apologia-Cheer:

Zinga-zinga hurrah hip hup,
Our ever-loving God has knocked me up.

Oh, Heavens, no, is this really true?
But I'm still a virgin through and through.

Another saviour is coming to earth,
And I'm the woman of this Idaho birth.

Zing zing, booma booma booma,
The kid could be born in this very rooma.

Virginia jumped off the table in a double backflip just as her mother passed out, and her father was running for his secret stash of Idaho vodka spiked with buffalo grass. Needless to say, her parents did not believe her, and as soon as her pregnancy was confirmed by their family physician, she was taken *par avion* to Mexico. Her magnificent flights into the fantasies of immaculate conception lasted only five days. As soon as she had recovered from the abortion, she was back in school, getting straight A's and leading the basketball team in cheers and songs to the state championship play-offs.

The blame for this amazing Believe-It-Or-Not was naturally dumped on Ranger. He wasn't so lucky in escaping the penalties for supposedly trespassing into the cherry gardens of virginal temples. He got IT at the final game of the state championship. With five seconds to go in the game, his team was behind by one point. Ranger stole the ball and streaked down the court for a simple lay-up. As he laid the ball with great care and gentleness onto the backboard, his momentum carried him past the board and he fell into a big sack of chloroformed prime goose down. He was immediately whisked outside and dumped into the back of a Rolls-Royce pickup. The next thing he knew he was walking around a frozen lake near the Canadian border. The only clothing he had on was a pair of three-sizes-too-big cowboy boots and a World War II sheep-lined aviator's coat. A note was pinned to the sleeve.

Dear Ranger Weed (you ain't no rose no more),

Consider yourself legally in exhile. I would suggest that you never try and return to Idaho, or anywhere close. Great repercussions will occur! Your mother will be taken care of . . . she even cried at the ceremony we held for you. You might be a great basketball player, but you sure are a wild shooter with your pistole. You're very lucky you still have it.

The Bretheren of the Church of the Last Chance Cowboys

P.S. Follow the North Star to the end of the trail, or else . . .

Did Ranger make the basket? What about his future with all of the scholarships? Virginia, his true and only love? His mother? And besides all of those questions with no answers, it was ten degrees below zero. Ranger started walking through the snow until he found a guard station. The forest officer almost shot him when he peeked through the window, but he finally let Ranger inside. Ranger sat by the woodburning stove and told him his story, but he could tell that his words were falling on very unimaginative ears. The guardian of the forest kept his .44 Magnum at quick draw the whole time.

Naturally, the only thing Ranger wanted to do was to go back home and demand a hearing, and he wanted desperately to find out where the sperm came from. He knew that Virginia was still a virgin, but he could not understand the strange pregnancy. After many days of thinking about the source of the sperm he came up with only one solid solution: one night before a game a player from the opposite team had sneaked into the gym for a little midnight practice or trickery. To prove his bulging manhood, he had whacked off, hoping to shoot his wad through the magic hoop. This protean chowder of DNA razzmatazz landed right where Virginia did her cheers—ready to spring into action at the whiff of the scented target. Virginia, in all of her virginal innocence, had picked IT up on the floor when she was doing one of her fancy splits: jumping high into the air and coming down featherlike with her You-Know-What gently kissing the hardwood, and IT (once again) was upstream like a fighting trout.

> They rode on through the quake—higher and higher into the air and crashing onto the bed, back up until they exploded into thunderbolts of orgasms.

That was Ranger's one and only theory, except for a haunting and persistent vision of the Cowboy Buddha calling for Virginia to meet him at the waterfall with green eyes. It had been rumored that many of the children in the valley came from his voice that rode the shores of the women's minds like the Japanese current carrying the lotus of spring. His name would create smiles from every woman—a laughter of Yin. Even Syringa, Ranger's mother, danced in lilacs and roses, humming the movement of wheat at the very fragrance of his mind. The Cowboy Buddha . . . could it be? Naw . . .

There Ranger was, a star lost in the wilderness—trapped into the silence of nonexistence. He knew that if he returned to his home, he would have his balls chopped off and sent to the Republican party as a campaign contribution. Handcuffed, he snowshoed out of the mountains of Montana to begin his many years of exile.

After he had finally cleared himself with the honchos of authority, Ranger boomed around Montana, eastern Washington, and Wyoming, working as a miner, logger, dishwasher, fry cook (the I Ching cast on the short-order plate with French fries), pickup-truck cowboy, janitor, and at fifteen or twenty other jobs that were as boring and deadly as the dreaded Russian icicle torture. A guaranteed brain rotter. Instant mush and welfare skim milk. Horse pucky to all of the short and long handles of ass-breaking labor for the company. Ranger remained a mystery to everyone he met. Even to himself he couldn't get the handle on who he was. Whether he was real, a dream, or someone else's fantasy. The only thing that kept him holding on to any connection to his past was his daily concerts about Virginia. But he could go only so far, and then the stage was empty. Where was she? He kept thinking about her strange fascination for the Church of the Last Chance Cowboys and how she had always told him she would be a virgin forever or until Jesus took her away into the heavens of sexual glory as the apostles were doing cheers and singing

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Golden Lights™ 100's fills taste void for thousands.

84% of Golden Lights smokers switch from higher tar brands... and stay. Taste is the chief reason.

18 MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.

19 MG. TAR 1.4 MG. NIC.

19 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.

17 MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.

15 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.

19 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.

18 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.

8 MG. TAR 0.7 MG. NIC.

Golden Lights 100's.
The taste high tar smokers want in a low tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: Either FTC Report May 1978, or FTC Method. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. **Golden Lights: 100's**—8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

their Roundup Songs in Happy-Go-Lucky three/four time.

Seven years drifted by. One summer Ranger was given a job working on a dude ranch in the Grand Tetons. It was a soft job, and all he had to do was to take the tourists horseback riding, care for the horses, muck the stables, and buck hay. By this time, after all of those years of being in exile in Shit Kicker's Land, all he wanted to do was to sit on a horse, stare at the mountains, and wonder if Everything was really Everything.

One day, right after he had been thrown by a pernicious applejack mare with volcano eyes, chewed out by his boss, and beaten over the head by an angry tourist who had been locked in the outhouse for two days, he read on the toilet wall in Jackson Hole "The Cool Green Earth Loves You!" The Hippies were replacing the Bible bangers with their new sayings for salvation and truth. It did, however, make him think once again about his destiny in this strange hieroglyphic spin.

That same evening, when he was riding the whiskey spirit of an Appaloosa vision, his boss told him that he had just sold four horses and he wanted Ranger to trailer them over to West Yellowstone. It was a lousy time to go into the park because of the tourist hordes, but Ranger needed the extra money to help pay for the many drinks that rode him through the night.

He rose before daylight and loaded the horses. There were two Morgan mares, a roan gelding, and a magnificent but very ornery Arab stallion. The stud-at-large, yup, almost kicked all of the shit out of the trailer before Ranger finally got him loaded. Just as the sun was coming up across the Wind Rivers onto the Tetons, Ranger was rolling north, drinking coffee and Dickle, singing in a major key. He was high and, for the moment, feeling real good, because he loved having the chance to be alone and watch the sunrise on the mountains. It was all too powerful for personal sorrow, and he knew at that moment he was as close to the Magnificent as he would ever be.

Ranger was eleven-in-the-morning drunk when he arrived at the stables in West Yellowstone. He pulled his old snow-and-rain-stained Stetson down low over his eyes and yanked his cuffs down over his boots. He released his silver buckle two notches and eased himself gently out of the cab so he wouldn't disturb his water table. He spied a beautiful stand of spruce and lodgepole pines on the far side of the stables, and the trees looked like the ideal location to unload half of Wyoming's water supply. He began to roll his six-foot-three-inch western-sculptured frame toward the trees, hoping to look sober and stay-pressed just in case any of the hotshots were watching. Halfway there, at the moment when time was the ultimate between a wild-assed dash or a major accident, Ranger looked into the riding ring to see a woman dressed in a sky blue outfit, riding a palomino. His mind was working very hard, trying to make sense from what his eyes were telling him. Because what he saw was his true and only love . . . beautiful Virginia Spring.

He closed his eyes and said a poker game prayer to all of the gods who control the mysteries of life, but he had to cut it down short because his bladder was beginning to signal a major breakdown of the valves. He quickly tried to say something to her, but he could only start high-tailing it for the trees.

Seven cups of Dickle and coffee later he buttoned his fly and ran back to the ring. There she was! He wasn't having a drunken-bum's vision. He slowed down from a hundred-yard sprint as his eyes came into focus on the real-life being of Virginia. She was as lovely as ever. He could almost see a halo of blues and greens pulsating above her head, with

Virginia valued her virginity more than anything else. Her pom-poms, riding trophies, Arabians, palominos, and Ranger Rose came second in the showdown to her cherished fruit . . .

cupids dancing and robins singing. But he stopped dead in his worn-down tracks when he realized how down-'n'-out shabby he looked. He was wild and shaggy, and she was slim, graceful, and dignified. He had no money, house, or horses, and she was so fine. He had never been in *Who's Who*, and she had been all the way to Katmandu. His Stetson was covered with horse shit and beer, and there was a big pee stain on his Levi's. Nevertheless, there are some things that are more biological than appearances, and true love rides high on the list.

"Virginia, Virginia Spring," he forced out a name, "remember me . . . it's . . . Ranger, Ranger Rose."

How many years can you watch flashing through someone's eyes as she searches for one infinite thread of recognition or feeling? Ranger saw nothing but question marks in her deep green eyes flecked with gold. He took off his hat and rolled it into a small wad, placing it over his heart. He tried to stand like he did when they played the National Anthem. He was afraid that she would not be able to see through all of the many forest fires and quicksands living on his face. Could she look through the evolution of errors and see the hero? Ranger Rose . . . All-American Forever.

She opened her mouth, and the moisture on her lips flashed and danced in iridescence and rose. She looked at him as perhaps a prima ballerina might look at a car muffler. And then she finally saw through all of the layers of sorrow, hard work, and defeat, and she saw her Ranger, the ballet kid of the basketball who shot rainbows instead of baskets.

"Ranger, Ranger . . . oh, I thought you were dead." She didn't move. Was this a resurrection? Had he returned?

Sometimes it takes several lifetimes for a rebirth and one hell-of-a-lot longer for a major-league reincarnation. But Ranger had to do all of them quickly to convince her that he was really the true Ranger of the hardwoods, the magician of the helical spin. He told her about their first kiss in the third grade and the time they played God and the Virgin Mary in the Christmas pageant. He told her that she was ambidextrous, which was the reason for her great pom-pom artistry. He was down on his knees, speaking with the gift of tongues, telling her in all of the poetics of the sacred language how much he still loved her. And then she came in closer; as a magician might approach the last remaining metaphysician—moving so curiously—floating on every step. She made one fast move and unsnapped his cowboy shirt to find his birthmark—a star-shaped mole just above his right breast.

She moved as a snow egret into emerald-pooled waters to find his mouth. She closed her eyes, Ranger closed his; they kissed. And the dumbshit cowpoke turned into a prince and a magician as he came tap-dancing out of his body, flying to the top of a triple sun shining in the sky.

"Ranger, guess what?"

"What?" He didn't dare move.

"I still have my Good Housekeeping seal."

"What?" He broke away from her.

"I'm . . . I'm still a virgin."

"Really?"

"Yes . . . "

"Guess what?"

"What?"

"Me, too . . ." And he let out a giant whoop and a yell that cut through the mountains like a bolt of miracle lightning through heathens. They sat down on the wild mountain grass and tried to bring the past from out of the darkness. They laughed and cried, holding on to each other, touching each other's hair, eyes, and lips. She told him in the order of importance that she was still a devout Buckarina Sister in The Church of the Last Chance Cowboys, a lawyer, an airplane pilot, and that she owned a horse ranch in Hawaii and a cattle ranch in Montana. Ranger didn't have much to say about his past because it had been one long out-of-focus trickster's rodeo. But he gave her as many flowers as he could find and

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wove them into her hair as the past came back to him so vividly and deadly. He had been opposed in life by Quick-Fingered Fate, and she had been living as if God (her Porsche mechanic who also plays a wonderful pedal steel) was her personal escort.

The morning quickly pole-vaulted itself into the early afternoon. Virginia had to meet a client who was flying in from Kashmir, and Ranger had to finish taking care of the horses. They promised to meet at nine that evening at her cabin on Hebgen Lake. As they left each other, their eyes danced long, slow waltzes into each other's score card.

Ranger was damn scared, and he didn't know what to do. All of the many guides in his body were telling him so many different things: leave and go back to Jackson Hole, ride a horse into the disappearing sunset (bleeding right off the page), spend the night with the buffalo, or just go with her and make it happen. Seven years ago it had been so easy for him to do the right thing. Now there were no events in his life to use as inflatables. He had seven years of being the sound of one cowboy crying, and he didn't know who he was. He had become passive, and that is not what a young, six-foot-three, good-looking hero is supposed to be. He probably would have knocked up the first woman who asked him, but no one did, and he couldn't ask. It's a strange place to be in—accepting life as it arrives at the front door. It's only sought by a few who have decided to bail out of the battle for a place in the hidden forest. But Ranger hadn't arrived at that place, and he needed to find his own spirit—his own shadow before he could begin. He needed this one night to free himself from the exile of carnivorous mirrors.

An evening in August. There were so many great forces working in the universe to produce this one night. Ranger could feel the power moving through his body. All of the birds in his inner forest had for this night stopped singing; the trees in the forest were calm, and all of the waterfalls were moving in slow motion over the cliffs. A beautiful piano sonata was being played . . . pianissimo. He was moving as quietly through space as an arrow into darkness. He only had to appear in the sunlight to be discovered. The resurrection was beginning.

At nine o'clock it was time to begin. Ranger had bathed in the Madison River, drying his body with wild flowers and peppermint. He was nature's Kid Golden, and he wanted to be first in line for his return to the Promised Land.

Virginia's cabin was tucked away in a stand of quaking aspen and surrounded by lodgepole pines. Sagebrush, whortleberry, and willow covered the ground between the cabin and the lake. The moon was just soft-shouldering over the mountains as Ranger walked up the steps and knocked on the door. Virginia opened the entrance, and it was the opening to the Taj Mahal, revealing all of the secrets and mysteries within Virginia's temple. It was a movement that holds millions of years of evolution. She was wearing a blue negligee, folded long and simple around her body. Ranger's eyes entered, but his body dissolved at the doorway. She had filled the cabin with flowers, candles, and music. Ranger stood at the door while his mind and tongue eloped on a highball to Winnemucca. Virginia took one step, grabbed his arm in a secret hold called the Sacred Deliverance, and threw him into the room. And then she knelt down on one knee, raised her arms, and started a cheer:

Boomachoppa, boomachoppa, hey, hey, hey! Tonight we're going to be laid in the hay!

She jumped into the air and threw her arms around Ranger's neck and shoulders. "Let's have some wine."

"Virginia . . ."

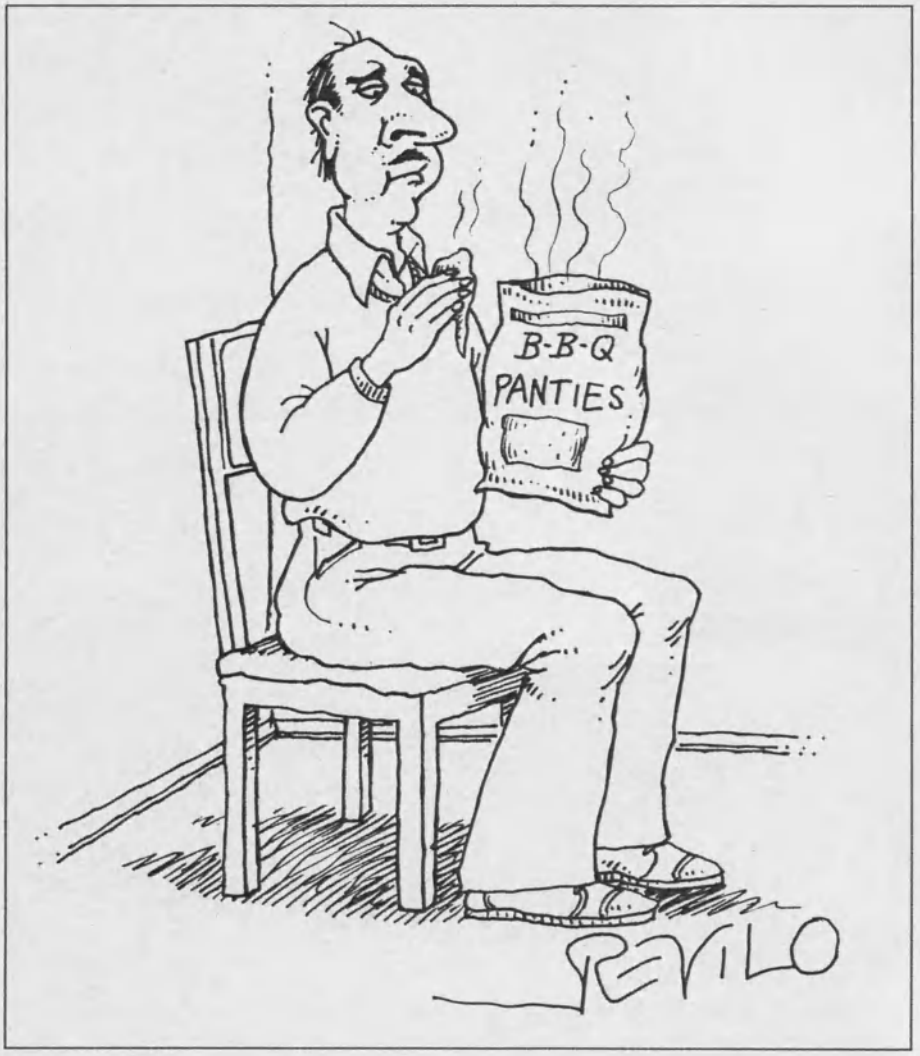
"Come on, scaredy-cat, you'll need this . . . So will I. You're the best thing to Jesus I'll ever find. I've been a professional virgin long enough. Besides, you dumb-shit cowpoke, I love you. I always have. After you disappeared, I didn't go out with anyone for six months. Six whole months just for you. And now here you are . . . Ranger. Slim, as handsome as ever." She shoved a large glass of wine to his lips and tilted the glass. They stood facing each other, drinking the wine without talking. Their eyes were moving, speaking their own feasting language, preparing for the next move.

Virginia finished two glasses of wine. "I've practiced this scene so many times I know exactly how much hooch I need to take me where I want to go. I've had enough." She sat down on the couch and tugged on Ranger to follow.

Ranger wanted more time, but he knew he couldn't wait. He could feel his heart chugging away like an old Monterey fishing boat breaking the silence within his own private ocean.

In the long, slow-motion slide down into her arms, he felt himself in shutter-frames, and then, as their lips and seven years of waiting met, there was only the deliverance. He didn't need his spurs to move out of the chute. As always, when the chemistry is perfect, and the smells are beautiful, and the mouth and skin taste like the flowered earth inside the flowing river, there is only the perfection. He suddenly didn't care if she thought of him as a second stringer for Jesus . . . he was finally almost home. He wanted everything to be a double-encore experience for her so she would go to her bish-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



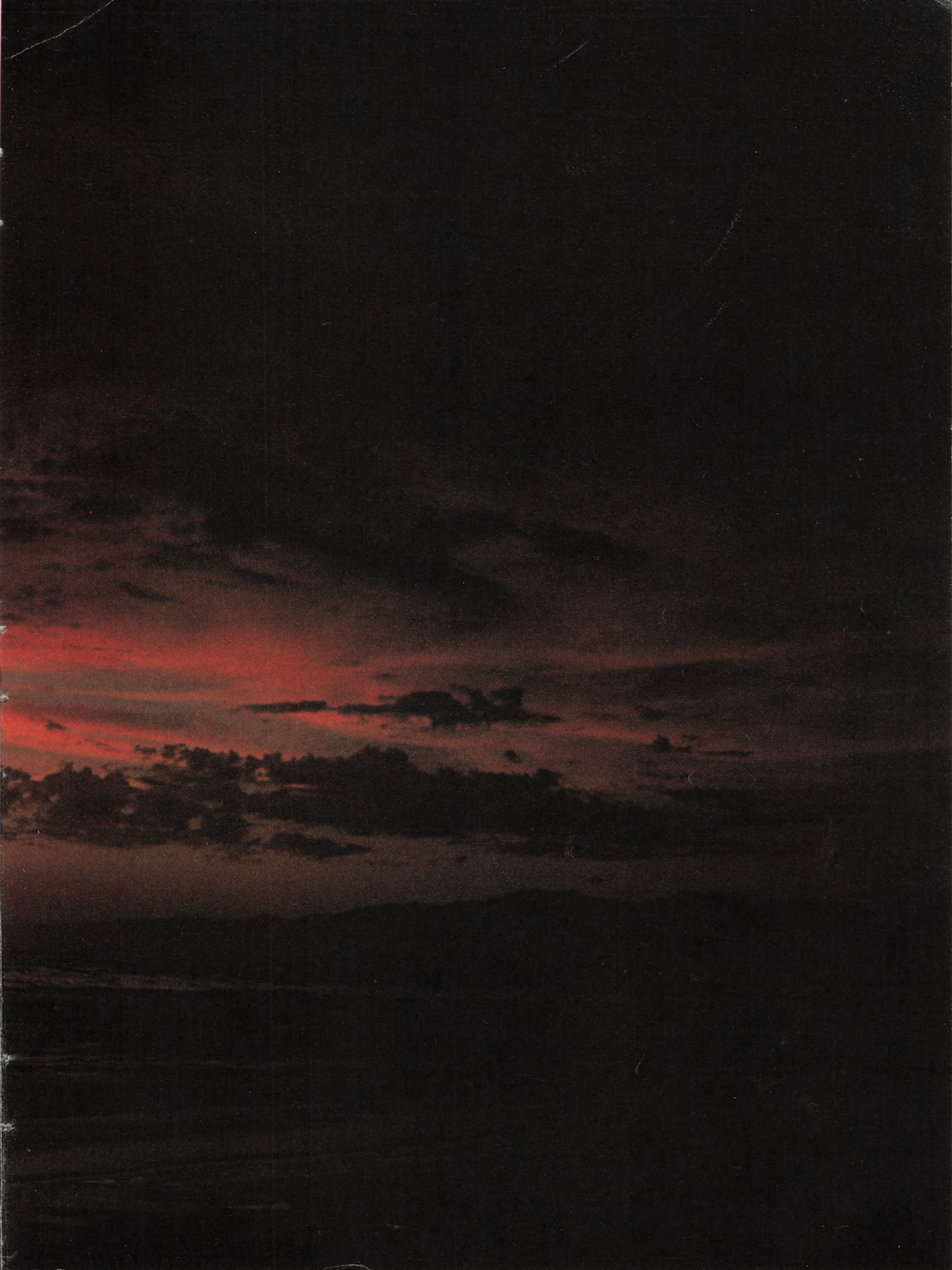
"I love to stand before my lover and see the adoration reflected in his eyes..."

LINDSAY

HURRY SUNDOWN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"I'd hate to get into a beauty contest with Mother Nature," quips lovely Lindsay Ekert, our long-stemmed February Pet of the Month, "especially since I'd vote for Her myself!" Our 23-year-old native of Astoria, Oregon, isn't merely being modest: she describes her guiding philosophy as a blend of pantheism and hedonism. "Sometimes they're one and the same," she observes. "Your readers will probably experience as much pleasure looking at this spectacular sunset as they will gazing at me..."



Wardrobe courtesy of Akasha, Santa Monica, Calif.; North Beach Leather, West Hollywood, Calif.

Maybe, but in different ways, as even Lindsay will concede. "The beauty of nature is in its simplicity, and I guess I'm a little more complicated than that..."

"The beauty of nature is in its simplicity, and I guess I'm a little more complicated than that..."

"I *am* proud of my body," admits the possessor of this statuesque five-foot-eight-inch masterpiece. "I love to stand before my lover and see the adoration reflected in his eyes as I turn and move and let him admire me. Men say I have the sly eyes of a fox and the womanly powers of a witch, and that's why they're mesmerized..." Then she adds, smiling, "I'm a *good* witch—I'd rather cast a sexy spell than an evil one!"

Bedroom setting courtesy of Akasha, Santa Monica, Calif.

Wall mural painted by Mike Cohen, Venice, Calif.; courtesy of Exotic Pet Menagerie, Santa Monica, Calif.

"I have the womanly powers of a good witch—I'd rather cast a sexy spell than an evil one!"

Lindsay is also casting about for the right lifetime career while working as an assistant to a West Coast art appraiser. "The outdoor wall mural in my picture *(above)* is one of my favorites," she points out, "but I don't know whether to include the price of the building in the estimated value or not! My boss thinks the value of all the art we deal with is increased by the classy company it's keeping—meaning me!"

Appearing in *Penthouse* has made Lindsay see herself as a living work of art. "A pleasing combination of color, form and texture," she teases. "That's why I've posed here with a warm, velvety fur and a cold, hard mirror... There's something very erotic about those sharp contrasts..."

Lovemaking, in Lindsay's eyes, is more than just a pleasant indulgence in senses and sensations. "I see it as a way to transcend selfish thoughts and ordinary occupations for a while, to really celebrate life and forget everyday concerns," she explains. We agree. And if every day ended with Lindsay enhancing the twilight, our most compelling response would be, "Hurry, sundown!"

MISS LINDSAY EKERT/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

For more than ten years Congress and the Veterans Administration have avoided any recognition of the need to provide Vietnam veterans with psychological readjustment counseling. Finally, however, after four failed attempts, Congress was persuaded that the need was real—thanks to the persistent efforts of a small group of concerned Vietnam veterans and psychologists plus those of a few members of the House and Senate. The Veterans' Health Care Amendments Act of 1979 authorized the VA to begin, on October 1, 1979, an unprecedented program of low-key readjustment counseling for Vietnam-era veterans (VEVs).

The VA program, appropriately dubbed "Operation Coming Home," borrows heavily from the experience of Vietnam-veterans self-help organizations, which, through the efforts of veterans themselves and a small group of mental-health professionals, have provided opportunities for men who have experienced Vietnam to come to grips with its personal meaning. Operation Coming Home will enable the VA to help those who served in Vietnam between August 5, 1964, and May 7, 1975, without requiring them to undergo formal medical diagnosis. Plans call for approximately 300 to 400 counselors, in about 100 informal "store-front" locations, to take part. A major goal of the new service is to aid in motivational readjustment of VEVs who are not mentally ill but need help for a variety of problems encountered in civilian life. If the need is medically indicated, counseling may be supplemented by private psychological treatment or by admission to the VA's regular mental-health program.

> The psychological stresses of Vietnam were not immediately manifested or understood. But experts think that by 1985 up to half a million veterans will be suffering delayed-stress symptoms.

The program director of the operation, Dr. Don Crawford, is a Vietnam War combat veteran. In a recent interview with *Penthouse*, Crawford said that the program needed "the assistance of the self-help organizations and the understanding of the veterans and their families." In Crawford's view, the "outreach" to bring veterans into the program can best be accomplished through cooperation between the VA and the various self-help organizations.

To be sure, Crawford and the people he is recruiting to run the program, as well as VA administrator Max Cleland, are thoroughly dedicated to its success. Unfortunately, it is apparent that this level of dedication is not uniformly found in the VA hierarchy. There are some who at best damn the program with faint praise because it's VA "policy," rather than conceding its need.

The inclusion of families is intentional. It reflects Crawford's view of the necessity to involve each veteran's family in the counseling program. Unfortunately, such other unconventional methods as "rap sessions" and encounter groups, while long used by Vietnam-veterans self-help organizations, are not necessarily acceptable to the bureaucrats who dominate the government's other mental-health programs. We strongly support Crawford's determination to seek out innovative ways to solve the Vietnam veterans' psychological readjustment problems. These can and must be found. And if results are not immediately forthcoming, veterans must not allow those opposed to the program to exploit these difficulties so as to stop the search for solutions. (No one should underestimate this opposition. Over the years *Penthouse*'s support for a national program to meet the psychological needs of Vietnam veterans has earned us many "hate mail" letters.)

It is surprising how long it took us as a nation to realize that those who fought the war also suffered wounds of the mind and spirit. Part of the answer lies in the fact that unlike the "shell shock" of World War I and the "combat fatigue" of World War II and Korea, the psychological stresses of Vietnam were not immediately manifested or understood. In fact, it is only in recent years that the Vietnam veterans' "delayed-stress syndrome" has become sufficiently well understood to determine how it should be treated.

There is an ominous parallel between our belated recognition of the delayed-stress syndrome and the controversy over Agent Orange (see *Penthouse*, August 1979: "Agent Orange, The Hidden Time Bomb"). Both are legacies of the Vietnam War, and both have effects that are difficult to eradicate. At present we're better equipped to deal with delayed-stress-syndrome symptoms, such as periodic or constant depression, feelings of guilt, excessive drinking, drug dependency, combat nightmares, and "flashbacks," all induced by stimuli seemingly unrelated to those associated with Agent Orange. However, in the opinion of the small group of mental-health professionals who have become expert in treating the delayed-stress syndrome, we are seeing only the beginning. According to one, Dr. John Wilson, associate professor of psychology at Cleveland State University, we will hit a peak in 1985. He says, "I believe by then we will have 400,000 to 500,000 Vietnam veterans suffering delayed-stress symptoms."

If Dr. Wilson and the other experts are right in their estimates, the VA's Operation Coming Home must not be allowed to fail. In what may be the final battle of the Vietnam War, there can be no substitute for victory. ○+—⊞

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ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

Pat Hill

By Emily Prager

The author, a former contributing editor to *The National Lampoon*, is coauthor of the film *Mr. Mike's Mondo Video* and is currently writing a book of humor for Simon and Schuster.

THE SEX-CHANGE CONSPIRACY

Last October, *four years* after Dr. Renee Richards tried to silicone his way into the U.S. Women's Open, John Hopkins University publicly stated that its prestigious medical staff would no longer be performing sex-change operations. Why? Because after four years of Frankensteinian fiddling, it had suddenly occurred to the staff that the business of removing people's sexual organs had some frankly seedy overtones, and, further, that the rate of joyous "cure" among men seeking to have themselves castrated in order to become "women" had proved to be surprisingly (to Johns Hopkins) low. Of the A.M.A. and the medical staff of Johns Hopkins, I have only one thing to ask: do they have to do it on your head before you know it ain't raining, too?

I mean, let's look at this sex-change operation: it is clearly the only experiment that the Nazis did not perpetrate upon Jewish prisoners in the camps; but if they'd thought of it, they would have, and today everyone would be horrified reading about it. Call me crazy, but experiments on twins seem no worse than the sexual mutilation *by so-called upright and learned medical men* of confused individuals who, although possessed of the penis and scrotum, persist in vehemently denying that they are men. It would seem clear—and, hey, I'm no doctor—that these individuals are basically alienated, rather in need of heavy psychiatric help. Imagine, men, if you can, looking at your penis—the organ that's hung off your groin since Day One, the thing through which you pee—and saying, "Lop it off, Doc. I don't want it. I wasn't meant to have it. God made a mistake. I'm supposed to be a woman."

Good. And now that you've imagined that, imagine how I, a woman, that is, an individual born with a vagina, feel about the insane chauvinist assumption on which this transsexual faddism has been based. I mean, let's get it straight once and for all: CUTTING OFF YOUR COCK DOES NOT MAKE YOU A WOMAN! Okay, Dr. Renee Richards? Okay, Jan Morris? Okay, doctors at Johns Hopkins? Okay, media news reporters? Adam's rib, maybe, but Adam's cock—never!

In trying to rationalize this nationwide endorsement of castrating males and calling them females, I am left with only one explanation: that transsexualism is just another macho sexist scheme. Since men can no longer beat us, now they are trying to join us! And, look, I have to admit, of all the male-dominated plots so far, this sex-change business really takes balls. I mean, it's surprising, isn't it, what a man will do for a free drink at "Happy Hour"?

"Transsexualism is just another macho sexist scheme. Since men can no longer beat us, now they are trying to join us!"

Now perhaps transsexualism is only the inevitable result of centuries of traditional male role typing in our society. After all, men are repeatedly encouraged to show an interest in the purchase of female under- and lounge-wear as well as to have an uncannily thorough familiarity with designer scarves, long-stemmed roses, and French perfumes. They are rewarded again and again in schools and universities across our land for dressing up in drag and mincing around like women. What could be more normal than a bunch of hairy adolescents in tulle drop-kicking their way through a can-can? Or an all-male production of *Charley's Aunt*?

Even the United States Army, that male-dominated bastion of pectoral polemics, has not been exempt. Anyone who's ever watched Sergeant Bilko knows that no U.S.O. show is a success without at least three drill sergeants sporting jockstrap-stuffed D cups. I don't know why they say women aren't funny: every time a man dresses up like one he gets a laugh, but maybe I'm missing something.

Reviewing our history in this context of male-oriented society, most persons would have to conclude that lopping it off is only the next step and anyway all men are secretly gay. But I'm afraid that doesn't wash. No self-respecting gay would cut off his own cock just to pretend he's a woman. He couldn't perform anal intercourse if he cut off his cock. Sodomy is life's breath to a gay; everybody knows that.

No. I'm afraid this time we can't blame the homosexuals. We must come to terms with the ugly truth: for years men have been in training—accustoming themselves to women's clothes and shoes, mimicking the way women walk and talk, and, most recently, culling the secrets of such female rituals as needlepointing, perms, and the wash and blow-dry—all in a repressively sinister backup action. They maintained they were trying to "liberate" themselves, to get used to our newfound equality and power base. They borrowed our recipes and told us they wanted to learn to cook so they could "do their share." But they lied! They're stockpiling those recipes for their future, sisters! Wake up! Men are trying to infiltrate our ranks—and they're doing it by cutting off their cocks!

God, you don't know whether to cry or to laugh. I believed men were fond of their genitals. They certainly worry about them enough. They even give them names. I suppose their obsession with blowjobs should have given us the clue: nobody would put something he really cared about into a germ-filled orifice that's dirtier than a cat's and that features 32 mini-guillotines renowned for their effectiveness in pulverizing meat. Think of it, sisters: you could have bitten it off any time. You just didn't do it 'cause you thought they didn't want you to.

But now we must forget the past. We must mass together in an effort to declare transsexualism as a typical male trick designed to suppress and dominate the female element by means of a radically new and even more disgusting method of penetration.

We can best do this by questioning the claims of Richards, Morris, and their sex-changed sidekicks that they have never *felt* like men; they have always *felt* like women. We might ask first if they've *felt*, one week out of every month of their adult lives, as if Mao and his Long March were tramping through their pelvic regions? No? Well, how about the shimmery twinge that knifes through the spine as one tries to sneak a look at the back of one's skirt? Still no? Well, then, what about the joyous tingle of jamming a man-made paper product inside one's body to stem a natural life flow that would freely cascade down one's legs if men didn't find it unsightly? Again no? Of course I'm talking about the curse, the monthlies, having your period. No amount of estrogen on the planet will give you that womanly feeling, sex-changers. You may have paps, but you will never have a Pap test!

I won't go into further detail about the many other femino benefits the No-cocks will never receive: the abortions, the D & Cs, tubular pregnancies, the constant changes of mind. The sisterhood is well aware.

It is time now to rise to action. To lobby for a simple, nonsexist, agenital legislation, using the surefire way to tell the difference between men and women that I learned at Ligoneer High back in 1964: (1) stand with your feet together, up against and facing a wall; (2) step three foot-lengths backwards, place feet together, and hold; (3) have a chair put in the space between you and the wall; (4) leaning forward until your forehead touches the wall and keeping your heels on the floor, bend down and pick up the chair by the seat and then straighten up all the way.

Women can do it. Men can't. It's as simple as that.

Now I suppose this won't keep anyone who's hell-bent on cutting off his penis from doing so, but it will keep him from being allied with us. I don't understand men. Imagine, submitting to castration just to be eligible for the post of den mother. And yet, to be fair, there is one undeniable benefit for any man who becomes a transsexual: he will never again have to worry about getting it up.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

LEE MARVIN

> Movies are made with all the dirty money floating around. I think it's one of the biggest laundries going now. I think it's way ahead of Vegas.

Fifteen years ago Lee Marvin won the Academy Award as the best film actor of the year. After that his career seemed to decline, but now film offers are again pouring in, presumably because of the worldwide publicity attending last summer's 11-week court trial in Los Angeles involving Marvin. The trial, now known as the "Marvin case," resulted in a landmark decision establishing that a woman can successfully sue a man for support even if she has never been legally married to him. Presumably, a man can sue a woman on the same grounds.

Michelle Triola Marvin lived with Lee Marvin for six years, out of wedlock. She said she had washed and cooked for him and shared his bed, board, and checking account. She also claims to have become pregnant three times but to have aborted each time because Marvin told her he didn't want children, since he already had four by his first marriage. Michelle even changed her name to Marvin, but Lee says that that was not his idea.

Marvin decided to end the relationship in 1970, agreeing to pay Michelle about $1,000 a month if she would go away. He then married a sweetheart from his teen years, Pamela Feeley. With his four kids and her four kids, they moved to Tucson, Ariz., and hoped Michelle would leave them alone. But Michelle was burned up. She wanted at least $1 million, but the judge gave her $104,000 for "rehabilitative purposes." Lee laughed and said that that was less than what he had planned on giving her anyway—though he was a little hurt about the "rehabilitative purposes" part, since it left the impression that living with him was tantamount to being wounded in action.

Michelle retaliated by having her attorneys appeal the decision and ask for more money. This means that Marvin will have to pay 7 percent interest on the $104,000 until a final decision is made.

Born in New York City on February 19, 1924, Marvin was reared in Woodstock, N.Y., but was sent to various boarding schools, most of which expelled him for such antics as throwing a classmate out of a second-story window. ("For Christ's sake, he wasn't hurt much" was Marvin's comment.)

Since he didn't seem to have the temperament for it, he quit school in 1943 and joined the marines. He fought at Kwajalein, Eniwetok, and Saipan and wound up getting shot and spending 18 months in hospitals. After the war he drifted into acting. He appeared on Broadway in a featured role in *Billy Budd* and then toured in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He made more than 250 television appearances and eventually had his own series, "M Squad," in which he played a tough detective.

In films he usually played villains or somewhat raunchy heroes. His sneering smile and icy eyes have typed him as a tough guy in such movies as *The Professionals* and *The Dirty Dozen*. Almost all of his roles have been physical. Even when he played the relatively harmless part of an ex-baseball player in *Ship of Fools*, he wound up beaten into submission by the petite Vivien Leigh, who used her high-heeled shoe to do the job.

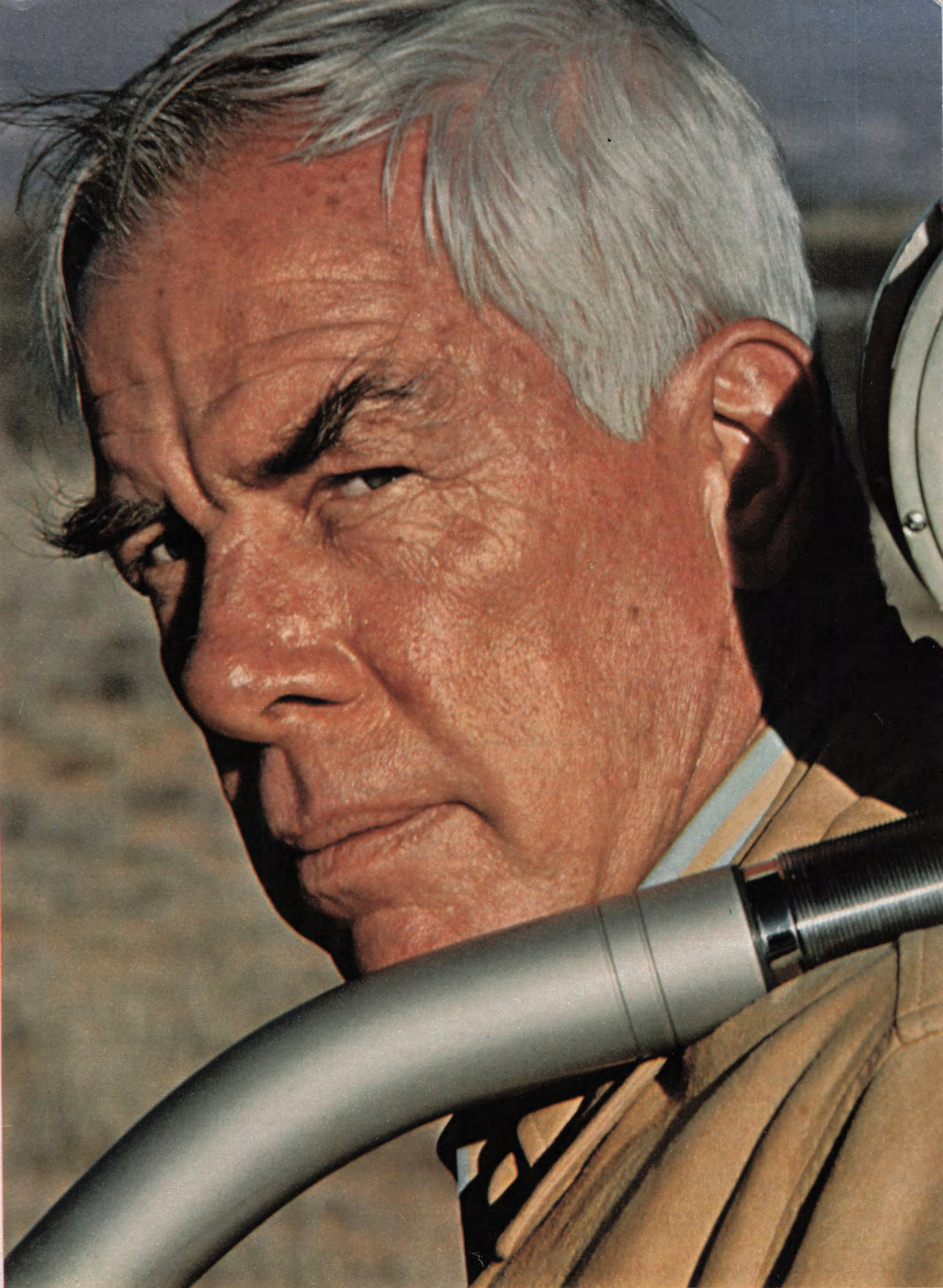
In 1965, playing dual comic roles as villain with a metal nose and the villain's twin brother in *Cat Ballou*, Marvin won the Oscar for best actor. Jane Fonda was his costar.

In his early days, Marvin was under the influence of method acting. While on the set of *Bad Day at Black Rock*, he was taking a great deal of time to get into the mood for a scene with Spencer Tracy. At last Tracy lost patience. "Look, son," he said, "I'm too old, too rich, and too good to wait any longer. Let's go."

That experience may still rankle in Marvin, as indicated by some of his comments in this interview, in which he talks about the old stars whose only concern was money and saying their lines while standing on the proper mark. Fred Robbins conducted this interview in Munich, where Marvin was working on his latest film, *Avalanche Express*.

Lee Marvin was photographed on one of his marlin fishing trips off the Great Barrier Reef in Australia.

Photograph by Roger Vaughan/Black Star



Penthouse: What do you think the legal impact of *Marvin* versus *Marvin* has been?

Marvin: I don't know there has been any legal impact. What the case has done is just spook those women without any money or attorneys and keep them from pressing a case like this, unless the woman's had three kids with her guy and they had a joint bank account in Zurich. The lawyers are going to say, "Uh-uh, honey, I can't use this case," whereas before they'd take on anything if they thought it hadn't been cited enough. But the Marvin case didn't establish any law. The only thing at issue was this: I said that there never was an agreement between Michelle and me concerning her support, and she said there was.

Penthouse: Do you think the case will affect the way men and women conduct their relationships?

Marvin: I hope so. I really hope so, because there are a lot of thieves on both sides.

Penthouse: Don't you think two lovers will balk at having to sit down and draw up a contract covering their relationship?

Marvin: Well, they don't have to sign a contract, really. The man, for example, just has to say, "Okay, that's my television set, baby. I hope you like it and enjoy it. And if you behave yourself, you can look at it for a long time! That's my piano, too; you can have that *if* . . ." He can still say all this stuff with a hard-on, right?

I think we're seeing a little male-chauvinism backlash now—a backlash to the tremendous strides the women have made in equal rights in the past few years. I think the boys are getting a bit tired of it all. They say, "Look, honey. You want me to open the door, you want me to pay for dinner, and then you say no when I put my hand on your thing? What kind of horseshit is that?" You know, the old game is still the best game: you waltz them, you wine them, you dine them, and you hope, with any luck, you might occasionally make out. But if she says, "Don't open the door for me, and I'll pay for half of the dinner," then the guy says, "You know, I don't even want to fuck you, by the way." It just gets so bad when women's lib gets into relationships.

Listen, all the modern women hate to admit that they're living off their ass or are dependent on men. So not one feminist organization came out for Michelle. All the big-time feminists were mum on it. Every woman I'd see on the street—every single one—said, "I hope you win." Old ladies, young ladies. So all I got was positive vibes, which is a boost to any actor's ego, right?

When I walked into New York City airport, with all those photographers and all those crowds waiting for me—I mean, I've never seen anything like that in my life, not even in the heyday of Judy Garland. God, it was like I'd just come back from the moon or something! The working man—which is my public—geez, I'd walk down the streets in New York, and they'd literally stop digging their ditches or driving their trucks and say, "Hey, you fucked her—hey, great!" I'll never forget it. And you know, when I want to get highbrow, if I want to hang out with the fancy intellectuals and liberals, they're just going to say, "Fuck off." It certainly tells me where I should go in my career, doesn't it?

Penthouse: Were you confident from the beginning that the judge would rule in your favor?

Marvin: Yeah, because I know what I said in that relationship and what she said and what we understood. And therefore, two years later, when she and her lawyer, Marvin Mitchelson, conjure up the idea of this case, I thought everyone would see through it. You can see her scheme was born two years after the termination of the relationship.

I think this whole thing was conjured up by attorneys who wanted to see how far they could push the law or whether they could rewrite the law. The only fame attorneys can get is when they rewrite the law. I don't think it's in a girl's nature, generally speaking, to want everything the guy's got.

> To be good
> doesn't mean anything
> in this business.
> It's all just a matter of breaks
> and time and fate.

Penthouse: Do you feel that you should not have had to pay Michelle any money at all?

Marvin: Well, the judge awarded her some "get back on your feet" money. I think he was just scolding me. He was saying, "Look, you've got to be a big boy and take responsibility." But you know, when Michelle and I broke up, I had agreed that, if she'd stay out of my life, I'd give her a certain amount of dough. And the judge ended up awarding her less than I'd been willing to give her!

Poor Mitchelson! He's left saying, "But I can't make my fee out of what she got!" She has to pay him out of that $104,000—and he must have put 1,000 hours into the case. This has all been a tremendous blow to Mitchelson. He lost on every count of the law. And what he won, if you want to call it that, he won because of the generosity of the judge—something I had agreed to before he was even in the picture.

But I did want to give Michelle money in the beginning. I said, "Go out and reorient yourself so you won't be a burden on your friends. And you'd better go to school and learn to do something." So now look at what she's doing—she's going to write a *book*. But that's all right, because then she's open for libel, especially if it's a big seller.

Penthouse: Do you feel anger or bitterness toward her now?

Marvin: No, I have no feelings for her at all. I realized that a long time ago, and that's why I got out of the relationship.

Penthouse: Did you feel the trial went on too long?

Marvin: No, I understood what the judge was doing. He was just allowing everything that was admissible to be presented, so that if anybody were to appeal, he'd say, "We already covered that." Michelle had her full day in court. She let it all hang out for her hundred days. She and her lawyer were trying to wear me down. I would say, "Oh come on, boys, this is ridiculous." Which it all was. But you know, I realized what the ground rules were, and I stuck to them. I went through the whole thing. Fortunately, I had a gentleman representing me; so I think it was more painful to the other side. I knew my side was right.

Penthouse: Was the court as much of a circus as it sounded from press reports?

Marvin: No. A lot of people lined up to watch, but they were just the court-watching types. Judge Marshall ran a very orderly court. If anybody got a little out of line, he'd reprimand them and then make a joke out of it, to take the strain off. But it was very difficult, because Michelle was such a dirty player. That's why he went without a jury, because he couldn't trust what she was going to say.

Penthouse: Was it better for you that the case was heard by a judge and not a jury?

Marvin: It made it a totally different case. This way, I was just playing for the judge; the other way, I'd have to play for the jury.

Penthouse: How did your wife, Pamela, hold up through the trial?

Marvin: My wife is a very strong gal. She knows me. We've known each other since she was 15. There was no jealousy or anything, because the mess had all happened at a different time in my life, when we weren't together. So she was just very good and calm and constructive to me during the whole time. We're close, and that made us even more close. I don't know how it turned out to be so positive, but it did. In other words, there's nothing to fool each other with anymore, nothing to hide. Now everything is out in the open, and I like that.

Penthouse: Why do you think the public pays so much attention to the private lives of famous people?

Marvin: I guess people like to read about

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GRID AND BARE IT

BY BILL LEE

Winning isn't the most important thing, it's the *only* thing, concludes resident humorist Bill Lee, as he takes a long, satirical look at America's favorite war game—football.

QUARTERBACK
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NO MERE MORTALS
ALLOWED BEYOND
THIS POINT
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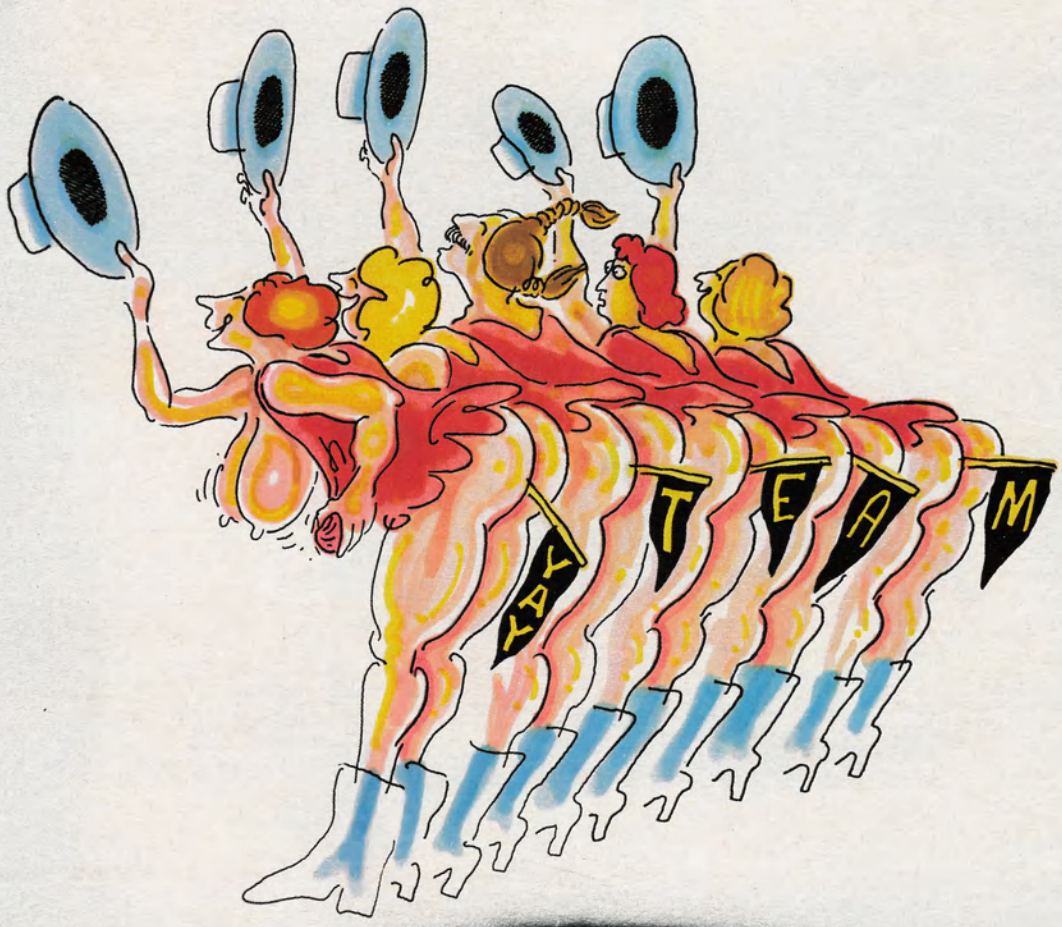
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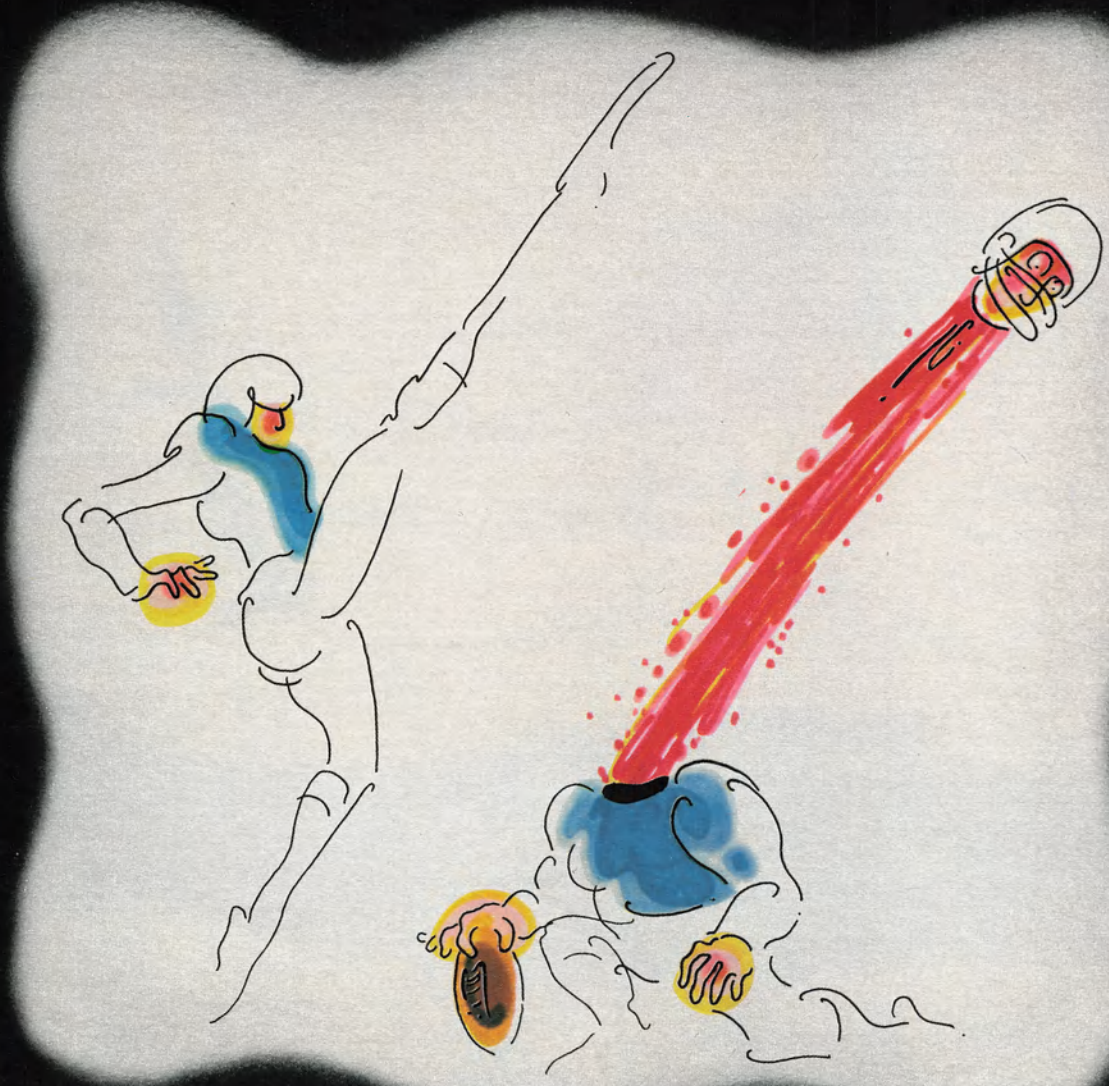

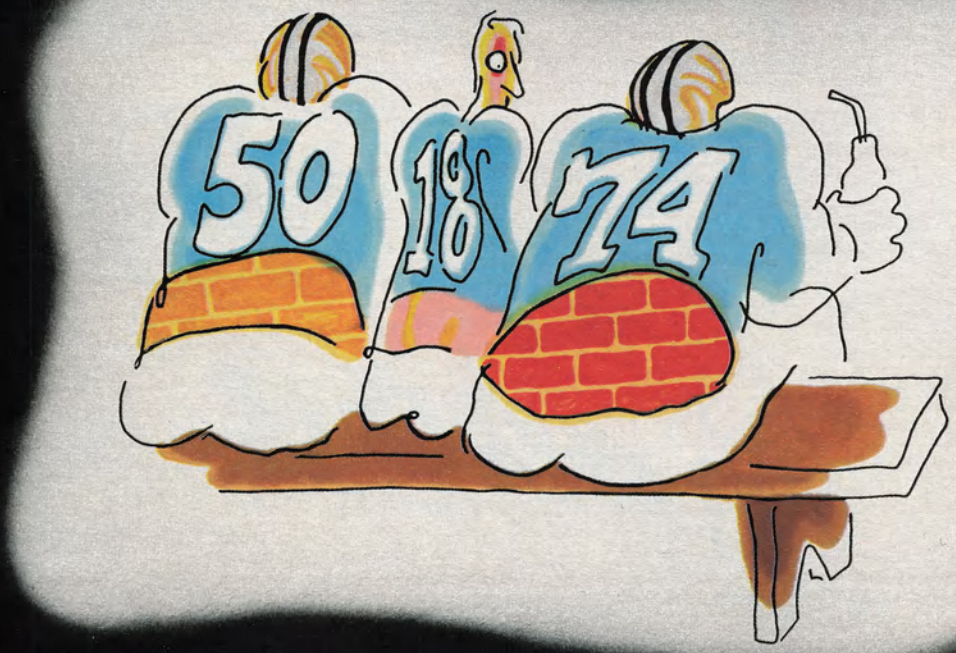
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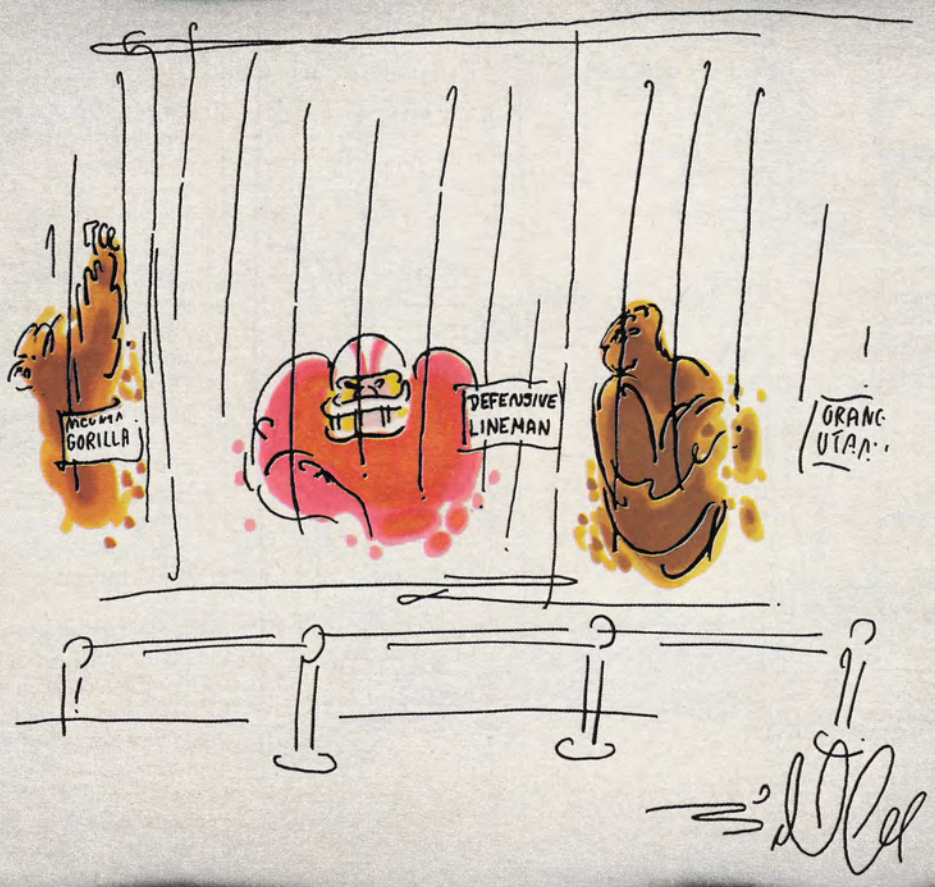

MOUNTAIN GORILLA
DEFENSIVE LINEMAN
ORANG UTAN

THE COOL EARTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

op and tell him. "It was wonderful, and I'm never going to stop."

Ranger had his pants down around his ankles, but he couldn't kick them off because of his boots. Virginia had already taken off his shirt. He was thinking how he was going to get his boots and pants off gracefully and still keep everything working. Riding herd and twelve steers break away in twelve directions at once . . . Oh, boy!

Virginia made a slight move and said something about the bed. He nooded yes, and somehow they stopped, and she got up and blew out all of the candles except one. Ranger finally got his pants and boots off without breaking any of the furniture, and they dived into bed.

The sanctuary inside. Under the covers there is the privacy of the oceans. The secrecy of the ritual to be performed within the boundaries of the universe. It was the beginning of life all over again.

Ranger moved slowly with his body, and she moved slowly with hers as they searched for the goals of their own passions. Within to within to within they began their circling into the high summer night. Ranger moved his hips into the air so they would merge as lovers . . . slowly into each other. As his body was on the edge of their virginity to leave behind and begin again a new virginity; as she opened as the morning flower to the new light; as they were both poised on the balance of their bodies, infinitely and delicately waiting for the smallest of thrust that would guide them forever into a communion of flesh and spirit, the bed began to shake, and then the cabin was jumping, and the forest began to roar, and the mountains and the moon were rocking, and then the world crashed and Ranger was thrown downward—bursting into Virginia's body as they were locked into a Brahma embrace—being whipped by a greater power than their own lives. He felt his cock being thrust deeper and deeper into Virginia's body—farther than he had ever imagined the greatest of animals could penetrate.

"O . . . my God! An earthquake!" he heard his voice begin to shout, and then Virginia slapped a hand over his mouth and stopped him.

"No . . . oh, no . . . it's God. Don't stop . . . oh, don't stop."

And then Ranger heard the mountains slide down the canyon as his body was being bucked, sunfished, and crow-hopped all over the bed. Virginia's eyes became moons of illumination as she opened up more and held onto this great powerful beast that was taking her beyond anything that she had ever imagined. They rode on through the quake—horse and rider through the great world-championship virgin's rodeo, bareback—higher and higher into the air and crashing onto the bed, back up until they exploded into thunderbolts of orgasms. They began to shout and scream as their bodies demanded more, and Ranger fell deeper, and Virginia pushed higher until they could no longer maintain the balances of this wild, rocking earth animal that had become their guide. And with the last huge bucking and sliding of the earth, they were forced apart and Ranger was thrown across the room, knocking him half-unconscious.

Virginia was still on the bed, with her arms raised to the box seats of the holy arena of heaven. The cabin was slowly being launched down the hill into the lake. Virginia began to moan, chant, and cheer into the night—an expression of ecstasy and complete acceptance to the great powers of the first-string stud in the sky. Shaking her fists, she began her affirmation.

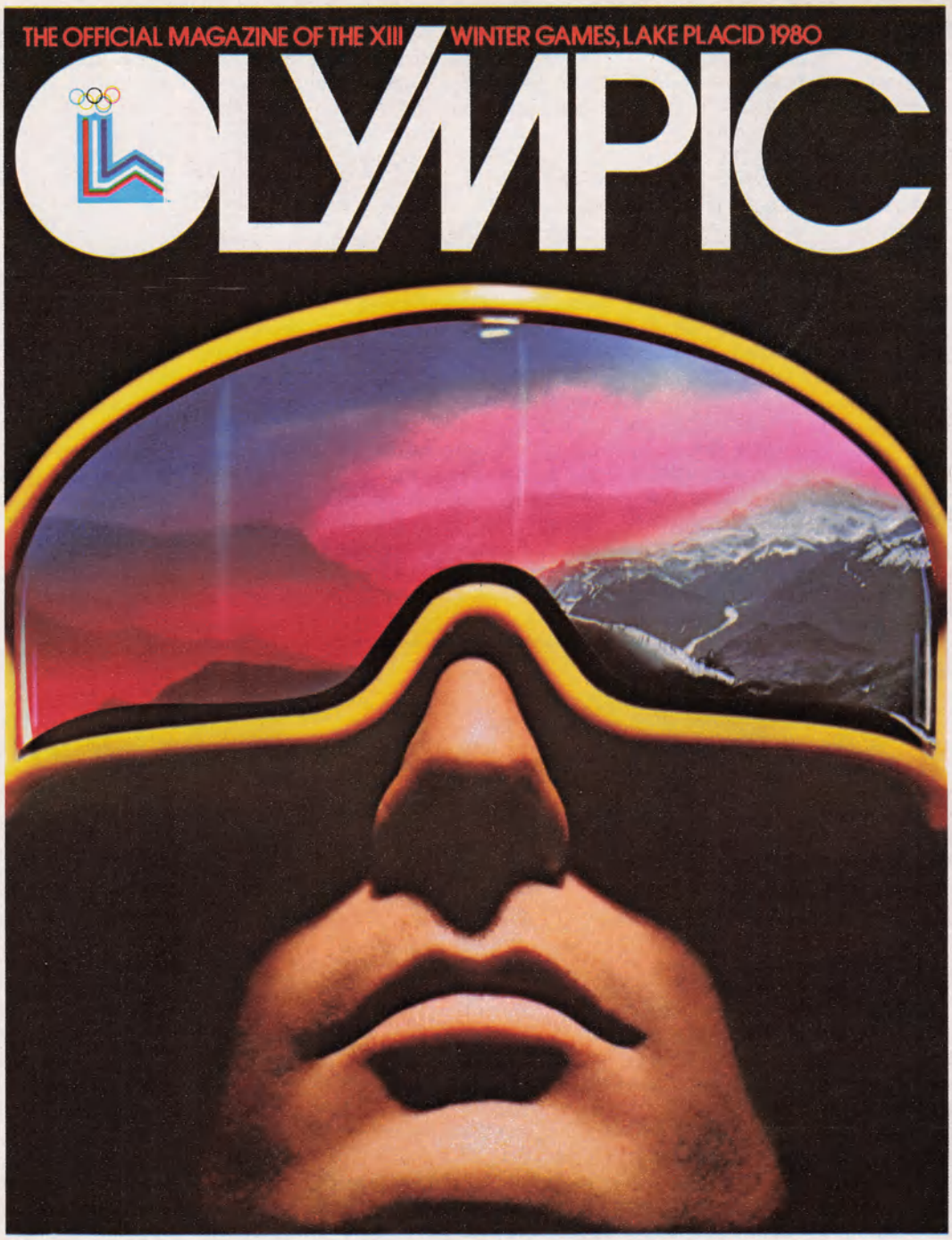
Hallelujah, hallelujah, divine intervention! Great merciful fucking God, divine intervention! Holy, holy grand-slam holy, divine intervention! Holy, holy grand-slam holy, divine intervention!

The cabin was shot into the lake, and Ranger was thrown out the back door. He grabbed onto a small tree, and just before he passed out, he looked up to see the cabin floating in the middle of the lake. Virginia had climbed onto the roof, and she was riding the ridge like a pornographic beatitude on the back of a giant, steaming water bible.

Rainbow was flown to Bozeman to be treated for a brain concussion, neck bites, and multiple lacerations on his back and arms. (A first-class cataclysm can hide many secrets.) The next day he was given a ride in a Cessna back to West Yellowstone by two national TV reporters and their crews. They kept asking Ranger questions about the quake—what was it really like? What was he doing when it happened? Ranger couldn't talk. Numbed flat to the bone. He kept shaking his head and laughing silently in his gut, pulling himself down into the seat until his newly shoplifted, mirrored sunglasses were the only messages they could receive.

Ranger searched everywhere for Virginia, but he couldn't find her. She had completely disappeared, perhaps transcended . . . hot body and all. He began to wonder whether that night with her had really happened. He kept going into the rest rooms to check out his cock to see if there were any signs left from his rites of passage. Still the same. No secret marks or mysterious tattoos had appeared, but there was beginning to be a very strange

"We're a little short. Could you let me have a cup of semen?"



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look on Ranger's face. A new inner smile jumping around inside his body. A very strange trickster-boarder . . . paying room and board . . . top dollar, and Ranger was beginning to laugh again.

Ranger was told at the airport that Virginia and her father had flown out the day after the quake. He was given a letter: a blue envelope with blue paper, and Virginia had drawn on the paper a winged Arabian stallion flying through a triple-rainbowed body of God (who was looking very virile, sexy, and well satisfied with himself). Ranger walked out into a meadow and sat down on the grass.

Dear Ranger Rose or whoever you are,

Two nights ago I was made love to by a great being. I remember you were there at the beginning, but then something very strange happened, and I was being taken by somebody more powerful and beautiful than you. All I could feel were beasts and wings and great thunderbolts of flesh consuming me until I had lost touch with any sense of reality. I had hoped that we could be together, be friends and make love, but I realize now that I have been chosen to be the mother of a new God-Child. No mortal could have done what I experienced two nights ago. I'm leaving for Hawaii where I will have this child. I know that I conceived that night, and I must prepare for this sacred event. I hope to see you someday, perhaps later on in Heaven. God bless you Ranger.

Come come ye Saints,
Virginia Spring

Ranger rolled back into the grass, kicked his legs into the air, and threw himself over onto his stomach. With his face into the earth, his complete life up to that moment came spinning through him like a migrating galaxy. The highs and the lows and, beyond that, just being. And the long shot . . . supreme ecstasy. Ranger began to laugh. A few chuckles and giggles, and then he started to hoot and shout and beat his head against the grass. Fortunately for Ranger no one saw him go through this Houdini double dribble as he exorcised all of the lazy second-stringers who had been living with him for so long. He laughed, rocked, and cried for a long time, and then he broke out with a strange, haunting cowboy-Buddhist maniacal Tibetan roundup scream. A sound that could challenge the highest of authority. A cry that could turn robins into six-legged, monkey-faced lizards, a moan that could flip all of the Vatican's gold into popcorn farts and belly-button nurds. A wailing that could change cesspool graffiti into the Ten Commandments. Ranger was up on one knee, shaking his fists at the invisible and illusive All-Mighty Deceivers of the Damned. He stood up and poked his head through all of the many layers of human bullshit and self-minded thinking until he discovered the inevitable of all inevitables. Daylight! Sunshine and clean air. He didn't stop but kept on reaching for the sun until he had cleared his six foot three inches into the clearing. There they all were: mountains, trees, flowers, clouds, sky, birds . . . his closest friends for the past seven years, and he was finally seeing them for what they really were: mountains, trees, flowers, clouds, sky, birds . . .

Ranger pulled a ball out of the sky and started to dribble. Easy at first, but as soon as he rediscovered his touch, he went through all of his old moves: behind the back and the floater, between his legs and chasing the caboose, half-moon spins and the high-pocket drift, and a double-cross layover with a reverse spin.

With the exercise over, Ranger settled down and broke into the game with jump shots, set shots, fakes, steals, picks, fadeaways, layaways, pumps and double pumps, reverse spins, floating layups, stuffs, dunks, and then the Grand Dunk: leaving the ground from fifteen feet out, going into a full twist as he moved the ball behind his back in the opposite direction and then slamming it into the hoop. Pow! By the time Ranger stopped, the game was over, because the bad guys had thrown in the towel when the score seemed triple infinity to ZeeRow-Zip. Ranger walked out into the middle of the meadow and bowed to all of his fans as he accepted the trophy that was the granddaddy of all trophies: the Cowboy Buddha dribbling twelve planets while tap-dancing and tai-chiing at the same time. He held it into the air for everyone to see as he turned in a circle. He held up one finger to show everyone how he felt about his earthquake renaissance. The middle finger, presented to all of his demons, dragons, and wart-nosed, back-shootin' gargoyles that had been riding inside his body, rent free, for so long. To them . . . and all of their kids and children's kids . . . Old Numero Fucko!

"Fuckum all!" he shouted to all of the invisible dwellers of the sky, plus one eagle that was trying to decide whether to have rainbow trout at Jenny Lake or just hang around and see if any ham sandwiches were left in the picnic grounds. "Fuckum all! Especially the ugly ones. They thought they had won, but I fooled them. Bastards! I fooled them. I was only redshirting. Now I'm back. And they'd better have their moves a lot smoother and quicker because I'm rollin', and I've got all of mine back plus a few more. So watch out! My pickup has been smashed flatter than an English saddle. My clothes, wallet, and my all-time favorite, old numero-five-X rat-infested Beaver Stetson, are all floating in the middle of the lake, and I ain't down. Virginia is gone, and I ain't down. She thinks she's gonna have my kid, and I ain't down. Jesus, my kid. Ha! She thinks it's God's. Damn! Do you hear that, God? I've fooled you this time. I beat you. You know? Beat you at your own game. I didn't have to pull off a plus-eight on the Richter Scale to get laid. That was a mean trick, God. Real bad! Look at all the people you killed just so you could sneak into Virginia's pants. Was it worth it? Huh? Was it? Well . . . I'll tell you something, and I want you to listen. I'm cutting out of here. Understand? Leaving. Going home, and you ain't gonna stop me. Not this time. I've finally got you figured out. Yeh . . . figured out. And you're nothing but a con, a dirty old man, a fly-by-nighter, and a flimflam man. I can't believe it. You! Well . . . I'm finished. Through. So leave me alone. Just back off and let me be. Fuck off! Get lost . . . adios and sooooo long." Ranger started walking through the meadow. Ten steps beyond his farewell he spun around to check his tracks. Nothing. He raised one fist and shook it out into space. "Adios, motherfuckers . . . !"

With his trophy in one hand and the magic ball in the other, he walked through the town, spinning with this newly discovered feeling of ecstasy and tranquility. His walk was about ten feet tall and just about that much off the ground. "It's all perfect," he kept on chanting to himself. "It's all perfect. I can feel it now. Everything. And it's all perfect." On the beginning side of town he slipped into the corral where he had delivered the four horses. He picked out a strong-looking mare with soft, dark eyes and a long, flowing mane and tail. In the barn he found a bridle, blankets, saddle, saddle bags, and an old plaid coat that had been used for a dog's bed. He filled the bags with grain and took an old, sleeping cowboy hat that was hanging on the barn's center support post. He walked the horse through the trees until they were a mile from the barn, and then he mounted the buckskin. He was going back home. He was going to find his mother, the moon woman of the alfalfa fields, and he was going to find his older brother . . . jus' one more cowboy, Jonquil Rose. He was going back to that great, long valley that touches the White Clouds and reaches out into the Sawtooth Mountains. Home. A little west and to the south. All downhill. And before the sun could pull down its shades and declare itself a magnificent sunset, Ranger Rose was gone.

> You're the best thing to Jesus I'll ever find. I've been a professional virgin long enough. Besides, you dumb-shit cowpoke, I love you.

Jim Wilson's

SEXUAL MECHANIX

COLLEGIATE COATHANGERS!

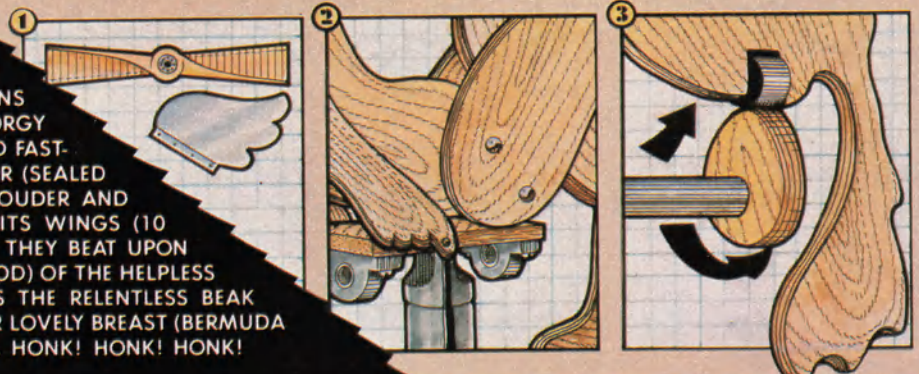
"Joe College" and "Connie Coed" coathangers will "let it all hang out" in dormitory closets. These plywood "student bodies" are really easy to make with a jigsaw.

A SLICE OF BICYCLE TIRE SCREWED TO THE BEDPOST MAKES A CONVENIENT HOLDER FOR A PERSONAL VIBRATOR. (HANDY ON YOUR DASHBOARD, ALSO.)

LEDA & THE SWAN

ANIMATED WIND-VANE HAS CLASSIC THEME

IMAGINE YOUR NEIGHBORS' SURPRISE WHEN YOU UNVEIL THIS ARTISTIC ROOF DECORATION. PICTURE THEIR AWE WHEN THE WIND-DRIVEN BULL SWAN BEGINS HUMPING THE NUBILE LEDA IN AN ORGY OF CRAZED ANIMAL LUST! FASTER AND FASTER SPINS THE CARVED OAK PROPELLOR (SEALED WITH TWO COATS SPAR VARNISH). LOUDER AND LOUDER GROWS THE THUNDER OF ITS WINGS (10 GAUGE GALVANIZED SHEET STEEL) AS THEY BEAT UPON SHAPELY OPEN THIGHS (½" FIR PLYWOOD) OF THE HELPLESS LEDA! HARDER AND HARDER STRIKES THE RELENTLESS BEAK (SUNFLOWER YELLOW ENAMEL) ON HER LOVELY BREAST (BERMUDA CORAL ENAMEL ON MORE PLYWOOD). HONK! HONK! HONK!



Mom and Sis will love

ELMO The EEL

Mechanical Bath Toy is Faucet-Powered

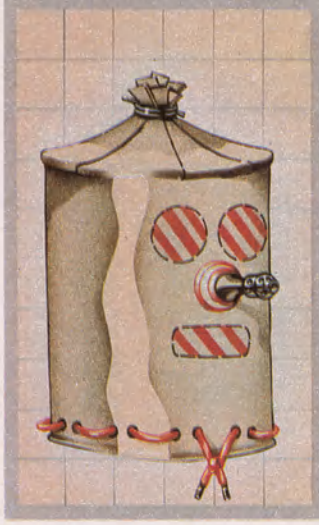
A HOLLOW RUBBER BALL, WHEN FITTED WITH A SIMPLE TURBINE MADE FROM TIN CANS, GIVES HOURS OF GOOD, CLEAN FUN. A SIMPLE, UNBALANCED LEAD WEIGHT FASTENED TO THE AXLE OF THE TURBINE MAKES ELMO WIGGLE AND SHAKE EXCITINGLY WHEN WATER RUSHES THROUGH HIS HEAD. WHY ONLY GET DIRT OFF AT BATH TIME WHEN YOU CAN GET YOURSELF OFF, TOO?

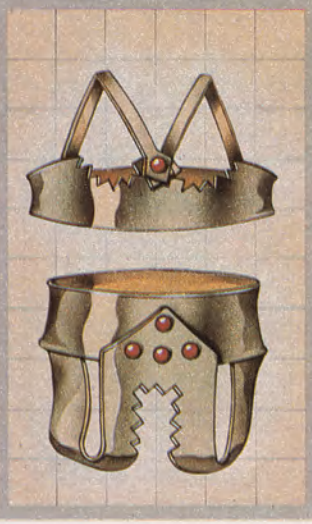
INEXPENSIVE

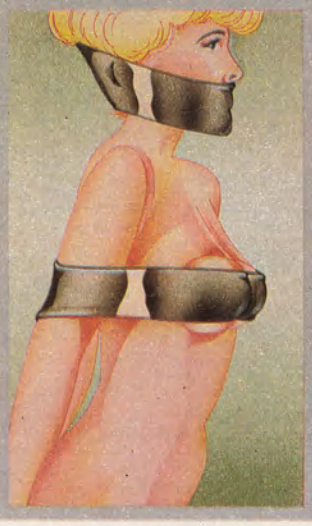
RUBBER APPAREL

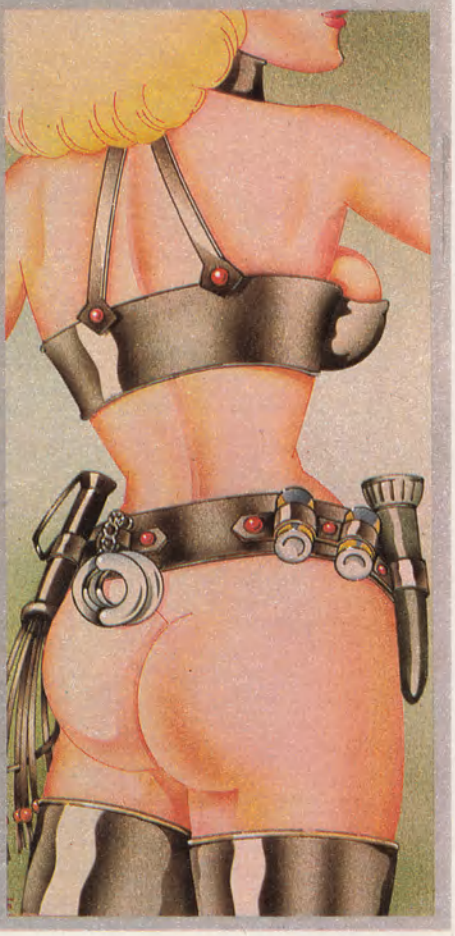
IS MADE AT HOME FROM INNER TUBES. ONE SIZE FITS ALL, OR ELSE!

Ski Mask, Sunsuit, Earmuffs, Training Bra, Collar, Halter, Tool Belt, Leggings









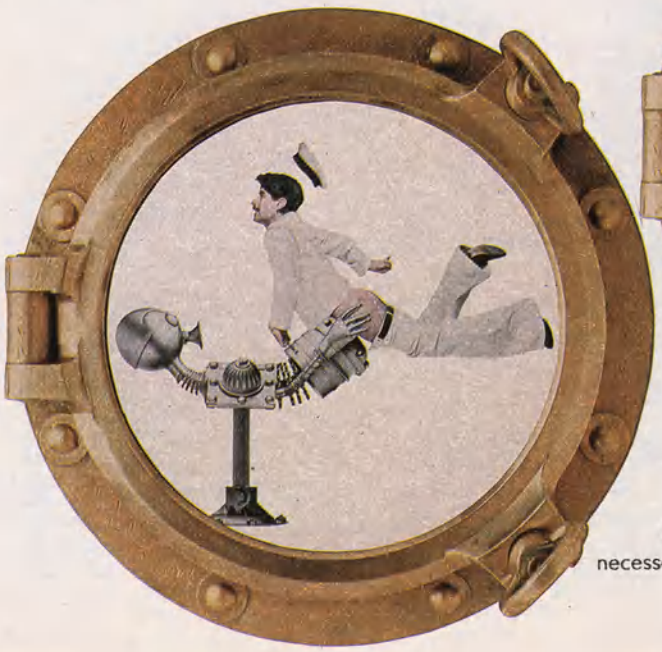
"Boy-oh-boy! Wow! Gee whiz!"
IRON MISTRESS
Keeps "Jars" Jolly
Ⓐ GRAMOPHONE HORN ENUNCIATES APPROPRIATE GREETINGS AND ENCOURAGING PHRASES LIKE: "CLIMB ABOARD, MATE," "IS THAT A TORPEDO, OR ARE YOU GLAD TO SEE ME," ETC. Ⓑ VACUUM RESERVE CHAMBERS SMOOTH OUT SUCTION GENERATED BY THE SHIP'S ENGINES. GRADUALLY INCREASING FREQUENCY OF SUCTION PULSES IS ONE OF SAILOR'S FAVORITE FEATURES.
Ⓒ HEAT-SINK FINS USE SEA BREEZES TO COOL MACHINERY. TESTS SHOWED THAT A FORNICATING FIRST MATE GENERATED 5000 BTU. PROJECTED PERFORMANCE LEVELS OF 50 SAILORS PER HR. WOULD MELT CAST IRON. Ⓓ ARTICULATED APPENDAGES SNUGLY GRASP BUTTOCKS OF SAILOR; ADDED THRILLS PROVIDED BY DEXTEROUS ZINC-PLATED DIGITS. Ⓔ LUST RECEPTACLE HOUSES SERVO-TICKLERS, SUCTION PUMP, AND NOZZLE FOR STEAM-CLEANING STAINLESS-STEEL ORIFICE AT END OF CYCLE. PREMATURE CLEANING INFLICTED PAINFUL INJURIES UPON EARLY VOLUNTEERS.
Ⓐ
Ⓑ
Ⓓ
Ⓔ

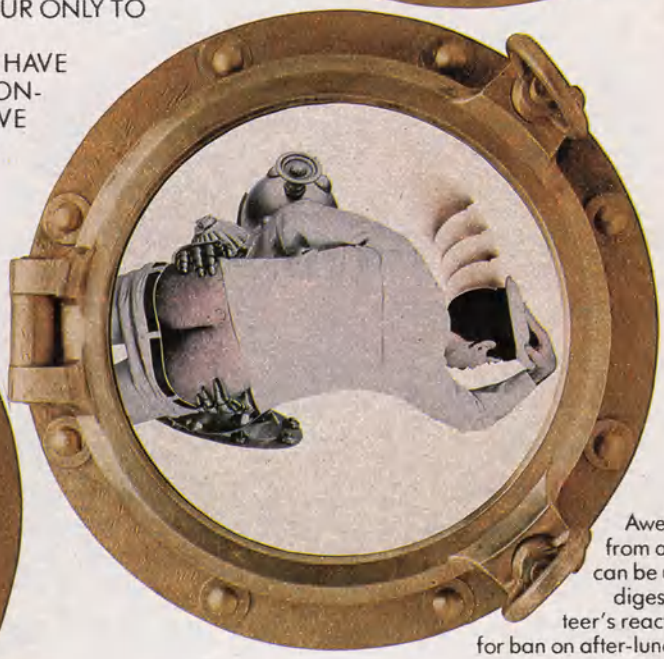
NAVY ANNOUNCES TEST OF ROBOT HOOKER

IN LIGHT OF SAILORS' BEING SUCH A RANDY LOT, THE LACK OF WOMEN ABOARD NAVY SHIPS SEEMS A BIT CRUEL. NEVERTHELESS, TRADITION AND SUPERSTITION HAVE ALWAYS COMBINED TO DENY OUR SEAMEN NORMAL OUTLETS FOR THEIR NOTORIOUS LUSTS. BUT WITH THE KIND OF INGENUITY THAT HAS MADE AMERICA GREAT, OUR NAVY SEEMS TO HAVE *RELIEVED* THE SITUATION.

A MECHANICAL WOMAN OF SEA DESIGN IS PRESENTLY UNDERGOING INTENSIVE TESTING BY NAVAL PERSONNEL, WITH ENCOURAGING EARLY RESULTS. ACCORDING TO NAVY SOURCES, THE LADY ROBOT IS CAPABLE OF ALMOST ANY SEXUAL ACTIVITY IMAGINABLE TO MAN AND A FEW TRICKS THAT WOULD OCCUR ONLY TO A FORD MECHANIC.

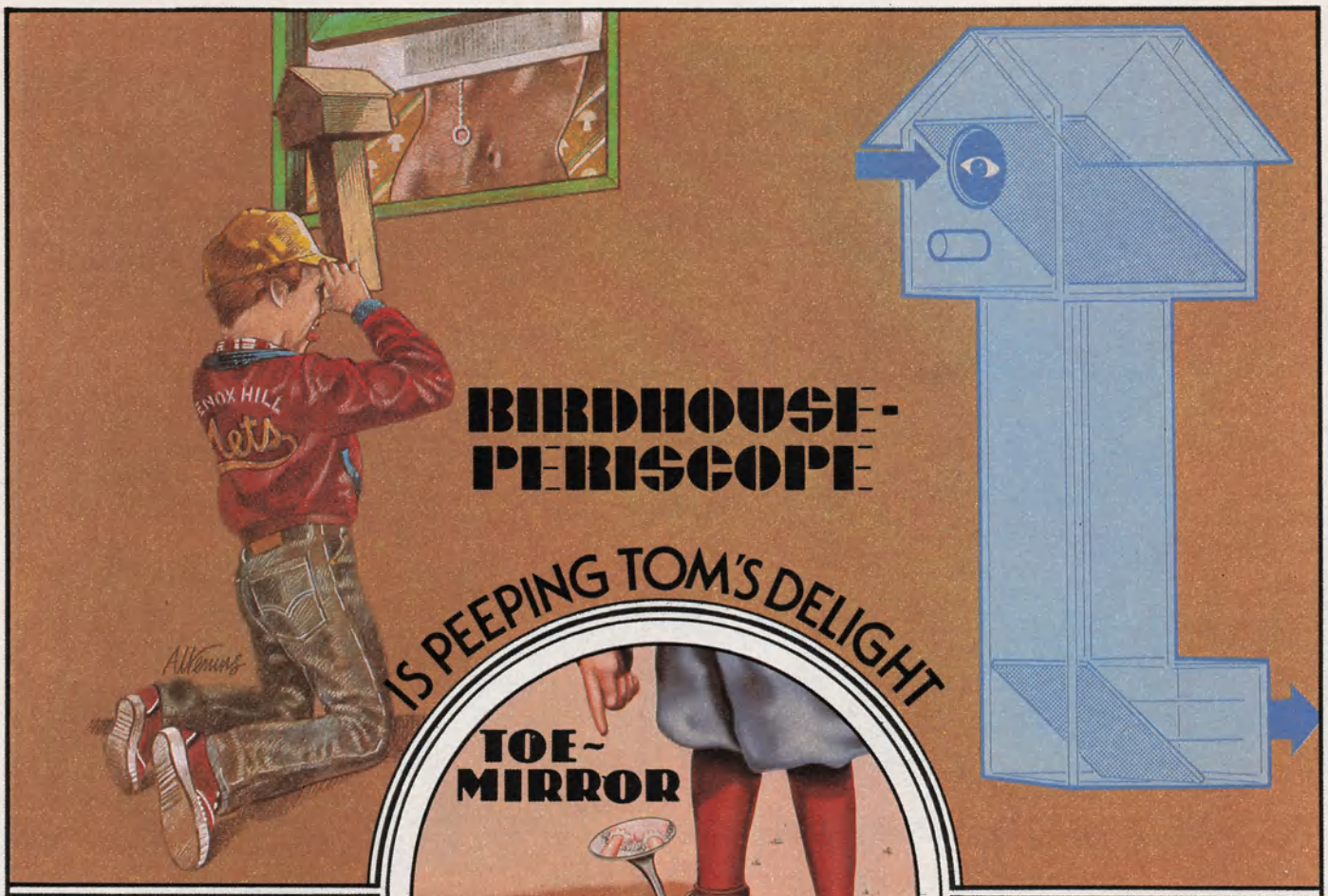
THE SAILORS OF THE TEST VESSEL, U.S.S. *BLUEBALL*, HAVE BECOME QUITE FOND OF THEIR IRON-CLAD CONCUBINE, TO THE EXTENT THAT BLUEPRINTS OF IT HAVE REPLACED BETTY GRABLE IN MANY SHIP'S LOCKERS.



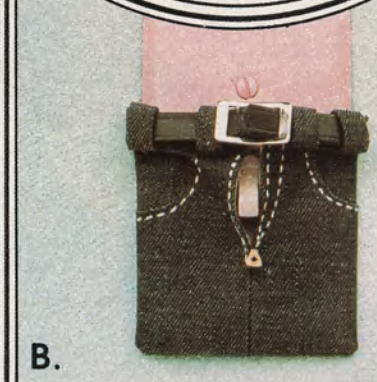


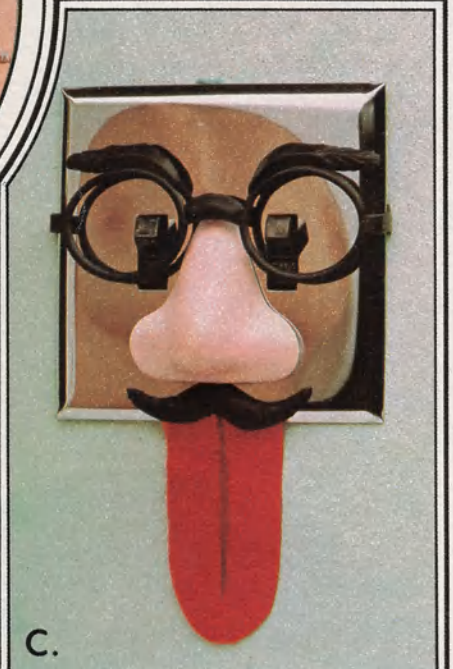
Awesome grind from axis rotation can be upsetting to digestion. Volunteer's reaction is basis for ban on after-lunch quickies.

Rutting robot rocks rapidly in grand finale. Rodeo experience is useful, but not necessary. Test subject was not thrown off until two seconds after photo was taken. Next cycle is signaled by gramophone's "Ooh, I see you brought a friend "



ADD EXTRA FUN TO YOUR PLUGGING AND FLICKING WITH THESE . . .





Novelty Wall-Switch & Electric-Outlet Plates

A. "MATING MOUSIES"

These frisky little critters will heat up your baseboards. Live-wire mice are painted posterboard segments glued to a standard double-outlet plate.

B. "DENIM LOOK"

Scraps of blue denim and an old camera strap give this plate the "far-out" style favored by today's youth. This one will really "turn on" Big Sister's lights.

C. "MONSIEUR VOYEUR"

You won't forget to turn off the lights with these switches; they follow you around the room! A child's disguise kit gives "eye-appeal" to an ordinary plate.

DON'T GET "SCREWED"

PATENT

YOUR SEXUAL IDEAS!

A CASE HISTORY

SHERMAN SHANKER OF CHICAGO WRITES:

"A few years ago I came up with the idea of having my wife hum a Sousa march whilst giving me head. It was wonderful! It never occurred to me that I should protect a simple idea like that. I even told all my friends about it. Next thing I knew, every bimbo in town was selling "Hum Jobs"! Had I known about your company, I'd be rolling in money now."

Don't blow *your* big chance . . . send for our free brochure today! INVENTOR'S CLINIC 59 Weird Way

THERE'S BIG MONEY IN

ANIMAL DISCIPLINE!

Somewhere this very moment a canine is crapping on a carpet, or a feline is flaying some furniture. In most cases, the owner of the erring animal is incapable of properly punishing his pet. That's why graduates of Animal Discipline Institute are making Big Bucks giving Hard Knocks to bad pets.

You'll develop valuable skills in *Beagle Bondage, Bunny Bludgeoning, Budgie Bruising, Hamster Hammering, Turtle Trussing, Lizard Lashing, Poodle Punching, Persian Pinching,* and *Much, Much More.* Order our free brochure "Careers in Kitty Correction, Doggie Dominance, and Animal Acclimation."

Animal Discipline Institute, 666 Bow Ow! Blvd.

APPROVED FOR VETERANS

SECRETS OF **FELLATIO** REVEALED

Time was

WHEN A GIRL COULD BE POPULAR JUST BY BEING "EASY"; NOW HER PHONE NEVER RINGS UNLESS SHE GIVES "GREAT HEAD" AS WELL! "HOW TRUE," YOU SAY. "BUT WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO? IT MUST TAKE YEARS TO ACHIEVE GRACEFUL GOBBLING AND LOTS OF BORING PRACTICE WITH SALAMIS AND CUCUMBERS, TOO." NOT SO, YOUNG LADY. JUST SAYING *ONE WORD* FOR A FEW MINUTES A DAY WILL BUILD UP THAT LITTLE "MUNCH MUSCLE"

DEVELOP *YOUR* "MUNCH MUSCLE" OUR EASY WAY!

ACADEMY OF AMOROUS ANATOMY

I AM INTERESTED IN:

_____ GREATER GULPING CAPACITY

_____ MORE POWERFUL SLURP

_____ HUMMING AND FLICKING

_____ AT-HOME INSTRUCTION

STREET OR RFD# _____ ZONE _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

GOLDEN·SCREW
AWARD
GASOLINE-DRIVEN DILDO
Sidney Stroker proudly displays Gasoline-driven Dildo, built from our plans in two months. Good work, Sid!

EACH ISSUE, THE EDITORS OF *SEXUAL MECHANIX* AWARD THE "GOLDEN SCREW" TO A READER WHO HAS MOST SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED ONE OF OUR CONSTRUCTION PROJECTS. THIS MONTH'S WINNER IS SIDNEY STROKER OF WINONA, KANS. WE THOUGHT OTHER READERS WOULD BE INTERESTED IN HEARING SOME OF HIS COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS CONCERNING THE DEVICE HE BUILT FROM OUR PLANS.

"DEAR SIRS,

I BUILT THIS 'GAS-DRIVEN DILDO FOR RURAL ROMEOS' IN TWO MONTHS OF MY SPARE TIME. MY WIFE AND I CAN TESTIFY THAT IT IS THE BEST MACHINE OF ITS TYPE THAT WE HAVE EVER USED. OUR ONLY PROBLEM WITH IT HAS BEEN THAT THE .029 'RABID WASP' MODEL AIRCRAFT ENGINE RAISES SUCH A HORRIBLE RACKET THAT MY NEIGHBORS CALL UP TO ASK WHAT'S GOING ON. (THEY LIVE A MILE DOWN THE ROAD.) ARE YOU GOING TO PUBLISH PLANS ON CONSTRUCTING A MUFFLER FOR THIS DEVICE?"

EDITOR'S REPLY:

WE HADN'T NOTICED A PROBLEM WITH ENGINE NOISE, PROBABLY BECAUSE OUR BETTER HALF IS SUCH A "LOUD LAY" THAT WE NORMALLY WEAR EAR PLUGS ANYWAY. PERHAPS THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR WIFE. WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL THOSE NOSY NEIGHBORS THAT YOU SNORE?

GOLDEN SCREW RUNNERS-UP

ROBERT ALTEMUS,
Illustration on Leda and the Swan, Birdhouse Periscope.
ROBERT LAMBIASE,
Illustration on Collegiate Coat hangers, Toe Mirror.
FRANCOIS ROBERT,
Illustration on Bedpost Vibrator, Rubber Apparel, Golden Screw Title.
CARL WALTZER,
All Photography.
JIM WILSON,
Designs, Blueprints, Constructions.

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Art is long. Life is short. Sex is hot. And raunch is eternal. An exclusive first look at seven filthy love letters by America's greatest authors.

Lust Among the Adverbs

Fiction by Nick Tosches

Literary obscena, the secret smut of famous authors, is an area of literature seldom spoken of. Goethe is celebrated for *Faust*; but far less dull are the dirty letters, written at the time of *Faust*, in which he begged his wife, Christiane, to "Please send me your last pair of shoes, already worn out in dancing," so that the pensive poet might perform unclean deeds with them. Joyce's *Ulysses* is taught in schools, but not so those less pretentious letters, penned in 1909, in which he tells his wife, Nora, that "the two parts of your body which do dirty things are the loveliest to me. I prefer your arse, darling, to your bubbies because it does such a dirty thing. I love your cunt not so much because it is the part I block but because it does another dirty thing. . . . I wish I could hear your lips spluttering those heavenly exciting filthy words, see your mouth making dirty sounds and noises, feel your body wriggling under me, hear and smell the dirty fat girlish farts going pop pop pop out of your pretty bare girlish bum and *fuck fuck fuck fuck* my naughty little hot fuckbird's cunt for ever."

Unlike the dirty letters of James Joyce, which were published in 1975, in *Selected Letters of James Joyce*, the dirty letters of most other famous authors have not seen the light of day. Joseph Blotner, the editor of *Selected Letters of William Faulkner*, declared that some of Faulkner's correspondence, "of the sort to be found in the published letters of James Joyce," had been omitted, with the wish that "the reader will not begrudge the artist this shred of privacy." And so it goes, more or less, with the editors of other literary letters when confronted with the hot stuff.

Privacy is not as important as a good laugh; we herewith present a packet of dirty love letters which might have been written by some of America's most important authors, who shall remain anonymous. These letters are fake, of course; but, then again, so is the greater part of literature.

Illustration by Gary Overacre

June 7, 1961
Ketchum, Idaho

Maria,

Do you remember? Do you remember the time I came to your bed the night before the attack at Pozoblanco and I placed my hand upon your breast? My hand was rough and hard. Your breast was smooth and soft.

"I am afraid," you said.

"No. Do not be afraid, *mujer*."

"I am ashamed," you said.

"No. Do not be ashamed."

"I am ashamed and frightened," you said.

"No. Do not be ashamed and do not be frightened, *mujer*."

"We can not go on speaking like this," you said.

"Here," I said. I placed your hand which was smooth and soft upon the buttons of my fly. "*Que salga el toro,*" I said.

You took my *carabine* in your hand, which was smooth and soft.

"It is the color of burnt gold," you said.

"Watch it, *puta*. There is room for only one *escritor* in this bed."

"I am afraid," you said.

"Speak not. Speak not."

I lay upon you and within you. My body was rough and hard. Your body was smooth and soft.

"Your chin scratches my shoulder," you said as you felt the earth move beneath you.

"I have no tools to shave," I said as my *carabine* discharged.

You shuddered as the earth halted beneath you.

"Speak not. Speak not," I said. "Your eyes tell me that you are happy and that once you wanted to die but now you are happy that you did not die. You are so happy that you did not die. Truly happy. And you love me, *mujer*. And you will never do with any other *hom-*

bre what you have done with me. And I am Oak Park, Illinois's greatest living Spanish-speaking writer."

I was tired from speaking such a long paragraph, and I slept. You held my *cojones*, and you wept. A woman who has felt the earth move weeps much.

That was long ago, Maria. My Spanish is better now. But my *carabine* is old and rusted. I must know, Maria. Was I the only one? Have you felt the earth move with other men? Was my Spanish really that bad? On second thought, speak not.

Another long paragraph. I must rest. Yes. My *carabine* and I, we must rest.

Adios from Idaho,
Papa

May 12, 1968
New York, N.Y.

Dearest Joe,

I can no longer suffer in silence. My heart is burning with desire. The warm, sopping lips of my womanhood sing a blue song.

I can't stand it. Every night the same dream. You stand over me as I lie naked in my bed. You remove your shirt, then your pants. I stare at the huge, angry penis standing erect against your stomach. It's so red. All those veins. It looks like it would burst.

"Kiss it, baby." You push it toward my face and fill my mouth with your base, throbbing manhood. My lips tremble as my tongue goes mad.

You lie on top of me. You mouth my breasts. Suddenly you stab that cruel pulsing thing between my legs. Pushing, pushing. I feel your fingers everywhere. On my breasts. In my rear. The repeated thrust of your penis is ripping me apart. O God, you're killing me, Joe! I bite my lips to keep from screaming and dig my Revlon Fabu-Nails into your manly back.

"Great, eh, baby? Fuck me. Fuck me!" I hear you mutter as a blinding pain tears through me. Suddenly you wrench your penis from me and mount my face. I feel your hot goo shoot onto my forehead and drip down my nose. My darling poodle, Josephine, hops onto the bed and licks your juices from my skin with her little pink tongue.

Then you lie next to me and say vile, nasty things as I masturbate. Faster and faster, my taut fingers strum between my legs. You hiss foul words about my nipples and my rear. You threaten to make me eat my panty hose. You call me a bitch and a floozie and a cheap one-night stand.

"I'll fuck you till the cows come home, you dirty little nympho." That is what I hear you say as I explode with orgasm.

You hold me in your arms and softly sing "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts." Sleep overtakes me, and I drift off smiling.

Make my dream come true. You must, Joe. Come to me, you hunk. We'll cohost an evening on your talk-show that neither of us will ever forget. I promise.

Long, deep kisses,
Jackie

November 9, 1952
Oxford, Miss.

Dear Miss Joan:

Last night I had the strangest dream. You and I were walking, walking down creekside in the mist, in the drenched myriad waking life of grasses, at that moment after the false dawn, that interval's second between it and the moment which birds and animals know: when the night at last succumbs to day; and we began to hurry, trot, not to get anywhere quicker, for we knew not where we were going, but because we must get there, somewhere, wherever it was, soon, without fear, calmly, in the growing visibility, the subtle gradation from gray through primrose to the morning's ultimate and indomitably bright gold.

Go ahead, whisper about how I can't get it up. The truth is that I've sired more offspring than you've had orgasms.

We came to a run-down one-room shack and entered it, not so much from curiosity, for now the merged and mingled breath of our being had been overtaken by a greater, darker, and more unvarying breath, a breath beyond things such as curiosity and fear and strength and the countless other lesser and greater things that cause men to do what they do, but rather in spite of curiosity. The shack was dark. Across a missing pane of its only window a sheet of rusted tin was nailed. There was a quilt-and-straw bed in the center of the shack. When I saw that bed, I knew, knew not so much from intellect or from experience but rather from that same preternatural reflex of knowing which causes the parched soil to know that rain is impending and the hog to know that the barbecue is near, what I must do.

"Lay down," I said to you. "Lay down; hit won't hurt you none. All you got to do is lay down."

"That's what that nigger said and that Jew lawyer from Memphis. 'Lay down; hit won't hurt you none.' I bled for days," you said.

"But this is differ'nt, you see. I ain't like them, I ain't. I'm William Faulkner, I am. I got me a *No*-bel Prize. These old boys over there, they taken me to dinner and give it to me, let me keep it they did."

"Sho. You tellin' me you got a prize for—" you looked at the bed in bemused disbelief.

"Don't you worry none what I got it for; just you lay down," I said.

"Hell fire," you said. "Why should I?"

"Because," I said. "Because you must flee from something of suffering, surrender the burden of lust and desire and pride, even that of functional independence, to become as an embryo for a time yet retaining still a little of the old incorrigible earthy corruption—the light sleeping at all hours, the boredom, the wakeful and fretful ringing of little bells between the hours of midnight and the dead, slowing dawn—yes; this for a while, then to be born again, to emerge renewed, to bear the world's weight for another while. And because my britches is about to burst with this hyar boner."

"Sho," you said.

I touched you then, got you all nekked and fiddled with you, saw your green eyes go cloudy like hothouse grapes and your mouth fall open in a kind of sullen wonder. You laid down there on that quilt-and-straw bed, and you closed your eyes, and I stared at you, stared at all that rife young female meat. I grasped your flanks and sank my laureate head into your loins.

There was a string there. The Old Colonel had told me of many things in my youth. He had prepared me for much, but not for this. *Hell fire*, I thought, *that Jew lawyer from Memphis never truly took her price tag off.* I gave it a yank with my teeth and out it came, attached to a piece of your inner workings. *Hell fire*, I thought, as the blood trickled down my chin, *I busted her, tore a piece of her gal-meat plumb out.* Then I realized what it was: some new variation upon the device of menstrual bandage. I spat it upon the ground and silently prayed that the Old Colonel bore me no witness from above.

"Do it to me, Mr. Bill," you said. "Do it to me. Like them hogs in Sutpen's front yard. Penetrate me, Mr. Bill. Penetrate me and make sounds like them hogs."

I stuck it to you then, planted my flesh within the sorghum fastness of your loins, began to jerk and whinny as your flanks rippled with the thick, lightninglike celerity of badgers or coons. But jerk and whinny as I might, my flesh would not unleash its seed. I cursed the nine tumblers of Jack Daniel's I had had for breakfast, and I withdrew my flesh from the clenching sorghum source of its frustration.

"Put it in your mouth," I said. "Hit won't hurt you none. All you got to do is draw on it a while."

"I never seen Sutpen's hogs do no such thing," you said.

"Sutpen's hogs never got no damn *No*-bel Prize, neither," I said.

You took it into your mouth, tasted your own gal-juice. I moved against your face and told you all about the last ding-dong of doom and the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening and the indomitability of man. As usual, that did the trick: my flesh expectorated its seed into your gullet. I thought of grandmother's funeral and the way the sun refused to come out from behind that one dark cloud. Then I reeled in my cock and headed for the door.

"Wait, Mr. Bill," you said. "What about me?" You spread the sorghum lips of your galhood in adjuration.

"Women, shit," I said. "I got me business to attend to, *No*-bel business." And I left you there, left you lying prone and vanquished in the early-morning embrace of the season of rain and death.

I am aware, Miss Joan, that there is 30 years of difference in our ages, that nothing like what happened in the dream, no matter how beautiful such a notion might seem, is likely to happen between us. But maybe you might could send me one of those things with the strings anyhow, just so maybe I could fiddle with it a while out back.

Indomitably,
Mr. Bill

May 7, 1873
Rome

Mother Dearest:

Your devoted son Henry has come to be possessed of a most delicate and disconcerting perplexity. It is this perplexity that compels me, once again, Mother, to seek to lay my head in your softly enclosing lap; to gain the counsel of your patient wisdom and the solace of your exquisite maternity.

There is a young lady, Mother, whom I have encountered here amid the grandeur and gloom of the Eternal City. I hasten to assure you, Mother, lest you succumb to the wages of an hasty interpretation of the foregoing disclosure, that this young lady is not a *native* of the place, but, rather, like myself, a civilized—or, so I thought—person abroad. Her name is Elena Lowe, and she is the daughter of the eminent Bostonian Francis Lowe.

I met her at Assisi, where I had journeyed to celebrate the eve of my thirtieth birthday—oh! how your little Henry has grown, Mother!—by absorbing myself in the frescoes of Giotto that adorn the Basilica Superiore of St. Francis. As I encountered her, she was regarding, with a most particular species of bemusement, a likeness of Gregory IX. She was extraordinarily white, and her every element and item was pretty: her eyes, her ears, her hair, her hands, her feet—to which her relaxed attitude as she leaned against an arch gave a great publicity—and the numerous ribbons and trinkets with which she was bedecked.

"Pardon me, Miss," I said, daring the impropriety of a casual introduction. "I suspect that we are compatriots. My name is Henry James. Risking both backache and gastric fever, I have ventured abroad to compose a novel."

She smiled as I tugged at the bell rope of my brain for a feeble tinkle of conversation. Her smile mesmerised me. It was beautiful, mysterious, melancholy, inscrutable. In no way, however, did it prepare me for what she was about to say.

"Don't you find this place to be filled with a great erotic electricity?" she asked insouciantly.

My heart struck a single mighty beat, and I fairly felt that the sacred walls of St. Francis would tumble down upon us. I stammered the most anxious of adieux and improvised an escape. Returning hurriedly to my rooms at the Hôtel de Rome, I bolted the door and repaired to my bed. I wept and trembled until, mercifully, sleep overtook me.

God, you're killing me, Joe! I bite my lips to keep from screaming and dig my Revlon Fabu-Nails into your manly back.

Imagine, dear Mother, my horror upon discovering in the morn that Miss Lowe was also occupying rooms at the Hôtel. She bade me to take breakfast with her, and, like the most unwitting fool in the most shabbily written penny dreadful, I complied. She apologised for frightening me the previous day, and she asked me to tell her something of my writing. Inexplicably, I soon became quite relaxed and began to converse with great ease. This relaxation and ease cast a balmy haze over my remembrance of the past day, and I found myself, at breakfast's *finale*, inviting her to ride with me that afternoon in the campagna, to traverse the flower-carpeted slopes and hills of the Tiber, to watch the play of sapphire and umber as the sirocco whispered through the Sabine mountains.

"I know a better way to spend our afternoon," Miss Lowe suggested. She smiled her beautiful, mysterious, melancholy, inscrutable smile, and maneuvered her tongue to extend in subtle dalliance between her lips.

"Better than watching the play of sapphire and—?" I began.

"Much better, Mr. James," she spoke in a tone that fairly pierced the starch and patent leather of my being, a tone that fairly stirred within me a new and splendid chord.

Moments later, I found myself in Miss Lowe's bedchamber. She explained to me—or, rather, I now suspect, feigned to explain—that when a young man and a young lady of breeding are alone in the quarters of the latter, certain precautions must be taken so as to insure that there will be no violations of decorum.

"Quite," I said, hesitantly, as she began to bind my wrists and ankles to the teak curvatures of an armchair. She excused herself. Several minutes later, she returned—*wearing naught!* I shut my eyes and struggled to suppress my tears.

Then—and here you must excuse me, Mother, for I must lapse into a plain and direct prose—she unbuttoned my trousers and withdrew my urinary organ. Her mouth commenced to perform a deed which was at great variance with the pacific pastoral pleasures of the campagna which she claimed we might this afternoon surpass.

"Haven't you ever been with a woman before?" Miss Lowe inquired, in an almost cruel manner.

"Not in any *vulgar* way," I stammered, tasting the salt of my tears.

"Do you prefer making love to men, then?" she asked, in a more than almost cruel manner.

"Oh, no! I should imagine that to be even more dreadful!"

As the ferocity of her ministrations increased, my urinary organ seemed to ossify—perhaps Brother William, with his medical training, might shed some light upon this for us—and I grew decidedly faint. Of a sudden, she raised her rump upon my lap and let fall her weight, so that my urinary organ was swallowed by that dark and purpling item that resided at her groin. Mercifully, I lost all consciousness of any further proceedings.

Upon awakening, I found that I had been untied. Miss Lowe, in a flowery robe, reclined on her bed, regarding me with cold eyes. I buttoned myself and fled. Within a matter of hours, I had relocated at a smaller hostelry farther from the centre of the Corso.

These past weeks, I have been abed, fretting, in a condition of great anxiety. I dare not walk the streets of Rome, for fear of encountering Miss Lowe. This most unspeakably horrible situation must be remedied. I await your advice, Mother. Please don't speak a word of this to Father. He would simply defecate.

Junior

September 18, 1971
New York, N.Y.

Listen, Bitch:

I know that the purpose of your little game is to bust my Balls. It won't work. Go ahead, run around town whispering and giggling with your gangrenous slit of

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HOWL!

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board would consider taking them, or by becoming anorectic, or by breaking their kneecaps or shooting off their toes. And still others (like Don Stern) went to psychiatrists to get statements saying that they were crazy or morally suspect because they refused to fight in a war they perceived as insane.

Henry Pierce was delayed, but he was able to make the transition from the trauma the war caused to a successful, satisfying career. Many of the very best and brightest young men I have known—the ones who opposed the war, not because it damaged their career opportunities, but because they believed it was wrong—either have not made or would not make that transition. They are, sadly, still fighting and protesting the war and still looking for some peace of mind. Michael Herr's *Dispatches* is the best account of these kinds of middle-class men I have ever read. *The Deer Hunter*, a film about the working-class men who actually fought the war, is equally brilliant and even more depressing. It recently won five Academy Awards—one for best picture—although before it was released most people in the industry said that no one wanted to see a movie about Vietnam because that was all behind us.

It isn't. Five years before women's liberation came along and said—loudly and clearly—that men had made the world unbearable through their dominance, sexuality, egos, and very natures, men were running scared from their own society—a society that would blithely destroy them in a way no one could justify or explain. Now, seven years after the Americans left Vietnam, the war (even more than feminism) remains the shaping experience of my generation. What did it mean? It meant that the country our fathers had created was genocidal. It meant that we had an obligation not to be like them, but whom we should be like remained a mystery. It meant, perhaps most of all, that you could never quite look at your father or your country in the same way again—and that hurt. The great rebellion of the 1960s was turned outward, toward "the Establishment." Since then it has been fought largely inside, where (with luck) only one person will get wounded.

Charles Wilson attributes his sanity to having never lived more than a block from a park. He grew up near Fairmont Park in West Philadelphia, and as a youngster he would go there to walk or swim with his girl friend or just to be alone and think.

"My greatest thoughts have come to me in parks," he says. "You're not closed in there." He was recently sitting in a park when he decided to quit his job as a financial analyst. When we talked, he had just submitted his resignation and would be starting his own business in a few weeks. "I hate my job," he says. "I work for a great bank, but there's just not that much creativity there. I'm an entrepreneur, an inventor, a promoter. I'm ready to leave the plantation, so to speak."

Wilson is a 33-year-old black with the torso of a marine and a face that looks considerably older than its years. This afternoon Wilson is sitting in his apartment and holding hands with himself and talking in nervous spurts. He twists his hands together almost violently and looks me right in the eye. He has just chuckled and said that he sees himself as a spear carrier in the eternal male-female war. "There's never been a time when men and women haven't been at each other's throats," he says. "There's never been peace in the household."

I ask if he considers himself a sexist.

"Oh, yeah," he says. "My wife, Erlene, has taken to calling me 'Dr. Chauvez' because I'm so chauvinistic. She's a feminist to the *n*th degree. But she knows it's not true."

"Do you take feminism seriously?"

"No. I don't even think women take it seriously. It's just a fad, like everything else. Once they get what they think they want, they won't be satisfied. But it's a good fad. I believe in equal pay for equal work and equal job opportunities. I'm not a sexist where there's blatant job discrimination, but I am when it comes to individual male-female relationships. I tend to be the dominating force in those relationships, and I initially look at everything from the male point of view."

"Which is?"

"Males concentrate on defense and providing, and women tend toward servicing."

"Do you see this changing at all?"

"No, it's too ingrained. I also think that physical differences account for a lot of intangible differences between men and women. If you're responsible for defending your household, then naturally you tend to take a larger share of the decision making upon yourself. This one issue dictates a large part of male-female relationships. Because of my obligations to a woman, I'm serving her and she has the power."

"Do you like things the way they are?"

"I have no reason to change them. If I were a woman and looking for a job and a man got it, then I might."

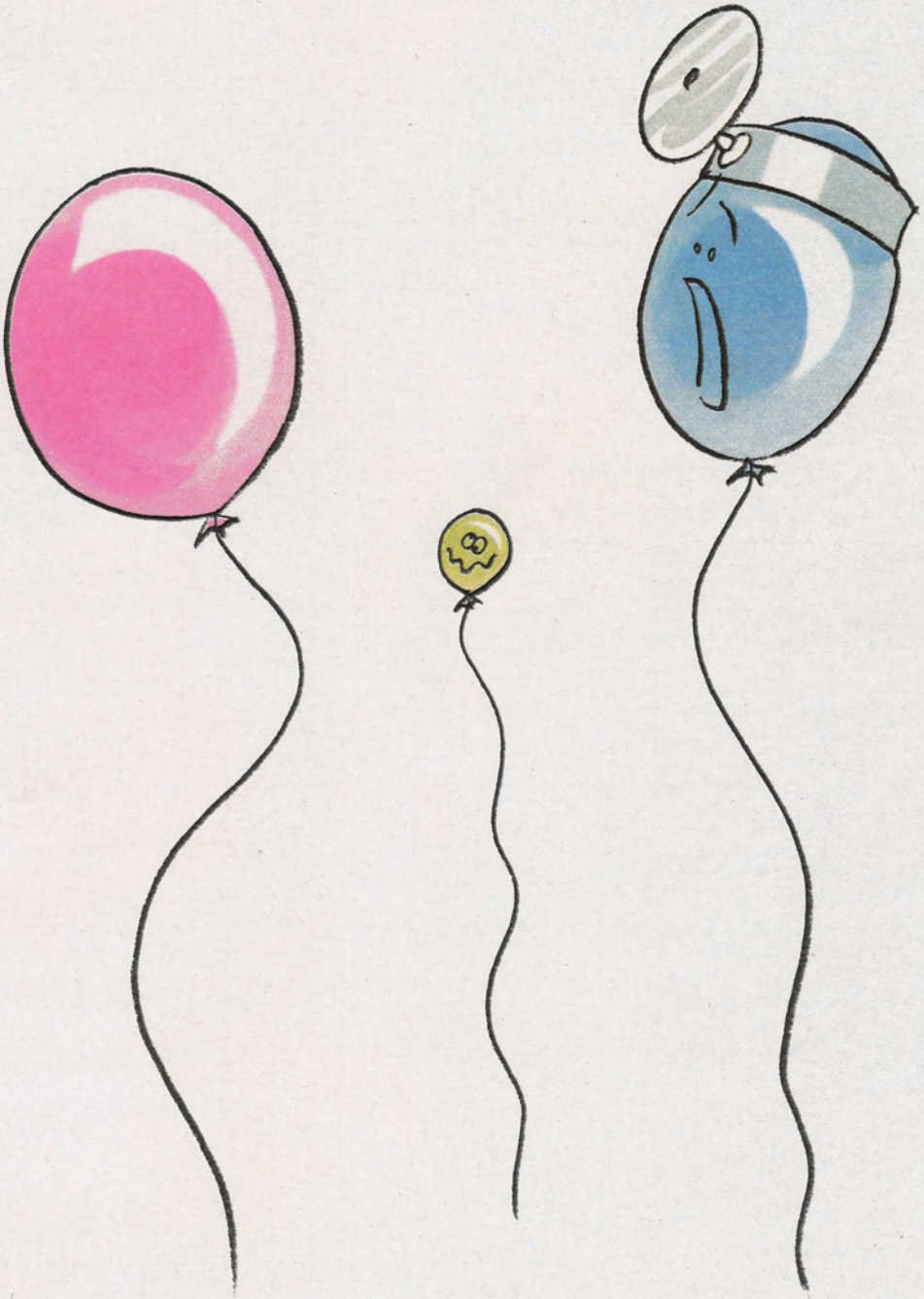
"But what about on a personal level?"

"On that level I need a service that women have, and I'm willing to barter within any acceptable means to gain that service, which is basically sex. I can cook and clean for myself. What reason is there for a male-female relationship other than sex and having children? Certainly you'd have a much better defense and feel more secure with another man. You wouldn't feel as vulnerable emotionally. You can cloud all this over now because men and women can do many of the same things. But it all comes down to one issue, and that issue is sex."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"At least we know he hasn't been taking any mind-expanding drugs."

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Wilson goes on to say that if God could have created just Adam and the human race without Eve, He would have done just that. He chuckles at the thought but then says, "I wouldn't want to be around if they took away all the females. Take me with the females. I'll be a house-husband. I'll be a slave."

Wilson wants to have a family because "children are the only thing that makes you immortal." He is interested in nation building and would ideally like two or three hundred kids (he claims), but says that right now he can afford "about half a kid." He adds that Erlene does and doesn't want to have children: "You know women."

When I ask whether he finds feminism threatening, he seems amused, but he pauses before answering and twists his hands together again. "How can it threaten me?" he says. "If women started taking all the jobs and I couldn't work, I'd be threatened. If they started withholding sex until things changed, I admit I'd be terribly threatened, to the point of moving. But other than that, I just wouldn't allow it to happen."

As I am leaving, he says that if Erlene had been there, I wouldn't have gotten away without hearing an argument and I might not have gotten away at all. "She and her friends come through here, and they're all feminists, *verbal* feminists," Wilson says at the door. "They rake me over the coals for my ideas. But in the end"—and he chuckles again, and his eyes dance, and he winks at me—"if you catch them alone on a quiet night, they'll always whistle a new tune."

Doug Bell was raised on a 600-acre farm in northern Iowa. After high school he tried junior college, but he soon dropped out and went to Santa Barbara. He liked the climate in California, the more relaxed life-style, and especially the women. He had fun there, but he couldn't figure out how to make a good living. Farming was what he knew and liked, but he didn't have the hundreds of thousands of dollars it now takes to buy a decent-sized farm and all the necessary machinery. After a year in Santa Barbara, he went back to Iowa and moved into his parents' home. He began farming with his father and has stayed in Iowa ever since. "I'm not a jock farmer like my dad," says Bell, who is 29. "I don't get off on livestock. I'm a lot more laid back about all of it than he is. But I didn't go through the Depression." Nonetheless, Doug explains, "I came back home for money reasons. If I'd left the farm for good, I'd be leaving a tiny fortune."

Bell now lives alone in the big, white frame house he grew up in. (His parents recently moved next door. "It's a drawback, living right by them," he says. "I feel it limits my freedom.") Bell is clean-cut, blond-headed, and muscular, like an athlete rather than a burly farmer. He laughs a lot at his own remarks and then usually sighs and says, "Crazy."

"And now, in honor of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre . . ."

"Spring, summer, and fall are okay here," he said, "but I hate winter with a passion. It gets pretty lonely here in north-central Iowa. I take off a few months every other winter just to get away. I'm an intense traveler." He has been in 60 countries, on every continent except Antarctica, and around the world once. "That always gives me something to think about on those long hours when I'm riding the tractor." He chuckles. "There are one hundred ninety-two countries in the world; so I've got a lot of traveling left to do. Crazy."

The more Bell talked the more he focused on one thing: women, or the lack of them in his part of the country. (He says that there aren't many feminists in the area, so he's never paid much attention to them.) When Bell talks about women he does so either softly—almost in a whisper—or with loud excitement. "My age is a problem here," he said. "The gals that get out of high school either go to junior college or get married right away or move away. It's a very young society here that's left; so it's hard for me to find a woman my own age. I do go out some, but usually with younger women. You have to play games with them. Sometimes I go six months without a woman, and then I'll see two or three in one week. My luck is either fantastic or not good at all."

I asked him what he did with all his spare time.

"I get pretty lonely," he said and laughed. "If I'm not dating someone, I don't go to parties or go out much at all. If I go to parties alone, I feel out of place. So I don't go and make myself lonelier. It's crazy, but it's what I do."

Bell said that he definitely wants to get married and have children but that he is still a little afraid of it: "I've watched too many of my friends get married and get into the ho-hum life-style. They lose their identity and never get it back. It's scary. They waste their lives away. I don't want to do that, because I've made enough mistakes—being with a woman and then deciding I didn't love her. Too many people get married from fear, and that would be real easy for me to do. The insecurities start mounting up and . . ."

He paused and looked out at the darkness. "The more I think about this stuff the more I get bottled up. How do I put this? If I were to go out and find myself a wife, it would be a mistake. The minute you start looking for something desperately, you're in trouble. The best thing for me to do is cruise, and when it happens, it happens."

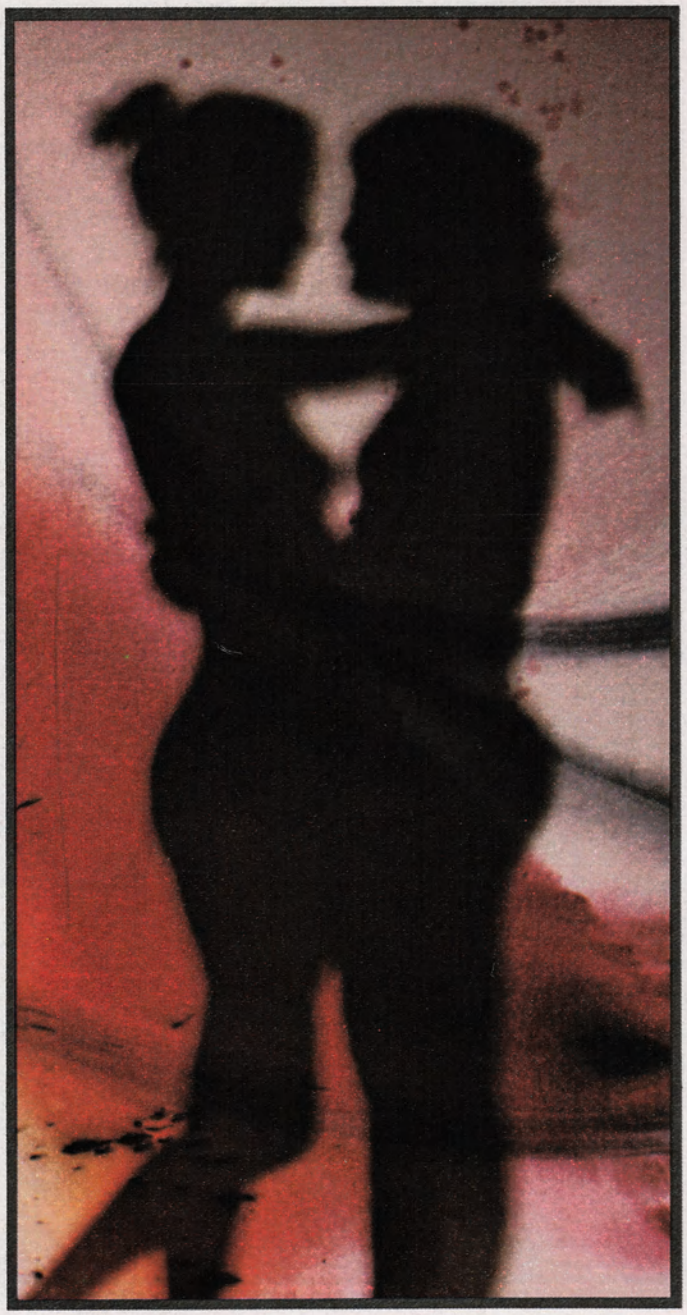
He admits that it is better to be a man in his position than a woman, because "a single man can go around the countryside and have his fun. He's never considered a bastard. He's always considered a stud. For a woman, it's just the opposite: the old double standard. She's looked down on for going out, or she's called an old maid if she doesn't get married. It's a lot easier for me to communicate with an eighteen-year-old girl than

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

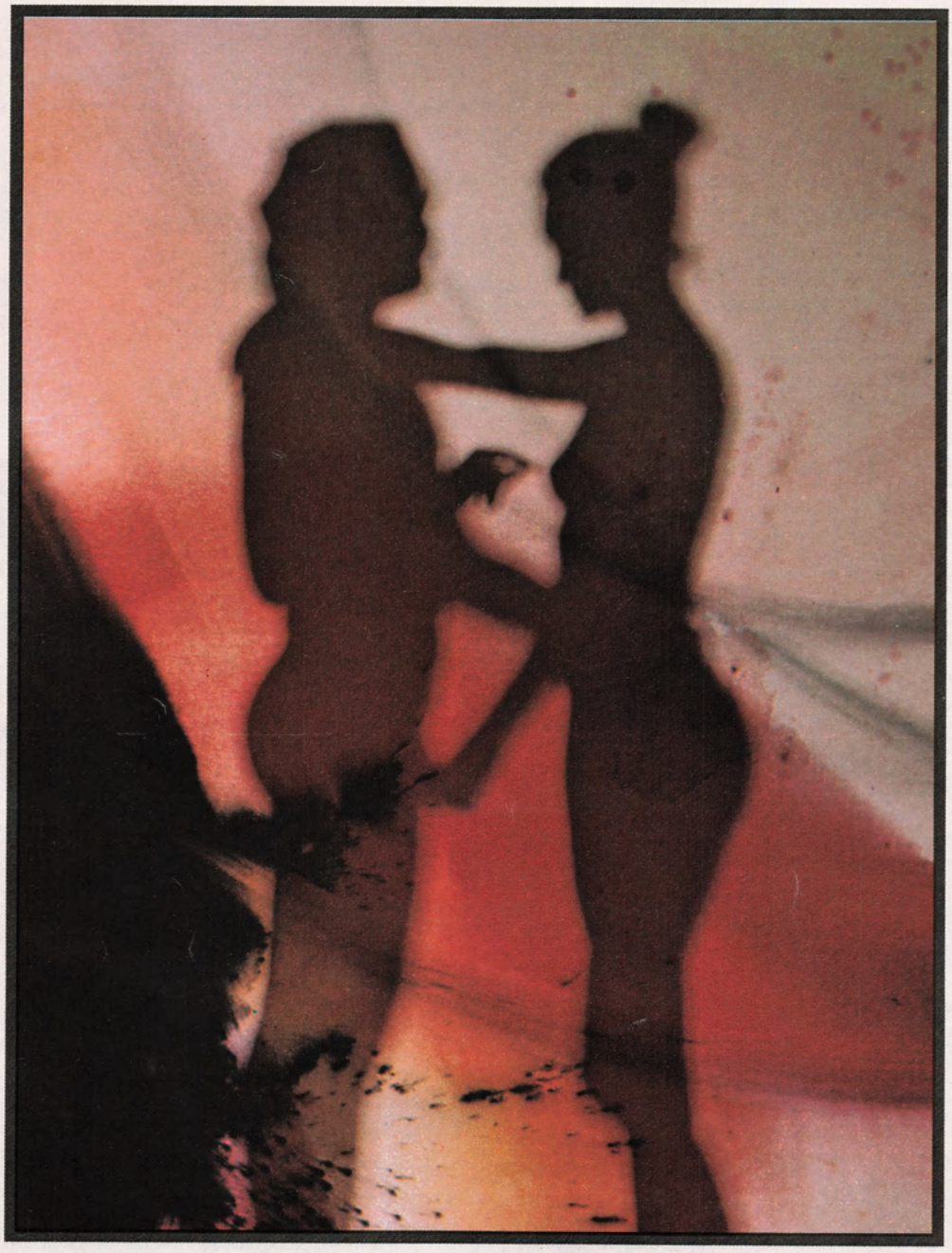
SHADOW PLAY

Their features softly obscured by
the glowing light,
the lovers seem unreal except
to each other.
Silhouettes among the shades
can be suggestive,
yet never yield an answer.
Observed in
silence, the shadowy figures
call up a haunting
question: is it an impromptu
love scene or
merely a staged tableau?

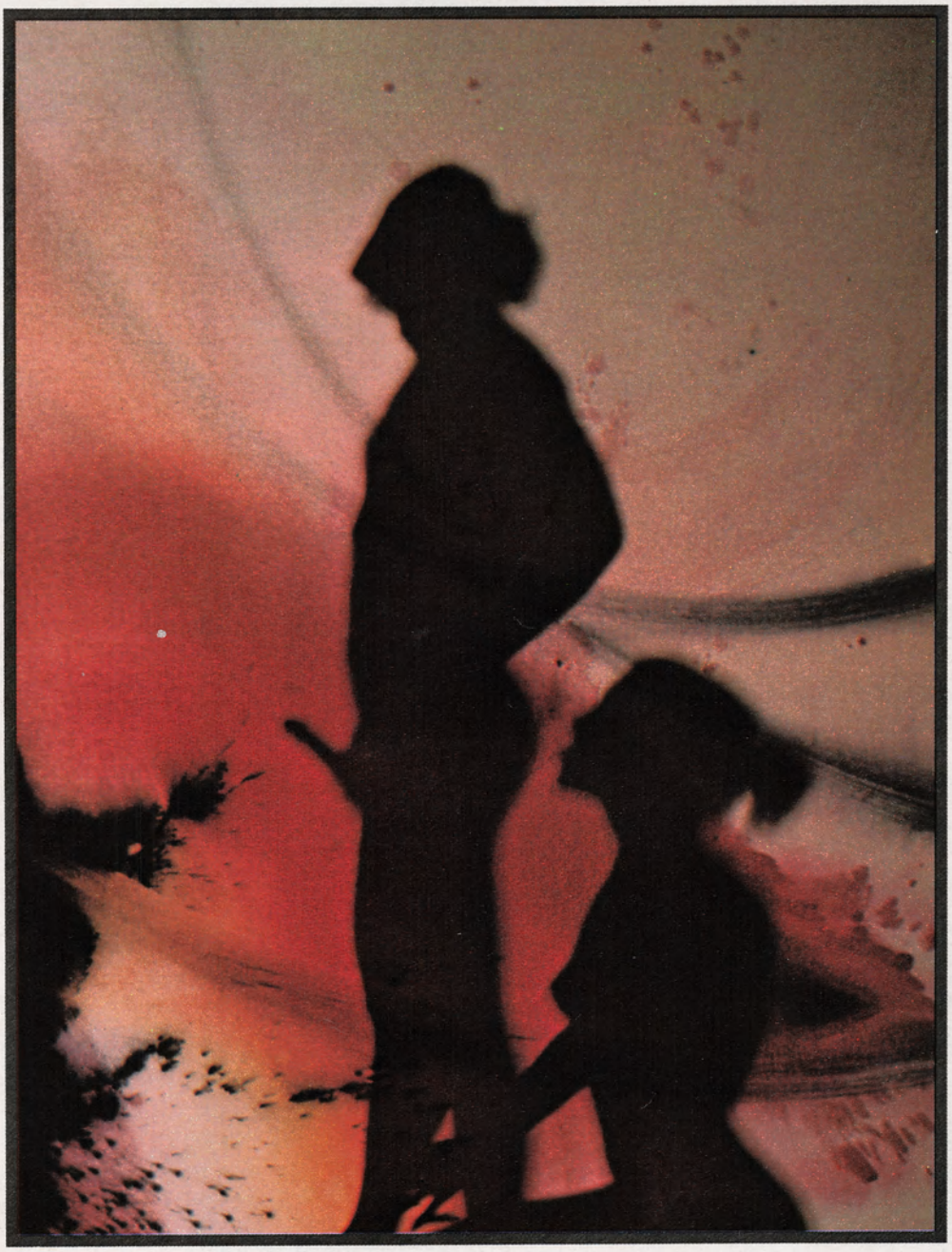
PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER



With delicate precision, shadows intersect,
while flesh hovers close
against flesh, line of tongue against circle
globe of breast. Parted lips betray
the breathless wonder, receiving the act of
homage. Standing, eye
to eye, a shadowy union is formed...

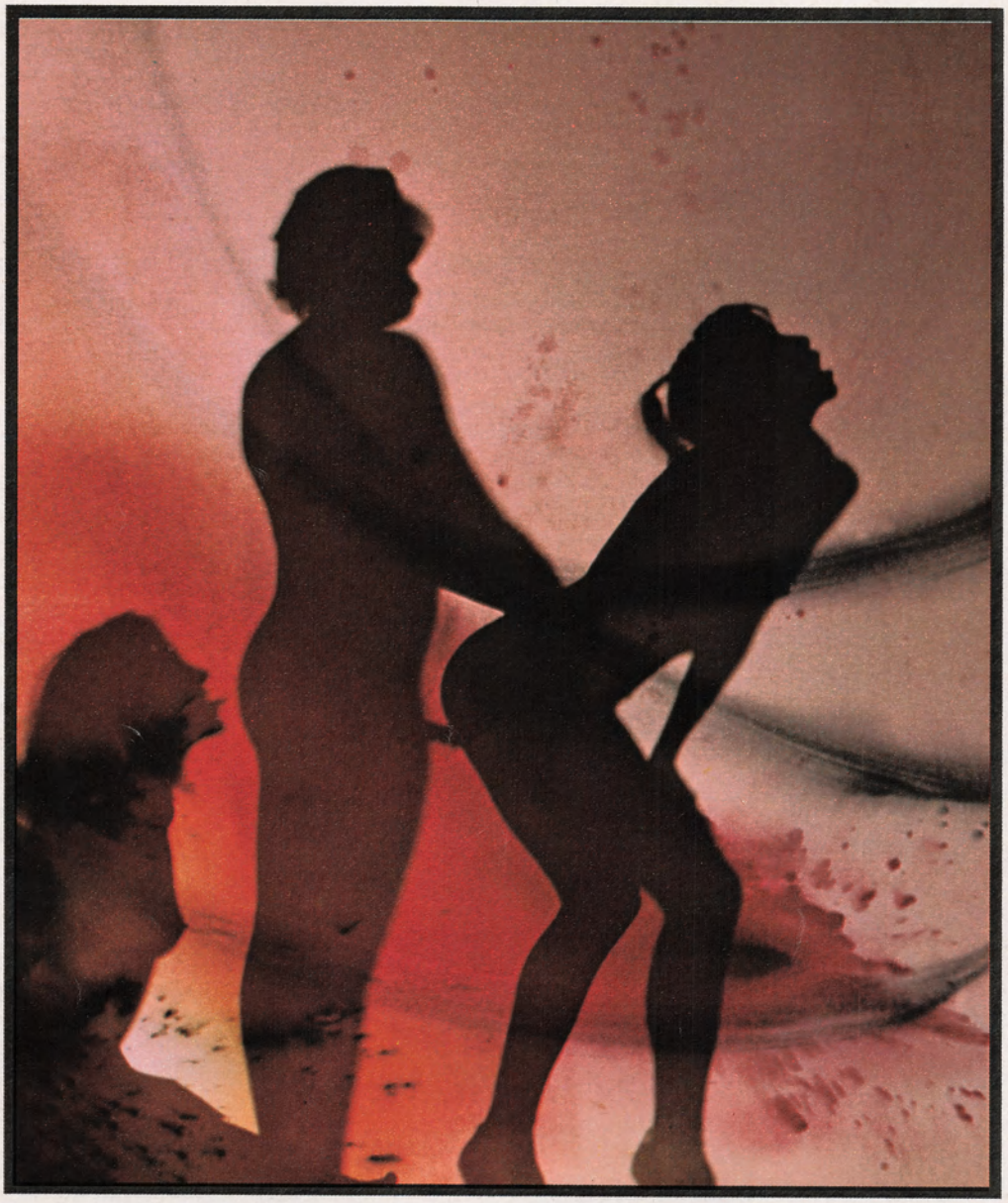


Tenderly exploring, woman holds
man in her hand;
breast tips respond to brush
tips as his sex exults
and swells with each fluttering touch.



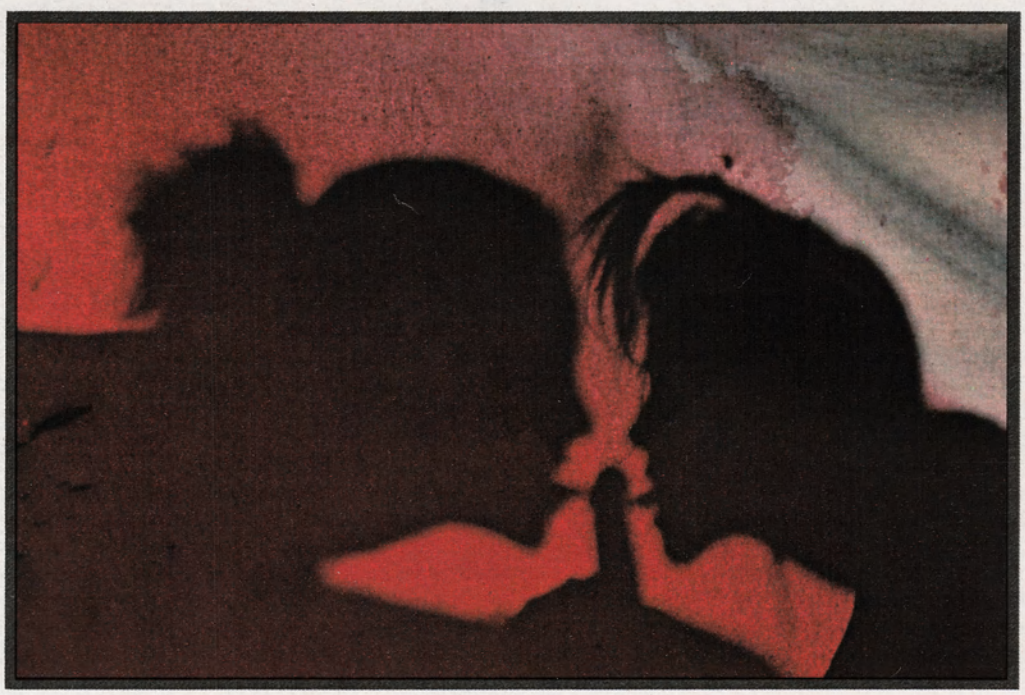
Echoing the symmetry of fair sex and
strong, the serpent tongue
mimes the projectile of manhood;
she kneels behind
him, abandoning pride for passion...

Her reward is a woman's touch, a ritual
dance of feminine ardor;
gentle advances awaken long-slumbering
yearnings, soothed
at last by his intervention...



The fervor of lust, transmitted from player
to player, induces a
threefold harmony. Swirling backdrops,
melting shadows,
as art and life become one.

Nymphlike bodies move in unison
toward the root
of love, the transcendent core
of all feeling. Like
arching bridges, they
approach the obelisk together.



HOWL!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

for a woman my age to be with a younger man."

As the night wore on, he began talking about the kind of woman he wanted to marry. "My wife has to be feminine," he said, "because I like that. But she also has to be able to cope with the farm and the livestock and fieldwork if I need her help. I guess my biggest problem is my pickiness. So far I've been able to grasp most of my goals, except marriage. I'm still looking. I'm just sitting here, waiting for lightning to strike." He laughed once more. "I probably won't be ready for it when it happens, but I sure hope the right woman comes along pretty soon."

Stewart Dean's wife moved out last year and took the two children with her. She is now living several miles away in upstate New York, and Stewart is in the country alone. They had been married for over four years.

When Stewart was one year old and living in Louisville, Ky., his mother became paralyzed with polio and he spent nearly ten years as a child and adolescent taking care of her. He says that as a result of her illness he became blocked emotionally: "I couldn't afford to feel very much as a child." He contends that he is still, at 32, an unemotional person. I don't believe him. When trying to get something out, he drapes one leg over each arm of the big chair he's sitting in and clenches his fists and pounds his palm. "Things *can* be positive!" he will say. "You *can* learn from others! It *can* be done!" He spent three years in an ashram in Big Indian, N.Y. (and met his wife there). This evening he frequently stares into the flames in his fireplace and begins a divagation on Buddhism or mysticism or the spiritual poverty of the West.

Dean's father, an eye surgeon in Louisville, offered to pay his son's way through medical school. Stewart refused because he saw medical school as a "mind-breaking" extension of college. After graduating from Amherst, he went to the ashram and picked up the skills of carpentry, electrical wiring, and plumbing. In 1976 he opened his own one-man business, run from his home. He designs and installs saunas, spas, Jacuzzis, bathrooms, luxury bathrooms, and solar hot-water systems. Dean is built like a carpenter—broad-shouldered and solid, with a strong face and thick, callused hands, which are permanently dirty. "Considering how much work I've done to build up a business, I might as well have been in medical school," he says, looking at his hands. "But I like my work here, I think. I get a kick out of it, but the business has got to get better."

When we start talking about feminism and being male today, he says that our generation has been trying to redefine reality from scratch and that we could likely end up with something worse than we had before. "We don't have that sense of what we know or what we need anymore. We have to prove everything. It's much easier to walk in your father's footsteps." He says that women now make an "existential crisis of everything, whether it's getting a job or paddling a boat. They haven't yet learned that the miracle goes out of all this after a while and that you just have to go out and *do*, without a campaign, and without anything but yourself and your own limitations." He says that feminism is a justified response to the way women have been treated but then adds that applying this political principle to a personal relationship can be disastrous. "It's often the men who are most responsive to feminism that take it in the teeth. They're trying so hard to do the 'right thing,' and you can get trampled on doing that. Also, there's a part of men that wants to be used, or to suffer, or that walks into bear traps when it should know better or that wants to fail. This is seen as a traditionally feminine thing, but it isn't. If you can't read between the lines in a relationship, then all the rhetoric is just so much garbage."

> In the end, even if they're feminists, if you catch a woman alone on a quiet night, they'll always whistle a new tune.

I ask if he thinks the way women are changing now tampers with anything fundamental in the male psyche. "Do you mean does it make me impotent?" he says. "Yes, it could. If I took it seriously.

"My wife got upset with me because she didn't think I was positively supporting her enough in her work. I tried to be supportive, although I really don't have a lot of enthusiasm for what she does. I think this was one of the problems, but I don't really know. Sometimes it's a little like a cat trying to understand a dog. That's part of the spice of life, isn't it?"

He starts in again on the problems of men and women, but I interrupt him by saying that he seems very angry. He looks surprised at first, raising his eyebrows, and then says, "You're right, and I regret it. I fight against myself all the time, and it's foolish. More than anything else, I'm just too goddamn arrogant and pushy and inquisitive to understand things, to *know*." He shrugs and smiles at himself. "I can't be any other way. I want the perfect thing, and it's impossible to get it. It seems that so much should be possible, but it isn't. I have this compulsion to go for it, and that's wrong."

"What's the perfect thing?"

"To have respect and love for yourself in a simple and deep way. If you can do that, you can extend it to others." He pauses and looks back toward the fire. "My father is of the old school. He believes that if you try harder and are gentlemanly, things will work out. But I don't think that's it at all. I think it's either magic—and two people have love and respect for each other—or it just falls apart."

My final question to all the men I spoke with was: What people do you admire? No one could answer this quickly, and most of them couldn't answer it at all; they were either baffled into silence or seemed embarrassed by such a question. Just before leaving, I asked Stewart Dean if he had any heroes. He stared at the floor and was quiet for a few minutes. He finally looked up and said, "The silence is deafening, isn't it?"

Men have no good choice but to adapt to the way women are changing, although a part of us resists just that. We resist it because we want to preserve that portion of ourselves that *is* different from women and because our own identity is no longer that firm. We *are* the more confused sex now because we are on the defensive. In Hemingway's or Faulkner's day, you proved your manhood by going to war or by fighting a bull or hunting a bear. War is still a glorious adventure (if you don't believe me, read *Dispatches*) but a luxury we can no longer afford. Today the bear is hunting us—in the form of work and women and our own deep and pervasive insecurities about ourselves—and we have lost our balance in running from it.

It is foolish to make predictions, but I know what I would like to see happen in the 1980s and beyond: men finding a new sense of balance and becoming more outspoken about their ideas and feelings, more at ease with their sexuality, and, finally, more irreverent and able to laugh at themselves. I'm not talking about a neurotic, Woody Allen–nervous chuckle here (I heard plenty of those interviewing these men), but a good, proud, cleansing belly laugh: the laugh of pure, old-fashioned male vitality.

It has been said many times that the Beat Generation began with Allen Ginsberg's poem *Howl*, written in 1955. The poem opens with this line: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness"; it ends with a paean of joy for the "intelligent kindness of the soul." It is an idealistic poem about screaming and laughing, with all the compressed lust and energy that hates what the world has become and still wants to make it better. I'd like to see us stand up and howl again.

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SIX BY SIX

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY LE BAUBE

GENE PRESSMAN

"My futuristic styling utilizes functional fabrics and detailing for a tapered look for the body-conscious man. Sportswear should be fun-wear—there is no right or wrong way to dress. Part of this feeling of fun comes from my use of metallic colors rather than brights."

His cotton-poplin bomber blouson jacket with snap-front closure ($90) is worn with zip-front cotton iridescent round-collar shirt ($95) and pleated cotton classic pants ($70), all Barney's All-American Sportswear by Gene Pressman; shoes by San Remo. Her terry sweater and white tights by Betsey Johnson. Boots by I. Miller.

Six American sportswear designers deliver rooftop views of fashion for the 1980s: sleek, streamlined, and close to the body.

Makeup by Heidi; hair styled by Wayne Herndon/Masterworks; ladies' fashions styled by Nile Samples.

JHANE BARNES

"My collection represents a departure from contemporary design. I make sportswear with the nonessential details, such as buttons and collars, removed. I use zippers for a closer fit as opposed to the looser fashions which made my customers uncomfortable with their bodies."

The collarless "space mode" zip-front silk, cotton, and wool-blend jacket ($350) is worn with plum-colored silk shirt ($130), pleated British tan cotton pants ($90), and wool tie ($25), all by Jhane Barnes, Inc. Her red vinyl miniskirt and white tank top by Betsey Johnson. Shoes by Charles Jourdan.

ALEXANDER JULIAN

"The key to my collection is eclectic selectivity, the ability to put together different and unusual articles of clothing. As there is a new interest in quality fashion, men are buying more expensive and unique articles of clothing which allow them to express their individuality."

The soft, plaid-patterned, peak-lapelled jacket in a silk, cotton, and wool blend ($295) is teamed up with black-pleated-cotton corduroy self-belted pants ($75), a dark-ground-plaid cotton shirt ($50), and a plum-striped silk tie ($22.50), all by Alexander Julian. Shoes are by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia. Her jacket is by Kansai.

RON CHERESKIN

"I design uncomplicated sportswear; so it's easy to put together an ensemble in the right colors and fabrics. You can add a different top and change the total look. My sportswear has an American fit and is geared to the young executive who has a distinctive taste in clothing."

The lightweight, natural-tone spun-rayon ribbed sports coat ($130) and beige spun-rayon wrinkled-pleated pants ($70) are worn with a bright turquoise-colored all-cotton knit sweater ($70), all by Ron Chereskin, Ltd. His two-tone shoes are by San Remo. Her blue stretch jumpsuit is by Fiorucci.

HENRY GRETHEL "My collection emphasizes investment purchases. A man should build a wardrobe of sweaters, trousers, shirts, and ties which will look fashionable year after year. This season I like 'sunburnt colors'—colors with warmth and character which enhance the man who wears them."

The bright-heather-gold-acrylic, linen-and-cotton-blend sweater ($40) is worn with cotton twill pants ($46), a plaid cotton shirt ($28), and a silk tie ($22.50), all Equipment by Henry Grethel. His shoes are Jean Pier Clemente for Italia; the Accutron quartz watch is by Bulova. Her terry sundress is by Betsey Johnson.

JOHN KARL "My clothes reflect the individual tastes of younger men who like upbeat, fun-filled, right-now fashions. They look for unusual colors and fabrics, for clothes which allow the body to move, clothes which can go out disco-dancing. My clothes are not timeless—they are for right now!"

The rayon-polyester double-breasted gold jacket with shirred elasticized waist (about $60) is worn with a rayon crepe-de-chine shirt ($45) and plum-colored rayon-polyester pleated pants (about $50), all by John Karl, Ltd. His shoes are Jean Pier Clemente for Italia. Her sweater-dress is by Betsey Johnson.

For information on where to find merchandise featured here, see page 168

EARL MILLER

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PV280

Oral sex is also talking dirty. Listen to the sexual-verbal adventures of three couples who believe there's more to the action than just touch-and-come.

LOVE TALK

BY THOMAS RENSON AND CHARLES JOHNSTON

Most people learn about verbal communication during lovemaking the hard way. Our intimate relationships grow and fall apart and follow one upon another. Nowhere along the line do we receive expert help in making the most of the words we use to cement and sever these relationships.

In expressing our feelings, wishes, anxieties, and moods, we tend to use language identical to that which we use in ordering groceries or slipcovers or in deploring our partner's trumping of our trick. We commonly fail to appreciate the devastating impact that words acquire during the thrall of sexual intercourse.

The manuals and memoirs of the Great Love Revolution of the early seventies were obsessively and unremittingly antiverbal. Touch was *in*. Talk was *out*. Talk, said the touchers, merely confused people and deprived them of their primeval animal heritage.

We agree with the touchers that the new physical sensuality came as a blessing to many. But we share serious reservations about the consequences of downgrading

Photographs by Marc Tauss

the importance of speech.

Clearly there is a crying need for making love-talk *well*. The following "love tapes" are uncensored transcripts that will show you what people actually say to each other during lovemaking. The three couples are all proficient in the art of making love-talk.

LOVE TAPE NO. 1

Bob, 26, is an extrovert, but he finds contentment in just reading or working alone on his hobbies. Tina, 25, is quieter, less talkative, projecting an image of fragile femininity. She occasionally expresses some dislike of her highly competitive feminist friends. She and Bob have been married for five years.

Both come from middle-class backgrounds and are college educated. Bob is an attorney; Tina has a B.A. and works as a teacher in a school for mentally handicapped children.

Bob is the more verbal in bed and uses love-talk copiously during foreplay and coitus. Tina feels that, while his talk is stimulating, she needs more verbal reassurance from him following coitus. She finds touching, body language, silence, physical fondling, and caressing more important than seductive conversation.

Time: 10:30 P.M.

Bob and Tina have been listening to the FM radio in the living room. Should they go into the bedroom and watch television? Bob has more than television on his mind. Tina does not. It's been a long day for her, and sex is the last thing she's interested in at this moment.

Bob turns off the radio, switches on a small night-light by the fireplace, and joins his wife in the bedroom. At his approach, she slips down under the heavy quilt comforter.

What follows is an exact transcript of their dialogue:

Tina: Honey! What are you doing?

Bob: (*Slides into bed next to her.*) Wouldn't you like to know? (*Begins kissing her; they both caress each other's legs and sides.*) Mmmm, are you yum-yum. I love yum-yum . . . (*Sounds of kissing, heavy breathing, and spanking are heard. Spanking is slow at first, then more rapid. Couple later agree that at this point he is spanking her buttocks while she is alternately caressing and pumping his penis. Sound of spanking grows louder and more rhythmic.*)

Tina: Be gentle—gentle. (*Spanking stops; he returns to stroking her thighs and genital area.*)

Bob: Mmmmm, do I love you, you hot pussy!

Tina: (*Moans.*) Mmmmm, I love you. I love you so much.

Bob: Let's take these down. (*Removes her underpants as she assists.*) Love you, pussy. (*More heavy breathing mixed with sporadic sighs and moans.*)

Tina: Oooh, what are you going to do to me?

Bob: I'm going to fuck you, baby.

Tina: You're going to fuck me?

Bob: I'm going to take this long, hot cock and slide it up your hot, juicy, hungry cunt.

Tina: Ooooh, do it.

Bob: Here it comes, baby. Right on up your pussy cunt. (*Begins penetration.*)

Tina: (*Moans deeply, groans.*) Oh, oh, God, I love it. (*Sound of rhythmic movement.*)

Bob: Sure, you love it. You know why.

Tina: Oh, I love you.

Bob: And I love you, and you love it.

Tina: Mmmmmmm.

Bob: You love it, don't you?

Tina: Uuuuh, I sure do . . . Ah, fuck me, master, fuck me deep.

Bob: You are a hot piece of ass, sweetheart.

Tina: I'm all yours.

Bob: And what are you made for?

Tina: Fucking. Fucking and screwing.

Bob: Right. (*Sound again of rapid movement and bed springs.*)

Tina: Oh, make it last. I want it to last all night. Make it last, master.

Bob: It'll last. Uuuuh, you're going to get it all night all right. Stick it out . . . show the cocksucker sign. (*Sounds of kissing with sighs, moans. Much French kissing reported here.*)

Tina: God, you've got a cock! Let me see it. I want to see it.

Bob: (*Removes penis and reclines on side.*) There! You like that?

Tina: I sure do! And most of all inside me. Oh, slide it back inside me.

Bob: I sure will. Because you're going to be a fucking bitch. Take it right up your ass . . .

Tina: (*Moans, sounds of fast, rhythmic intercourse.*) God, I love it!

Bob: And you need it, too. You're made for fucking, you know that?

Tina: Oh, your cock feels so long.

Bob: And what's it made for?

Tina: For my cunt.

Bob: And what's cunt made for?

Tina: For fucking.

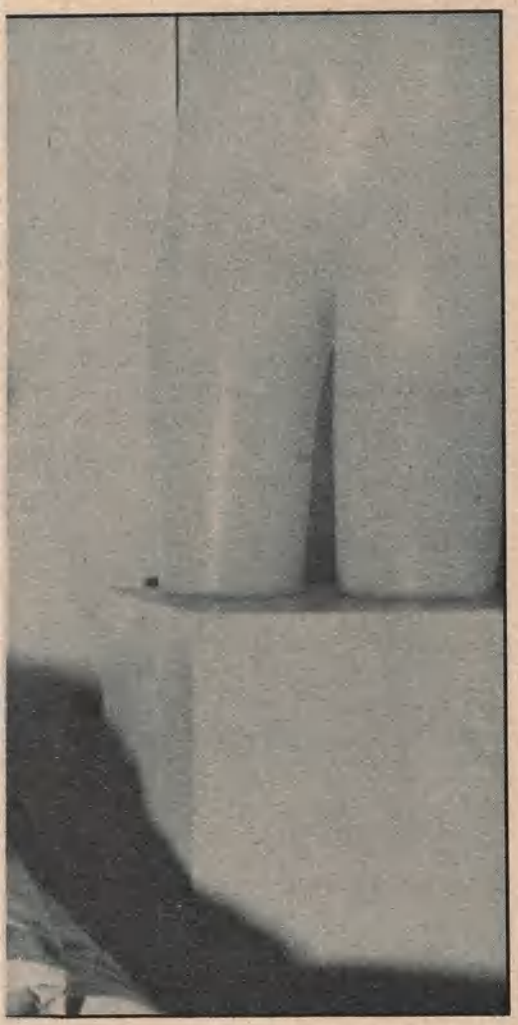
Bob: Cunt is made for fucking. (*Movement now is in time with the words, which are uttered with rhythmic beat; quick gasps are mixed with the words.*) Cunt-is-made-for-fuck-ing, cunt-is-made-for-fuck-ing! (*After 10–11 seconds, silence; deep, fast breathing is heard.*) Let's do something a little different. You want to make it last . . . so here's what we can do. You get on top.

Tina: Okay. (*Sound of new movement, bed creaking.*)

Bob: Okay, that's it. Slide right on, pussy. Come on . . . fuck yourself. Fuck yourself . . . (*Moans interspersed with muffled urgings.*) Fuck . . . grind . . . grind it! Oh, what a hot piece you are! You love it . . .

Tina: I sure do. I love your cock. (*Movement sounds with sporadic spanking.*)

Bob: And I love your cunt.
Tina: Ow, that hurts.
Bob: Oh, pussy—don't lean back so far. Come forward. (*Sound of more fast, rhythmic movement.*) How's that?
Tina: Uuuuh, that's great. Wow, have you got a cock!
Bob: Made for cunt. (*More fast movement with intermittent sounds of swatting and unintelligible murmurs.*)
Tina: I want to get under now, honey . . .
Bob: (*Very slowly.*) Okay . . . back where you belong, pussy. Your best spot.
Tina: I'll say. Man, can you fuck! (*Sound of*



single kiss, movement on bed.)
Bob: Still long enough for you?
Tina: Oh, it's just great, honey . . . (*Muffled words.*)
Bob: . . . but I think we're going to let you really have it now.
Tina: What are you going to do?
Bob: Lay you, baby.
Tina: Don't hurt me.
Bob: I won't. Just spread those legs wide. Here we go—here we go! (*Sound of rhythmic movement, increasing in tempo; moans and groans blended together.*) Fuck . . . fuck . . . fuck . . . up your sweet hot ass cunt . . .
Tina: Cock you hot cock master fucker fucker . . .
Bob: . . . gonna get it now, cunt. Wrap your legs around me tight. Up your ass, up your ass with hot-coming cock!
Tina: Oh, come. Oh, come! Come! Come! O God, come with your hot fucking coming cock. I love it! I love it! . . . Oh, come . . . oh, darling, darling, commmm . . .
Bob: Sweetheart. Sweetie sweetheart . . .
Tina: Wheeeeee, I love it, I love, I *love* it!

LOVE TAPE NO. 2

Dan, 29, is a short, affable, plainspoken man who has given up his job as a labor relations supervisor to spend more time with his wife. Liz, 24, is inward-focusing and serious. She works as a systems analyst.

Intercourse between Dan and Liz is generally preceded by an hour of yoga exercises in shorts and T-shirts. Talk is important to both, particularly the relating of fantasies to each other. Currently Liz is turned on by reliving her seduction by her boss. She plays the boss, taking off Dan's clothes, fondling him, kissing him in the precise progression of that office scene—with Dan playing Liz's role.

About 15 minutes are spent in verbal foreplay before initiation of intercourse. The talk is mostly by Dan.

Time: 11:15 P.M.
The children have gone to bed. Liz and Dan have just finished their before-bed yoga exercises. They lie side by side in the semidarkness of their suburban home, with only a kerosene lamp flickering next to them and the light from a neighbor's porch light illuminating their window shade.

Liz: Should I blow out the light?
Dan: Leave it on if you want.
Liz: Mmmmm. Strong smell.
Dan: Why don't you blow it out then? (*She does.*) We had quite a day today. (*Sighs.*) Got a lot of things cleared up in our discussion. (*Referring to group therapy discussion earlier that day.*)
Liz: What's all that?
Dan: You don't think we got anything cleared up? Do you feel there's something left hanging? That didn't come out?
Liz: No . . . I don't really think so. I just think we need privacy.
Dan: Kids are really a damper. (*Sighs then, perhaps prompted by conscience.*) Not all the time.
Liz: Wouldn't it be nice to start it all again? (*Teasing; yawns again.*)
Dan: You're nice and warm, you know.
Liz: I always am when I've been asleep.
Dan: Does my mustache bother you? I can shave it off, you know. (*Jestingly, as he kisses her breasts.*)
Liz: I really should apologize for being so sleepy.
Dan: (*Stroking her breasts, moving slowly down her body.*) Your skin is feeling better. It was getting dry. I think you weren't eating the right kind of things, or else you were eating a lot of good things that didn't agree. (*Continues stroking her stomach and now the insides of her thighs.*)
Liz: I'm so comfortable. Bella says every time she hears you talk, she wants to go over and fuck you. (*Alluding to his sexy, deep voice.*)
Dan: We ought to have her over more often. (*Chuckling, teasing.*)
Liz: No. (*Matter of factly.*) You want me to put the Vaseline on myself? Or do you want it?
Dan: Mmmm. How about oral sex?
Liz: No. My vagina's been bothering me since . . . I'm still sensitive there from before . . . the last time you went down on me. (*She searches for Vaseline, finds it, hands it to Dan.*)
Dan: I used to have this fantasy that I was being masturbated and not able to stop it . . . and having orgasm after orgasm.
Liz: Ohhh . . . Jesus! I hope *that's* not what you're going to do?
Dan: I hope not. (*Liz begins to masturbate him.*)
Liz: You're a big boy, you know that?
Dan: I know I *want* to be a big boy. (*She pumps his flaccid penis relentlessly, and a new erection arises.*)
Liz: Mmmmm . . . oh, oh, it's good!
Dan: Hold me harder. (*Liz does, then begins to suck his penis. After four minutes of this, she sits on top of his erect penis.*)
Liz: Can I squeeze with my ass?
Dan: Yeah, that would be very nice. Mmmmm. You look so sexy . . . because I need you.
Liz: (*Rotating on top of him, his penis secure in her vagina.*) You're my slave now!
Dan: Now you've captured me.
Liz: Mmmm. I know. But you won't be the first. Just try and milk it and give it all to me.
Dan: It would be awful to be your captive . . . you'd be sitting on me all the time.
Liz: My servants would run around and masturbate you. But with all my slaves, I'd line them up in a row and masturbate them.
Dan: Mmmmm. (*He slaps her buttocks hard, which stirs her to a high level of excitement. Her moans come more frequently as she rotates and bounces on his penis. Within 13 minutes of beginning their fantasy, Liz achieves a deep, groaning climax. Once this is over, she attends to Dan's needs. Six minutes later, amid much moaning from both, he ejaculates.*) That was marvelous! Thank you so much. Wow! I guess losing weight has its advantages.
Liz: (*Agreeing.*) Mmmm.

LOVE TAPE NO. 3

Diane, 33, mother of two, has surfaced from a tiresome marriage and a trivial, yearlong affair. Trim and petite, she has just begun to discover that sex can be exciting and rewarding—thanks to her new partner, Jack. In him she finds surcease from the laconic, anonymous sexual couplings that frequently plague a newly divorced woman.

Jack, 35, is a studiously casual man one would guess to be equally adept at selling soap or soft-soaping. He seems to know what and whom he wants—and doesn't want. Jack quit a banking career

to work as a high-school guidance counselor and English teacher.

The couple's one-a-day brand of sex is plainly and designedly experimental. After 14 months of seeing Jack, Diane has discovered that she can climax from penile penetration, cunnilingus, or digital stimulation from him during fellatio. Jack has let her know that he would enjoy anal sex, but after one painful attempt they have not tried it again.

Time: 9:30 P.M.
The living room of Jack's rented apartment. Both are a little tired. Diane has a cough. They are sitting close to a raised-hearth fireplace. She is in white slacks and a sweater. He is in blue dungarees and T-shirt. Both are shoeless. The session lasts an hour and a half.

Jack has just straightened out a sleeping blanket on the carpet in front of the fire. They stand on the blanket.

Jack: I never noticed before, but whenever you and I are together for a night off we start developing trash . . . empty coffee cups, cigarette stubs, cigarette wrappers. (*As he finishes his Coke and sets down the bottle, he moves back on the mat and places his right hand on her genitals. She quickly puts her bottle down.*)
Diane: Mmmmm.
Jack: Have you any idea how indescribably smooth and sweet the inner folds of your cunt are? (*He fingers her.*) When those lips open, fold open, *way* open, I . . . my tongue can caress the inside, the inner folds. It's so smooth and tastes so sweet. Sort of a dark and musky odor to it . . . that's lovely, very nice. Your odor changes completely when you're excited. Does my body change in odor when I'm excited, do you think?
Diane: (*Trying to recall, but diverted by Jack's exciting fingering of her clitoris. She whispers with fierce intensity.*) Ammm . . . O God, let's fuck. (*She is premature. Jack is not yet ready, despite her kisses.*) Well, it does, but it . . . it . . . no. It doesn't change. It seems to get stronger. I don't think it changes to a different . . . I've never . . . you know . . . I would not have noticed what you smelled like.
Jack: Spread your legs apart. Let me see how swollen it is. You just lie there for a minute, and when I come back, we're going to fuck that. (*He gets up, prepares some instant coffee, stirs in the sugar and milk, and moves back to the mat.*) Honey, are you set?
Diane: I'm sniffing. It smells good.
Jack: (*Still standing, with cups in hand.*) I like to watch you. (*He brings the coffee down for them, then pats her genitals and strokes her pubic hair. They each light up a cigarette and chat.*)
Diane: Do you sometimes feel as if making love . . . as if it were dancing? Sometimes I feel that way. It must look very graceful. (*Long pause.*) Honey?
Jack: Well, I *can* feel that way. I don't know. When I watch us fuck in front of the mirror, it's . . .
Diane: Ahhhhhh . . .
Jack: It's a . . . you know . . . it's a . . . it seems very fluid and flowing and so forth. Put your foot down. (*He strokes the folds of her labia.*) Such lovely, dark hairs, so thick. Your whole vagina just folds and closes right around my finger. It just sort of clasps, like my cock does it.
Diane: Ahhh . . .
Jack: Pull it all inside you. Oh! (*Moving close to her groin.*) That smells nice . . . I'm going to fuck you. I'm going to fuck

you. Going to fuck . . . going to put my cock against your body . . . against your warm body . . . Oh, I *need* to fuck you. (*He spits on his hand, then smears it over the head and inserts it into her vagina.*)
Diane: Mmmmm . . .
Jack: Ohhhh . . . I want to be big and harder and slippery . . . and threatening. I want to be even bigger, bigger, bigger. Open your cunt, open your body wider. Open wider. Inside wide, soft, and juicy . . . (*He pumps in and out slowly, groaning a bit.*) Hold your legs apart. I want them wide open. Lift them up. That's it . . . just rest your hips up . . . Come on . . . come on . . . fuck with me . . .
Diane: I want it . . .
Jack: Do it . . . that's it, do it! Go on, gulp me!
Diane: Ohhhhh! Ohhhhh! Ahhhh!
Jack: Make me naked . . . ohhh . . . way open . . . ohhh . . . I love to feel my nakedness . . . don't you? I love it! I love it!
Diane: (*As though she were ready to faint.*) Ohhhh . . . ohhhhh . . .
Jack: Take me . . . take me . . . come on, take all of me! Come on, take it!
Diane: (*Diane shouts her pleasure over and over as she has an orgasm.*)
Jack: (*Exactly five seconds later, Jack has an orgasm, accompanied by deep groans. As their breathing becomes less labored, they kiss each other softly. Jack is still lying on top of Diane.*) Just let me put my mouth on yours, and then you suck me. (*Diane licks and sucks his tongue and lips. He starts to excite her again.*) Oh . . . that's it. Just lie over my naked body. Oh, come . . . come again! (*She mounts him.*) Just ride me. Take my cock! Come on, just ride it! Fuck it up into your body. Clasp it! Take it. It's wet and big . . . come on . . . just ride it . . . fuck it up into your body . . . clasp it . . .
Diane: (*Almost hysterical with pleasure, uttering cries of both pain and intense delight, she has another orgasm.*)
Jack: Look right into my eyes . . . tell me with your eyes how that feels . . . Feel my cock . . . in and out of you . . . Tell me with your eyes how that feels. Tell me how big I am with your eyes. Tell me how much you love that. Beg for it with your eyes. Want me, suck me, take me. Look into my eyes . . . the dark and passion of the wild . . . You want me. Take me. You want my naked body. My warm, naked body. Take it, feel it, feel it!
Diane: (*Her cries and gasps are interspersed with his compelling talk as she soars to her final climax.*)
Jack: Your face goes all scarlet when you're having an orgasm. I can feel the tips of your breasts—look, all hard . . . (*He kisses her breasts. His breathing becomes heavier and more strained.*) Just lie there and put your legs down . . . and your arms up. Just let me fuck your body. Lie there and let me fuck you. Just let me . . . just let me thrust *this* into you! (*He begins to breathe fast, rhythmically, as he approaches his second ejaculation.*) Oh, just take my cock . . . oh . . . ohhh . . . ohhhhhh!
Diane: Ahhh . . . ahhh . . . oh yes, yes . . . ohhh . . . ohhhhh!
Jack: Oh, I love to fuck *you!*
Diane: Mmmmm.
Jack: I'm thirsty. Are you?
Diane: I'm hungry. Ohh . . . you're beautiful! Mmmmm. (*Kisses him.*) What are you going to get? (*As Jack leaves for the kitchen.*)
Jack: A glass of water. (*He returns to the living room, heats water for coffee. Both light cigarettes.*)
Diane: Ohhh . . . I just feel so incredibly good! "All my . . .
Jack: (*Completing the quote.*) " . . . showers of gold . . . "
Diane: Mmmm. Each . . . all . . . I can just feel my whole body all over. I feel so tender and warm. Do you have *Henry V*? Can you listen to it?
Jack: I have to (*i.e., for his class at school*).
Diane: (*Recalling his earlier amorous reference.*) "Threatening balls," eh?
Jack: Yeah, *big!*
Diane: *Threatening!* I never knew you wanted them *threatening* . . .
Jack: Yes, I want them (*making clenched fists*) *big!*
Diane: (*Laughing.*) Why?
Jack: I don't know. I just want them big, threatening balls!
Diane: I want to kiss your elbow.
Jack: Hmmm. (*Both sip their coffee, reflecting silently, until they go into his bed to sleep.*)

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU LOVABLE?

TEST YOUR DESIRABILITY QUOTIENT

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to tell if you're exciting or uninviting

PSYCHOGRAPH

Back when you were a kid, it was easy to tell how lovable you were. All you had to do was to wait around until Valentine's Day, when your grammar-school class exchanged amatory sentiments, and count up the number of cards you got from giggling young females. (I invariably received only one card—from that horrible little girl who had thick glasses and freckles, sat in the third row, and tripped me every time I passed her desk.)

But as you get older, things become more complex. Big girls don't send as many valentines as little ones do. And when they giggle, it's hard to tell if it's out of affection or because they've just thought of a neat way to steal your job.

It's a rare man who doesn't harbor some doubts about his deep-down lovability. This psychograph may give you an idea whether your own doubts are well founded or unfounded. These questions aren't designed merely to reveal whether you're the type of man women are likely to *like* (we covered that phenomenon—called "interpersonal attraction" by psychologists—in our June 1978 psychograph). This questionnaire aims at deeper qualities, qualities that become important after that initial "attraction" has been explored. Are women likely to view you as a mature, serious lover? Do you inspire the degree of trust and caring in women that makes them want to love you?

Experimental psychologists have only lately ventured into the field of love, which, traditionally, has been the turf of poets and philosophers. Plato was one of the first to record his speculations on the universal human need to love and be loved. He thought that once upon a time all of us had been cut in half for rebelling against the gods and that consequently we men spend our existences yearning to be found by our better (i.e., female) halves.

Modern researchers have taken a less imaginative approach to the subject and have devised experiments that give us a more concrete view of love. Harvard psychologist Zick Rubin, for example, has developed tests that seem to be able to distinguish successfully between the intertwined emotions of liking and loving. Still, love remains as mysterious a quantity today as it was when Plato talked about it. For that reason we relied not only on their data in constructing this psychograph but also on the writings of the poets, philosophers, psychoanalysts, psychiatrists, sociologists, and anthropologists who've been fascinated by this most basic human emotion.

1. How do you feel about this statement? "Most women don't get married or enter a long-term relationship because of love. They've usually got ulterior motives. They're looking for security, status, money, or kids."
   (a) I agree strongly
   (b) That's probably true
   (c) I don't think that's true
   (d) I strongly disagree

2. Have you ever written obscene graffiti on a men's room wall?
   (a) yes, I've done it often
   (b) once or twice when I was a kid
   (c) never

3. Do you think most people have a better life than you?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

4. When you first meet a woman, do you quickly try to steer the conversation toward intimate subjects, such as sex and deep personal feelings?
   (a) no, I hate talking about that type of thing with anybody
   (b) no, I like the conversation to develop naturally; there's no need to get too intimate too fast
   (c) yes, "deep" talk is an aphrodisiac for most women

5. Are there a lot of people whom you hold a grudge against?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. How do you feel about this statement? "Expressing emotions causes more evil than good. Love may be a good emotion, but emotions like jealousy, hatred, and anger cause more trouble than they're worth."
   (a) I agree. It's best to keep all emotions under firm control; if you give free reign to your emotions, it disrupts your life and everybody else's
   (b) I understand those sentiments, but I think you can control your bad emotions without constraining your good impulses
   (c) I disagree entirely. Emotions make life worth living. If you're not going to follow your impulses, why bother to get out of bed each morning?

7. Do you criticize the lady in your life (wife, longtime lover, etc.) when the two of you are out together in public?
   (a) yes, if she's done something stupid, I tell her
   (b) sometimes, but I don't do it often
   (c) no, that's asking for trouble

8. When you argue with your wife or lover, do you point out to her that she is dumber, less educated, or makes less money than you?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Do you make friends easily with women but then find that you seem to drift apart from them before the relationships deepen?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. When you first meet a woman, do you inflate the truth about things like your salary, the importance of your job, places you've traveled to, or your sexual experience?
    (a) yes, the first thing you've got to do is impress her
    (b) I do it sometimes
    (c) no

11. If your sex life could follow only one of the following patterns, which would you choose?
    (a) a single, long relationship with one woman
    (b) a series of short sexual encounters with different women

12. Do you agree or disagree with this statement? "I hate people who tell me their problems. Who wants to hear about somebody else's troubles? I've got enough of my own."
    (a) I agree
    (b) sometimes I feel that way; sometimes I don't. I guess it depends on my mood and on who is telling me his problems

13. Do you lose interest in any woman who won't go to bed with you right from the beginning of a relationship?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

14. How do you feel about this statement? "I find it hard to overlook a woman's faults. No matter how beautiful or talented she is or how much I'd *like* to like her, I lose interest when I notice her bad qualities."
    (a) that's true; as soon as I see a woman's bad side, I realize she's not for me
    (b) that's not true of me. I figure we've all got bad qualities. I can overlook most of them as long as everything else seems to be going all right between us

15. Do you lose interest in a woman after you've had sex with her a few times?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

16. Which of these statements most clearly applies to you?
    (a) I feel in control of my life

(b) I usually feel overwhelmed by life

17. Do you dread being alone?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Which of the following statements most accurately applies to you?
    (a) personal relationships are more important to me than my career. I'd change my job if it were fucking up my personal life
    (b) I'm about equally attached to my career and my personal relationships
    (c) My career is more important. I don't like having my personal life messed up by it, but that's the price of success

19. Would you say you're more trendy than most people?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

20. Would you say that this statement applies to you? "I'm really a very different person inside from the one the world thinks I am."
    (a) no, not at all
    (b) not much
    (c) somewhat
    (d) yes, very much

SCORING

Each possible answer has been assigned a point value. Add up the points for the answers you chose to find your score.

1. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5	11. a-5, b-1
2. a-1, b-3, c-5	12. a-1, b-4
3. a-1, b-5	13. a-1, b-5
4. a-1, b-5, c-1	14. a-1, b-5
5. a-1, b-5	15. a-1, b-5
6. a-1, b-5, c-3	16. a-5, b-1
7. a-1, b-2, c-5	17. a-1, b-5
8. a-1, b-5	18. a-5, b-3, c-1
9. a-1, b-3	19. a-1, b-5
10. a-1, b-3, c-5	20. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1

WHAT YOUR SCORE MEANS

The highest possible score on this psychograph is 97 points.

If you scored 72 – 97 points:

You seem to be the answer to every woman's prayers. Provided that you answered the questions honestly, you appear to have a sane, warm, mature, understanding nature that stands up well under the strains of a long-term, day-in-day-out love relationship. You've got a strong sense of self, an aura of security that makes you easy to love. You seem relatively free of the quirks and neuroses that, though they may initially attract and excite women, soon capsize most relationships. Actually, many women might not find you all that attractive *until they talk with you*. Because of your depth and complexity, you don't necessarily come across as the matinee-idol type who has to worry about being attacked by packs of women every time he goes to the store for cigarettes. But once women get to know you, they will be enormously attracted to you. You may seem low-key and quiet at first, but your inner strength and assurance can be a turn-on once a woman gets close enough.

46 – 71 points:

Like most men, you're lovable, but with qualifications. Men in this category mystify women. They seem warm and lovable one minute and cool, distant, and unfeeling the next. They often wish they were more lovable, but a lifetime of conditioning against being "sissified" sometimes gets in the way. They may have a hard time expressing tenderness and may withdraw or get angry if they feel on the verge of becoming "soppy and sentimental." With men like this, women sometimes feel as if they're trying to love two people: one an attractive, appealing, emotional man; the other a tough, hard-nosed guy who acts as if he's a cross between a granite block and a gorilla. Still, if you can become more open and vulnerable, you should see some extraordinary changes in the way women react to you.

20 – 45 points:

You're about as lovable as the black plague. After a woman spends an evening with you, she may feel that a date with Jack the Ripper would have been more emotionally fulfilling. Your personality probably has a broad streak of narcissism in it. You are so busy loving yourself that no one else has a chance to love you. Men in this category exhibit enough quirks, tics, and neuroses to keep an army of psychoanalysts in business for the next millennium. These men fall into one of two distinct groups. They may be extremely timid, withdrawn, and emotionally frigid, or they may display rampant, unchecked emotionality. They can be cloying romantics one minute and vicious, angry tyrants the next. In any case, they are not easy to love. This does not mean they are completely unattractive to women (for every Adolf Hitler, there's an Eva Braun, right?), but the liaisons these men get involved in are more likely to be based on some mutual neurotic nuttiness than on love. Men in this category tend to be insecure. They are afraid of the world at large and are fearful that they don't have the internal strength to cope. But if you pin down precisely what you're afraid of and try to overcome it, you may feel better about yourself. When that happens, you'll discover that women will feel a lot better about you, too.

CAN YOU BECOME LOVABLE?

Some men are born lovable; most have to work at it. Taking chances with another human being — opening up and exposing your emotions — can be an intimidating experience. In the course of preparing this psychograph, we came across lots of good advice from counselors, psychologists, and psychoanalysts.

The first thing to remember is that women can't love you if they can't find you. Many a man acts as if a nubile young thing is just going to drop through the roof some day, gather him up in her arms, and spend the rest of her life performing exotic love rituals. So the more you get out into the world, the more likely you are to find someone who wants to love you. This doesn't mean you should spend your life haunting singles' bars in hot pursuit of the opposite sex. It does mean that you should go to parties and dinners when you're invited and to concerts, museums, sporting events, or whatever else it is you enjoy. A man who likes what he's doing automatically becomes more sexy and attractive to women.

Don't pretend. Men think they have to impress women. That's not the case. All that role playing gets in the way. We get so wrapped up in building a false front that women can't penetrate it to love us. Or, even worse, a woman may begin to love the false man we've created.

When you sense that a woman is attracted to you, don't push the relationship too fast. Some couples, desperate to achieve a "meaningful relationship," work too hard at it. Irene Claremont de Castillejo, a well-known Jungian psychoanalyst, put it this way: "Sometimes I wonder if it is wise to work directly at a relationship. What matters is to be centered oneself, willing and always ready for the moments or hours of meeting when they come. Then the relationship can be trusted to take care of itself. For the person who has achieved inner clarity, new paths appear and doors open without the need to knock."

Finally: pay attention. Many men, when they first meet a woman, spend so much time figuring how they're going to get her into bed and what they're going to do with her when they get her there that they don't really listen to her. They trade a quick score for the opportunity of making some real contact. You have to pay attention as a relationship develops. If you begin taking your lover for granted and stop listening to her, don't be surprised if she suddenly seems to find you a lot less lovable. A woman has trouble sustaining love for a man who treats her like a household appliance. A woman is not a toaster; if you forget that, you may get burnt.

"Heavens, is it Valentine's Day already?"

PUNK'S DREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

hair. At first I would use a mix of peroxide and ammonia, stuff that was easy to get. I started with streaks, and then it gradually turned orange. That's when my mother would start to notice. All of a sudden at dinner, she'd say, 'Your hair is different. What did you do?' And I'd just say, 'Oh, I lightened it a little.' My father would go—Debbie furrows her forehead and lets out a gruff bark—'Well, I don't know if I like this, hmmm . . .' But he liked it on my mother; so it was *semi*acceptable." She grins at me conspiratorially. "Later it was turning up platinum."

Hawthorne served as an out-of-town tryout. Debbie knew she'd end up in New York. She's always had a built-in Geiger counter of hip, homing in on the center of the action. Method-acting in each new fashion, she was pretty enough to make each style convincing, whether hippie, folk-rocker, or punk, and too smart to type herself irrevocably.

Thinking back, she sits up uncomfortably straight, hands clasped before her; she shifts from side to side as if awaiting a test. Without makeup she looks not older but younger, a Peter Pan runaway, flawless under the harsh fluorescents. There's a pout built into her upper lip. When she smiles, it's incredible: her blue eyes narrow to slits, disappearing above the broadest cheekbones in showbiz; she's *prettier* than Marilyn Monroe, though she acts as if she didn't know it. She paints pictures with sounds more than with words; her voice works like a storyteller reading a child a bedtime tale—high-pitched little-girl tones and dumb-bunny accents alternate with strange, strangled chortles as sound-effect aids. It's her clearest legacy from the punk ethic. "I have a really bad sense of where all the years are," she murmurs. "It's like lacking depth perception."

Harry knew where to go, but it took a while to get there. Her parents prescribed a short stay, after high school, at Centenary College, a glorified finishing school. Debbie reached the East Village just as hippiedom dawned; her lip curls as she describes its transition to scuzz. "All these creeps hanging around on the street begging for money, doing numbers in the name of peace and love."

Debbie spent some time with Wind in the Willows, a folkie-baroquey band. She met the members of the group through high-school friends. "It was a temporary association of convenience," she says. The group put out one album in 1968, produced by Artie Kornfeld, later of Woodstock fame. Harry sang backup and played percussion. Folk palled quickly for her. "I decided I wanted to do something harder, faster, and more *exciting*." She left, she admits, with no thought-out alternative; the band broke up in her wake. Her homing device still

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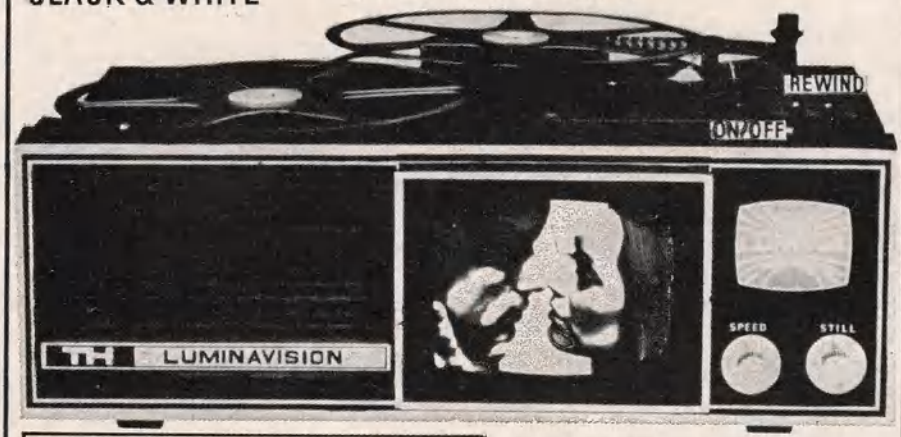

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working well, she found herself at Max's during its heyday. Depression and drugs triggered a brief, disillusioning trip to California and a series of quick-money jobs in New York, including a stint as a Playboy Bunny. "It had always been one of my dreams," Debbie says seriously. "I think it was because of this man that my mother and father knew, Mr. Whipple—like the commercial—except he was different, real handsome; I always had a big crush on him. He was a businessman who used to travel a lot, wild and exciting; he used to flirt with me a little, and I would *diiiie*," she drawls, "because he was so handsome. He was a *Playboy* subscriber and raved about the clubs—that was where I first heard about them. I always had it in the back of my mind. I did it for the money.

"There were girls there who started their own businesses from what they made; girls were making from three to five hundred dollars a night. *Cash!* You had thirty-five people per show to wait on; sometimes you'd be carrying a double-stacked tray"—she half-rises, absorbed, and hefts an imaginary load—"this much liquor. A man watching a girl in a little costume with her tits hanging out, struggling with a tray among 500 people, he thinks, 'Holy shit! How did she do that?' It's no big deal to give her a tip."

Harry quit when the money became less important, when she marshaled her forces to end her three-year bout with drugs. "I got *mad*," stresses Debbie. "I got *bored*. I guess I wasn't that hopeless a case in the first place—luckily. A lot of things just clicked."

Around this time Gil, her boyfriend, OD'd. Debbie's hands are moving nervously; she twists a paper clip, pokes a hole in a coffee cup, ties the clip through the Styrofoam into a knot: "I died a couple of times, I think." She speaks conversationally and doesn't look up. "I think that's what probably brought me back to life—having died. You know, just, actually, *died*. Physically, emotionally, spiritually. It really scared me." Her matter-of-factness makes the words chilling.

"I wanted to learn self-hypnosis," Debbie says. "I thought if I learned some kind of technique, a physical technique or a mental technique, that would be able to support me if I ever felt I needed to take drugs—so that I could get out of this rat race. But then I got into the psychoanalytic rat race—and that was *another* one!" Her voice rises shrilly. "I mean, that was taking as much time and money as the other thing had; so I had to get out of that, too."

She lived in upstate New York and at home in New Jersey and stayed out of the city until she felt "cured." She was finally lured back by the glittering advent of the New York Dolls. Omnisexual, celebratory, desperately vibrant, they rejuvenated the New York music scene as forerunners of the New Wave. They were more than the center of the action; they were closer to being a religion. People knew each other, they said, "from the Dolls."

Debbie was still homing in on hip; it was another exciting new scene to embrace. "I was never a real groupie," she cautions, "I was just a great fan."

Ritty Dodge saw Debbie again down at Max's in 1973, where the whole glitter scene was turning to rococo. "She came in then, looking very extreme"—his voice fills with admiration—"wearing a brassiere and a half-slip to dance in and garish makeup like a whore's. She was really ahead of her time." Says Elda Gentile, who hung out with Doll Syl Sylvain, "She used to come by in her little blue car from New Jersey, ride around with us, and party with the boys."

When Elda's glitz band, Pure Garbage, broke up in 1973, Debbie, anxious to get back to performing, joined up to help form a new act—the three-girl Stilletoes,

> "I've *always* known how to turn it off and on. I can do it just like *that!*" She snaps her fingers. "I'm getting better all the time."

with a theme, Debbie says, "like the visual effect of *True Confessions* or *Modern Romance*." "The best song," says Elda, "was called 'Dracula, What Did You Do to My Mother?' We wore green crosses and skull eyeglasses that we bought on Forty-second Street. It was great.

"We played at the Boburn Tavern on Twenty-eighth Street; it was just a tiny, shitty little dive where they took the legs off the pool table to use it as a stage. We didn't think we'd get much of a crowd, but the place was jammed; by the next week, David Bowie and Angie were pulling up in their limousine. We had New York by the balls," she laughs. "There was nothing going on in those days."

Eric Emmerson—now dead, who knew Debbie from her waitress days at Max's—was one of Elda's "husbands," and one day he brought his guitarist-roommate Chris Stein to watch the Stilletoes act. Chris's eyes met Debbie's across the room; they've been personally and professionally inseparable ever since.

When Elda speaks of Harry, her voice chimes with knew-her-when bitterness. "She used to make me swear to God that I'd never tell anybody she sang with that other band, Wind in the Willows. I didn't know about it until months after we started working together. It was a very hard-rock thing that was going on then, and anything that seemed to be going against it—I think she was afraid people might be turned off. She wrote pretty lyrics—like "In the Flesh"—that she had no faith in. She was so unconfident; we'd go, 'Come on, this is beautiful,' but she wouldn't admit it. I'm very hard-edged, but she had a softness, a bubbliness that she just pushed down."

Push, as it so often does, came to shove: the band had a falling-out, and bassist Fred (ex-Television member now with the Richard Lloyd Band) Smith and drummer Billy O'Connor followed Debbie and Chris. They played around as Angel, Snake, and finally Blondie. For backup they added the Banzai Babies, the Bellomo sisters, Snookie and Tish, whose résumés read like a name-that-punk baby book. "I met them," says Debbie, "through these guys Gorilla and Tomato; Tomato now has a group called the Screamers, and Gorilla is Gorilla Rose; he writes songs. But they used to do comedy skits at CBGB (the original New York punk club, on the Bowery), things like Babs the Stunt Girl or Savage Voodoo Nuns. Tish and Snookie were in some of the crazier shows."

Now the Bellomos run Manic Panic, the punk fashion boutique on St. Mark's Place. The walls sport hundreds of bright, spike-heeled shoes—one shoe from each pair hanging in each of two rooms. The sisters clear spaces between piles of clothing. "Debbie decided we should be a disco dance band," recalls ponytailed Snookie. "She got us a job playing Brandy's Too, an Upper East Side singles place, two long sets a night." They ponder, and "Heart of Glass," comes on the radio. Trading lines, the sisters complete each other's sentences: "The crowd was half friends, who came up to hang out, and half the sleazy singles crowd. *They* didn't understand a thing, missed lots of the lyrics—like one song that we did called 'Funky Anus.'" The three girls wore glitter, cavewoman outfits, 1950s party dresses with bathing suits underneath. Blondie tried to pass good fortune on to its friends: "The Ramones came to open for us," says Tish, pulling the ends of her punk-purple shag, "but they started out with 'Sniffin' Glue,' and the management asked them to leave. The Tuff Darts walked out in a huff when management told 'em they were too loud."

Blondie, meanwhile, was having its own problems. Fred Smith left to join Television, and, says Tish, "our drummer kept falling asleep all the time." Clem Burke took his place, winning out by audition. The beleaguered Bellomos say they were dropped without a word. Gary Valentine was on bass (he has since been replaced by Nigel Harrison), and keyboard whiz Jimmy Destri completed

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the band. Blondie became the new hot group on the small-club circuit. The band boasted cartoon sensibilities, tongues firmly in cheek, kick-ass musicianship, and historical perspective, plus a singer who looked like a 14-year-old's wet dream. Leaping and strutting in punkette tight-leopard-skin pants, Debbie projected a sort of sensual klutziness. "I didn't have much control over anything except singing," she says sheepishly, "and some people wondered about that."

One who wondered was Larry Uttal, president of Private Stock Records, who signed Blondie in 1976 at the urging of Richie Gottehrer, a British producer who was nuts about Debbie Harry's potential. Richie got Blondie to do a single "X Offender," on Uttal's label and then the band's first two albums, none of which sold. Uttal and Gottehrer pressured the band to hire a skinny operator called Peter Leeds as manager. A year later Leeds, claiming that Uttal wasn't giving him enough money to push the group and that Uttal had "hurt" Blondie by hustling a "sleazy" poster showing Blondie in a see-through trash outfit, signed the group with Chrysalis, a British-based outfit known for its quality acts. At Chrysalis wizard producer Mike Chapman was signed to handle Blondie. Leeds claims credit for this. So does Terry Ellis, a Chrysalis owner. In any case, Chapman was the best choice on earth, as all the gold and platinum records *Parallel Lines* earned proves. As soon as the album hit, Debbie and Stein began pushing Leeds out. After months of dark threats, in which they "auditioned" new managers, including Bill Graham and Shep Gordon, they chose Gordon, manager of Alice Cooper and Teddy Prendergast, among others. Gordon took over on August 1, 1979, and the official word now is Total Happiness for everyone, although the group allegedly had to give up a large part of its future gross plus more than a quarter of a million dollars to lose Leeds.

Center stage at New York's Palladium. Debbie stretches, her black bodysuit ripples, glowing. Behind me, a teenager wearing an Iggy T-shirt groans with violent, strained delight. Debbie Harry can inspire odd excesses. At concert's end I see a kid punching his crotch in wild frustration. Scary, I think, and somewhat sinister, the idea of holding that kind of sway. But it doesn't bother Harry; she's always been a golden girl. Why tamper with success?

"I think that the highest appreciation that anyone has is usually sexual," she protests. "Just as a girl, as a female, would that bother you?"

"Yes, I admit, if it obscured more important things."

"But that *is* the important thing!" She's wide-eyed, sincere. "It really is. Because sex is the biggest seller—sells more magazines, more clothes, more everything. Sex is it. In rock 'n' roll," she adds, "it's sex and sass." She curls her lip, narrows her eyes, and throws out a hip with a defiant fuck-you gesture.

"That 'Ahh, I don't care, I don't give a fuck'—that's a very heavy attitude," Debbie continues. She seems to be talking to herself, thinking out loud. I say, somewhat lamely. "What else sells?"

Debbie ponders a moment, scrunching up her face like a little girl. "Nothing."

And, as if in illustration, Blondie's records have become more successful as Harry's stage sexuality has gone through a change. No more tiger-striped miniskirts, like leftover Stilletoes outfits; she's moving inexorably toward straightforward, grown-up glamour—less kitsch, more class, to match her improved, slicker singing. It gives her more space for seduction in earnest. "I think I'm more outrageous now," she ventures. "I always thought I was really conservative, shy, trying to feel my way around. Now I'm really loose. Maybe it's a matter of *giving up* control, like one of those Zen moot points; I think I'm more sexual, but in a less calulated way."

> Debbie and her boys gave the *Rolling Stone* writer such a hard time that he wrote a vicious article implying that Debbie would self-destruct.

It's a way of growing up, picking the costume that works; at 34-plus, Debbie Harry's finally a postadolescent. "There was a time in my life," she says softly, "when I was very, very depressed. And all through it I wished I had someone, like, older, to come tell me what to do, give me some hints. But I didn't have that; I was all on my own."

If she's secure now, it's due largely to Chris. They're part coworkers, part lovers, part Svengali-and-muse; he bolstered her resolve, refined her ambitions, and defended her honor by attacking the press. Quick and verbal, he annexes—even preempts—conversations, grating and ingratiating by turns; his is the float-like-a-butterfly-sting-like-a-bee approach to the media. Chris knows that the media's there to be utilized. He's concerned with a platform to billboard his views. The only way to get a fair deal is to stack the deck yourself. Debbie looks to him for cues and me-toos his arguments. I'm struck by the difference in her, with and without him. Less spontaneous, more self-assured, she goes farther out on the limb he selects. It's part of being a nice girl from New Jersey; you find—and defer to—a nice boy to depend on.

Eating lunch at 4:00 P.M., Debbie picks at what looks like a plateful of catsup and babbles, gleeful as a bride. "Wherever we live," she says with mock horror, "incredible tragedy seems to dog our footsteps. We lived in SoHo when it was still Little Italy ["Moved out before it got fashionable," Chris interjects], and we got completely cleaned out. Then we lived in a loft on the Bowery—the heater was all fucked up. We woke up every morning with our faces covered with soot. Then on Seventeenth Street—what?" She looks at Stein. "Oh, we had a fire and lost everything. Then we lived in hotels for a year, and that was okay. So far where we are now (a Sixth Avenue penthouse) everything is all right."

The showroom is crowded with lucite constructions, bulbous bronze cherubs holding up lampshades, coffee tables of indeterminate metal and gut-wrenching asymmetry. Chris and Debbie are shopping for furniture, cut-rate. Salesman Sid Cohen smiles indulgently at the raffish young couple—the boy with his Ralph Lauren horn-rims askew, the blonde in leopard-trimmed shoes and a red hooded sweatshirt—flipping through photos of modular furniture. It's an obvious case of First Major Purchase.

Sid decides to do them a favor. "Do you like what you're sitting on? I have a $1,000 deposit and a customer in jail—six hundred dollars and its yours."

In an automatic gesture their hands smooth the fabric—hopelessly garish, the mid-air collision of two colored kites. They signal, regretfully, gratefully, no. The young man rejects another design: "Too much like airport furniture."

"Oh," ventures Sid, "do you travel a lot?" The girl nods emphatically, with a shy, friendly smile, and tucks white-blonde strands behind her ears.

"Are you in a group?"

"Uh-huh," says Debbie.

"Which one," asks Sid.

"Blondie," says Debbie.

"Why?" asks Sid, with forced chuckle.

"Use your imagination," says Debbie, her voice veering toward the tone she used on the photographer.

Slouched forward, Chris begins a chatty commercial. "We have a song that's done very well; maybe you've heard it. It's called 'Heart of Glass'! "

Distracted, Sid smooths back his straight, graying hair. He fingers his pinky ring and stares at the table. "My daughter wants to be a singer, but I haven't encouraged her . . ." His voice trails off.

"But you *have* to!" Debbie cries, leaning forward. Suddenly she's straight-backed and earnest, all her hostility vanished. "It's very important. You *have* to encourage her!"

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BEFORE YOU BUY ANY RADAR DETECTOR, READ THIS:

SENSITIVITY...increased range equals more time for reaction.

ESCORT, with advanced aerospace circuitry, is the most sensitive radar warning receiver on the market. ESCORT was specifically designed to detect police K band short pulse radar and low power X band radar as accurately as conventional police radar (conventional radar detectors lack range with low power X band or K-55 units). Depending on terrain, ESCORT gives you 3 to 5 times the range of other detection devices. *It can even detect the extremely weak signals present when radar is located over a hill or around a turn.* This means you will have plenty of time to react.

POLICE RADAR...covers all bands.

There are two frequencies used by police radar units ... X band at 10.525 GHz (gigahertz) and K band at 24.150 GHz. ESCORT's superheterodyne receiving circuits were specifically engineered to be extremely sensitive to both types.

SELECTIVITY...rejects unwanted signals.

ESCORT is designed around a Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator, the heart of commercial airlines' Airborne Weather Avoidance Radar. Also, the filter circuits virtually eliminate "warning" indications from any source other than approved police radar equipment.

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When ESCORT detects radar, you are alerted by a warning light and a beep that increases in rate as you near the radar source. The volume level of the beep can be adjusted with a front panel control. A photo-electric sensor automatically dims the warning light at night. In addition, an illuminated meter indicates radar signal strength and helps you judge your distance from the radar source. A city/highway switch optimizes sensitivity for your driving situation, and the tone of the warning beep tells you whether the detected radar is X or K band. A "power on" light tells you ESCORT is on the lookout.

MOUNTING AND APPEARANCE...small and compact.

ESCORT is just 1½" high and 5¼" wide. It can be mounted on your dash with a hook and loop fabric fastener or on your sun visor with a special ESCORT bracket. Simply plug it into the cigarette lighter, and take it wherever you go—even on trips in rental cars.

RELIABILITY...one year limited warranty on parts and labor.

ESCORT is built to withstand the high temperatures that develop inside a closed car in the sun, as well as the sub-freezing temperatures of a cold winter morning. All critical integrated circuits used in ESCORT are "burned in" for a period of 48 hours.

READ WHAT CAR:DRIVER SAYS ABOUT ESCORT:

"You will be pleased to know that the radar detector concept has finally lived up to its promise." They go on in the article, which compares twelve of the leading radar detectors, to state "once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive. If you can imagine the Turbo Porsche of the radar detectors, this is it. In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device. Comparing the ESCORT's technology with that of the other detectors in the test is about like comparing a nuclear power plant with a coal burner. They're just not in the same league."

The purpose of a radar warning receiver is to give you time to react with ease and safety. In order to successfully accomplish this, the unit must be sensitive to both types of police radar with as great a range possible, and without interference. The ESCORT does both, and is the only radar detector with an "EXCELLENT" rating in the Feb. '79 *Car and Driver* tests.

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The radar detector is to the 55-mph speed limit what the speakeasy was to Prohibition: a successful evasion of an unnatural and punitive law

FINDING THE BEAR BEFORE HE FINDS YOU

BY PATRICK BEDARD

The hottest electronic game in America these days is Cops 'n' Speeders, and you don't play it at home, in front of your television set. The rules are simple: you're supposed to creep along the interstate at 55 miles per hour, a speed so low that even the police realize it's ridiculous for any purpose other than gamesmanship. But the so-called Double Nickel is essential to the family-fun nature of Cops 'n' Speeders because it assures that everybody plays. The idea is to drive as if you really wanted to get somewhere, which naturally means exceeding the Double Nickel, but without getting caught.

The game has wonderful nuances, one of which is the concept of *grace*. Partly because they know the Double Nickel is ridiculous and partly to add an element of chance, the cops usually "grace" you a few miles per hour. In many states, they won't stop you at less than 65 mph. But this grace margin is variable, purely at their discretion. If the police chief gets a wild hair or the troopers are pissed off about their pension plan, they might cut the grace in half and start nailing everybody at 60—or, God forbid, right at the legal limit. You never know. That's what keeps it exciting.

Players fall into two categories. Most common are the low rollers, the sort of guys who stick to the slots at Las Vegas. On the highway, they shade the grace, play it as close to the edge as they can get away with. If they get nailed, well, they may lose a few bucks, but it's nothing serious. Many states don't bother punching points out of your driver's license for anything under 70 mph.

Then there are the high-stakes guys. No chicken-shit cowering behind the grace for them. When they get out on the open road, they're going to roll. It's them against the cops, man to man, and that's where the game moves into electronics.

The cops started the electronic escalation back in 1947, when they began buying radar. This meant no more man-to-man contests. With radar guns the cops could set up an ambush just over the crest of a hill or hide at the top of a freeway on-ramp and shoot you in the back as you went by below. This naturally shifted the odds in favor of the cops, enough so that Cops 'n' Speeders became more like Russian roulette.

But America is a wonderful country. Here science is nonpolitical; for a few bucks, anybody can enjoy the wonders of modern technology. Soon after the electronics industry started building radar for the police, it began developing radar detectors for citizens. The early devices weren't terribly effective; but for guarding against the most common peril of highway travel, namely, speeding tickets, they sure worked a lot better than a St. Christopher's medal.

Then came the Arab oil embargo of 1973, dragging the Double Nickel along behind it. A national 55-mph speed limit seemed like a very good idea right up until the time we got into our cars and pointed them toward the horizon. You find out how wide the prairie really is when you're crawling across it at a snail's pace. It was Prohibition all over again. We became a nation of lawbreakers.

That's when Cops 'n' Speeders turned into the full-scale electronics war that it is today. The federal government began pumping money to the states for the purchase of radar units. The private sector responded with the Fuzzbuster, a radar detector that really worked. The police then went to moving radar, which meant that every patrol car could be a rolling radar trap. Motorists turned to CB radios. The police raised the ante again with the deadly Kustom Signals KR11 moving radar, which, at the time of its introduction two years ago, was said to be completely undetectable. Then a small company in Ohio, Cincinnati Microwave, entered the market with the Escort, a supertechnology detector that could sniff out the KR11 most of the time and made ordinary radar about as hazardous as snakebites are to airline stewardesses.

Today radar detectors are a slam-bang growth industry. There are at least 20 models on the market, and new ones come out faster than anyone can keep track of. Annual retail sales are estimated at $70 million and climbing. Naturally there is the temptation to get in and make a fast buck. The president of one company is a convicted felon; a principal in another is a dentist. So, although *caveat emptor* should be your guide, the good radar detectors are definitely your passport to worry-free motoring.

Contrary to what the police claim, you don't have to be a speed-crazed thrill seeker to get your money's worth out of a radar detector. Naturally the cops are against anything that keeps you from stumbling into their traps. But that's nothing new. When Ray Harroun invented the rearview mirror for the first Indianapolis 500 in 1911, the Association of Chiefs of Police immediately began lobbying to keep this revolutionary development out of passenger cars; the police had always been able to sneak up behind motorists and didn't want to lose their advantage. Not much has changed since then. Cops still like to take the easy way, which is why most radar units are made with what's called a "comic alarm." If the police are gracing you up to, say, 65 mph, the operator sets it for that speed, and then settles back to wait. When the alarm goes off, he puts down his comic book and looks out the window to see whom he caught. If you're out there in a red Corvette, he probably caught you.

This is one reason why some people swear by radar detectors. If you drive a conspicuous car, either a flashy sports car or a high-bucks sedan, the police tend to pick you out of the pack. But if you have advance warning of radar ahead, you can slow down enough to be within the legal limits.

Another reason, of course, is to avoid the fiscal dragnet. The Double Nickel may have started off in good faith as a fuel-saving measure, but it very quickly became the golden fleece, and we motorists are the ones who get shorn. "Every time you put another radar unit on, it's like opening up another cash register," says Shaker Heights Judge Manuel Rocker. Indeed, some communities openly use radar as a source of revenue. East Cleveland collected $565,000 one year, 11 percent of its total municipal budget.

When it comes to return on investment, radar is a better money-maker than anything but a counterfeiting press. With four new, hand-held radar guns, bought for $2,000 apiece, Troop R of the Pennsylvania State Police took in $103,400 in six months. That works out to a 2,585 percent profit on an annual basis.

The state of New Jersey has recently added 800 K55 moving radar units to the arsenal of 600 it already had in operation. Because of the volume order, the regular list price of $2,400 was discounted down to $397 each (which tells you something about the profit margins in this business). The new units were immediately farmed out to local-yokel patrolmen, with the understanding that the state would receive $10 for each ticket written plus one dollar for every mph over the limit. You can bet that some of those guns paid for themselves on the first day.

Now, even though we all hate to get zapped, at this point the prudent man might lean back, get all philosophical, and say, "Well, sounds like justice is being done. If you break the law, you pay the price."

This, of course, assumes that radar is infallible—that everyone who gets a radar ticket is guilty—which has been the court's position all along. But there is growing evidence to the contrary. In February of last year, WTVJ, a Miami television station, did a five-part exposé on the dubious nature of radar. At one point, a regulation Florida Highway Patrol MV-715 radar gun was pointed at a house. It read 28 mph. A banyan tree swaying in the breeze was then clocked at 84 mph. Whoops. Tilt. As a result of this investigation, circuit-court judge Alfred Nesbitt, who was watching the show, put a hold on all radar tickets in Dade County pending further investigation.

Police radar is notorious for its susceptibility to interference from neon signs, two-way radios, power lines, and the like. Even the patrol car's own defroster fan can be the cause of a false reading. There are also "ghosts," spurious readings that appear, sometimes when there isn't even a car within range. Mistaken identity is another common error. The cop may ticket an oncoming car when

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the radar was reading something else—a semi off in the distance or a different car on an adjacent road. Occasionally, radar tickets have been beaten in court by defendants who swore that they were traveling within the speed limit because their radar detectors had warned them well in advance of the trap. But by far the best defense—and certainly one cheaper than renting a lawyer for a few hours—is simply not getting the ticket in the first place. That's where radar detectors come in.

Police radar is really nothing more than a transmitter that sends out a microwave beam. A radar detector is basically a small radio, tuned exclusively to the two microwave frequencies (X-band and K-band) assigned for police use by the Federal Communications Commission. When the radar transmits, the detector picks up the transmission and warns you.

The difference between a good detector and a worthless one is the amount of advance warning you get. A radar unit determines your speed by reading the microwave beam *bounced back* to it from your car. Since the beam weakens as distances get longer, there is a time, as you first approach, when the car is being sprayed with microwaves that aren't strong enough to bounce all the way back; hence, you're not within radar range. But if your detector is sensitive enough to sniff out the microwaves while you're still in this margin, you've got Old Smokey's number before he can read yours; and the sooner you know about him, the more time you have to react. Unfortunately, not all devices on the market are sensitive enough to give you enough advance warning. (All prices listed are suggested retail.)

The star of the detector business is Dale Smith, a Fidel Castro replica who wears bwana suits and drinks his Heineken out of the bottle, even at the dinner table. He originally manufactured radar units for the police but then was turned off by their methodology and switched to the other side, as it were. Now Smith tours the country, jousting against radar and occasionally carrying his campaign into court (with great success). His detector is the Fuzzbuster II ($109.95), by far the largest seller in the market. It's a good device, rather bulky, with a warning whistle that is confusing to some; but it's an excellent value at its usual, deeply discounted retail price.

No discounts are available on the Escort radar detector, however; so if you want one, you have to send your $245 off to Cincinnati Microwave and then wait by your mailbox for, at last estimate, about four months. This compact, high-quality, superheterodyne receiver has become the most coveted piece of Cops 'n' Speeders gear on the road because it gives about twice as much advance warning as the second-best detector on the market.

Behind the Escort is another chapter of the great American success story. About two years ago, a pair of young microwave wizards, Mike Valentine and Jim Jaeger, decided that radar detectors would be more fun than anything else they could make with their accumulated knowledge. They started in Jaeger's basement with money borrowed from Valentine's father. Because they were enthusiasts rather than businessmen, their plan was to make the very best detector possible, never mind the cost. Within a year, they had a device that struck panic into the whole industry. The Escort's performance stood out like an F-15 in a covey of Sabrejets. But so did its price, and that, competitors said, would be its undoing. They were wrong, however. Valentine and Jaeger have successfully taken the radar detector off the gadget counter and put it on the high-ticket aisle, and now they are straining to keep up with demand.

Apart from the exotic Escort, most of the detectors on the market utilize similar technology and therefore have very similar performance. The Bearfinder Two + Two ($149.95) looks like a twin of the Fuzzbuster II but has slightly more range. The Double Nickel ($139.95), Smokey Patrol ($139.95), Hawk Eye ($135.95), Long Range Super Snooper ($199), Radar Sentry XK ($99), and Whistler Radar Eye ($159.95) all have roughly similar performance on X-band but are somewhat weaker than the Bearfinder and Fuzzbuster on K-band. This weakness is not so important as you might think, given that X-band radars outnumber K-band by about nine to one.

If radar detectors as a group have a failing, it's that almost all of them are designed to be mounted on top of the dashboard, where they can "see" out the windshield. It seems a shame to lay out $40,000 for a Turbo Porsche, or even $10,000 for a slick little Mazda RX-7, and then have to peer around a plastic box filled with transistors to see the world. It's even more of a shame if you ever do get stopped for speeding, because the cops have no sense of humor about Fuzzbusters. The answer, of course, is a concealable radar detector, and there are a few on the market. Usually this type is meant to be hidden behind the grille and is wired to a small warning buzzer beneath the dash. The Fox II XKRW ($169) was the first of this type. Recently, JS&A has introduced a device of the same sort, No-Fault Radar ($169.95). Whistler has taken a different approach with its Remote Model Radar Eye ($249.95). Instead of the antenna being hidden, it has been disguised as a fog light: you mount it out on the front bumper, where it can watch for Old Smokey with an unimpeded view.

If you conclude from all of this that Cops 'n' Speeders is rapidly turning into a high-technology game of electronic Gotcha, you're not wrong. But the surprising part is that many of the players think the game itself is even more fun than the speeding. O+

THE 32 M.P.H. HILL.

Things move fast in Denver. Surprisingly fast.

Recently a news team there pointed a traffic radar gun at a hill and got a reading of 32 miles an hour. To eyewitnesses, however, the hill did not seem to be moving at all. Why point a radar gun at a hill? To show people that radar isn't quite as accurate as it's cracked up to be.

Numerous tests like this one have shown that radar readings can be distorted by dense traffic, radios, CB's, even the patrol car's own air conditioning system. In fact, according to evidence given in a recent Miami case, 25% of traffic radar speeding tickets are in error. That's why you need a Fuzzbuster II Radar Detector.

The Fuzzbuster II gives you advance warning that you are entering a radar area. It gives you a chance to check your speedometer so you'll know you're in the right, when radar is wrong.

The Fuzzbuster II can detect all types of traffic radar up to 3 miles away. That includes "moving" radar, as well as all other X-band and K-band radar. Fuzzbuster untraps all of them.

The Fuzzbuster II Radar Detector. Sometimes even a hill in Denver needs one.

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LUST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

a mouth about how I can't get It up. No one will believe you, Bitch. The truth, as all can see, is that I've sired more offspring than you've had orgasms.

Let me tell you something else, my stretch-marked Irish whore, about the night upon which you base your cheap lies. It was not a matter of the author being unable to get It up. It was a matter of *you* being unable to get the author up.

When next we meet, Bitch, the author will show you exactly what can happen when he gets It up. And believe me, you will suffer, as other Bitches have, the avenging wrath of It.

You will feel the author's open hand across your face, then both of the author's hands at your throat. You'll stink like antiseptic fear, like a bank during a holdup, and *crack!* the author will choke you harder, and *crack!* the author will choke you again, and *crack!* the author will give you payment—never halt now, brave bucko—and *crack!* your impotent silent terror will send life to the charnel house of the author's Balls.

The author will throw you down and force you to suck his root while your fingers work like a team of maggots at the open sore of your heat. Compassion, the trapped bird of compassion, will struggle to fly from the author's chest to his throat, but *crack!* the author will force it down, and your tears, the thin, colorless blood of your dead vampire soul, will run down the ponderous length of the author's White Negro root.

The author will force his root into the canny hard-packed evil of your butt and bugger you as you listen to the sour rot of clotting blood in the pits of the wind. The author's thrusts will reverberate through your frail, creamy Catholic body like a thundering herd of lust's poisoned hoofs. In due time, the dank, evil sewer of your butt will give back no life. Then, and only then, will the author force his root into the deserted warehouse, the empty tomb of your cunt, and drain the cold, dead Ovarial gasses of existential despair from your stinking womb. The author's Balls will puke their vengeance into you, flood you with his unfailing and angry Scum. And then, just for the hell of it, the author might stab you in the tit with his Bic Banana.

Bitches like you cheapen sex, make it dirty with your frigid giggles and coy lies. The author will cure you of your nasty habits. He will cure you but good.

Shut up, Bitch,
The Author

February 4, 1931
New York, N.Y.

Darling Zelda,

Your letter worries me. Dr. Forel is a very respected psychiatrist, and Les Rives de Prangins is the finest sanitarium in Europe. I seriously doubt that the former is your Uncle Reid disguised "in one of those utterly outré gag noses," or that the staff of the latter is selling your "tinkly-water to an utterly revolting colony of Lesbian dwarves that dwell in nearby Geneva." You must learn to relax, darling.

You ask me to write you a letter that you might "rub against the utterly eensy pink eraser-tip" in your bloomers. Well, prepare yourself, darling: the master of romantic realism is about to indent.

I can feel your lips half open like a flower as we lie in the Saturday-night darkness on the first tee of the golf course and see the country-club windows as a yellow expanse—make that: a glimmering tiara—over a very black and wavy ocean. Our hips press together and sway to the plaintive African rhythm of Dyer's Dance Orchestra.

"Jeepers-creepers, let's play around," I whisper. I reach beneath your white, billowing dress—make that: lovely dress, soft and gentle in cut, but in color a hard, bright, metallic powder blue; no, better yet: pink crepe-de-chine dress sprinkled with soft, blue blossoms that are the color of your eyes.

"Oh—" you whimper. You unbutton my impeccable trousers and caress my geegaw. It responds to your touch as a gin-dizzied flapper responds to *le jazz hot*. You draw my throbbing two inches into your mouth, and your thick, warm tongue licks it in a manner your staid parents would find quite alarming.

I press my face between your thighs. "Holy cow," I whisper, "it's as big as the Ritz. I wish I could crawl into it and be safe forever." You are wet, so very wet, my darling Zelda. The softly shining porcelain cheeks of your tushy glisten in the moonlight.

"Yowza-yowza," you pant.

I mount you as an aeroplane passes overhead. Perhaps the passengers are

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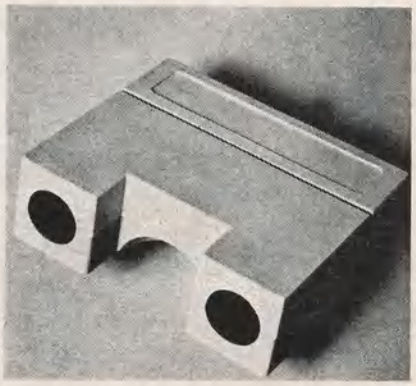

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watching us: the golden beauty of the South and the brilliant success of the North. It is the mating of the age. My dapper white-on-white sperm slowly bubbles into you like a champagne fizz—no, make that: like a Bix Beiderbecke solo—and then we hold each other close, knowing that even though we search through all of eternity we could never again recapture these fleeting moments on the first tee.

There. Now, darling Zelda, do try to relax. Just keep telling yourself: everything's going to be hunky-dory.

Your loving and brilliant hubby,
Scott

December 18, 1977
New York, N.Y.

Young Sir:

When I found you, you were nothing, *la merde*, a creepy little rich boy with a creepy little personality ("Oh! It's such a thrill!") and a creepy little dick. I autographed your copy of my first novel (you didn't even have the class to hand me a first edition) and let you kiss me with your creepy little mouth.

I took you, re-created you, taught you to use the Tuc and the Buf-Puf, and to cockle your delicate nose in distaste whenever someone mentioned war or cancer; to order pastries by pointing and to keep your nice ass pink and pretty with Jhirmack.

"I am afraid of New York," you cried that first night. I comforted you. "Some cities," I said, "like wrapped boxes under Christmas trees, conceal unexpected gifts, secret delights. This is your Christmas Eve." Then I fixed you a drink and some Seconals, and I taught you to fuck properly.

Now I find you slinking about Studio 54 (where you wouldn't even be allowed to peek inside the door if I hadn't brought you there, introduced you around, to begin with), telling everyone, but *everyone*, what a shame it is that I've become such a recondite (*I* taught you that word!) old bitch and isn't it simply *the* most perfect shame because deep down he is the most *dear* little old man.

I will use your prepuce for Ko-Rec-Type! I will put Drano in your Pazo! I will change the dedication in my next great novel!

Maybe I am over 40. Maybe I have been getting *un peu* bit testy. At least I can still write. (I finished an entire sentence and the rough outline for another book just last week.) And I can still fuck. (Just ask any of your so-called friends, dearie.)

Now you're crying the blues again. You say that you want to come back to me. Well, my tender young sir, you can just suck on a purple donut for all I care. My only advice to you is simply to steer clear of me. Studio 54 isn't big enough for both of us.

In cold jizz,
Your Ex

IN THE FEBRUARY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

THE JOYS OF AN INDEPENDENT WOMAN

"It is no longer necessary for the male to carry all the responsibility for courting, paying, performing, providing, and deferring." Dr. Herb Goldberg discusses how independent women are also working for liberation—*male* liberation.

PERMANENT WEIGHT LOSS

Do you diet faithfully only to regain every inch you've lost? There is a conspiracy against you, and the diet-and-exercise programs are part of it. *Forum* will show you how to lose weight *forever*.

THE SEXY CITY OF BANGKOK

Phillip Hodson, the editor of the British *Forum*, conducted a very personal and uninhibited exploration of this exotic city. He found a sexual utopia that made leaving difficult and resisting temptation, well, impossible.

KISSING

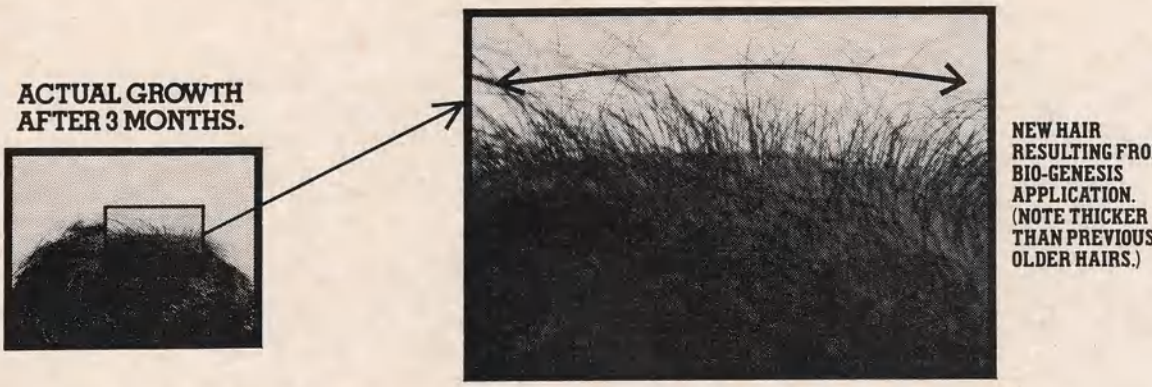
. . . And don't think you know all about it. "The female sex has two mouths." says novelist Carol Dix. "The opening and softening of one unconsciously leads to the other . . ."

BI MARRIAGE

To make their marriage work, a bisexual couple needs exceptional insight and candor. This month *Forum* talks to a bisexual married couple that has the courage to talk openly about its unusual life-style.

FINALLY, A WAY TO FIGHT BALDNESS

RECOGNIZED BY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT!



ACTUAL GROWTH AFTER 3 MONTHS.

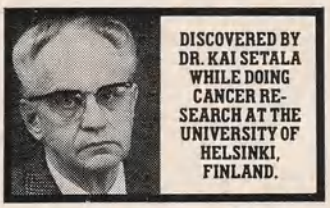
NEW HAIR RESULTING FROM BIO-GENESIS APPLICATION. (NOTE THICKER THAN PREVIOUS OLDER HAIRS.)

MAGNIFIED 25 X

AFTER 35 YEARS OF RESEARCH COMES THE INCREDIBLE RESULTS IN 8 OF EVERY 10 CASES.

Bio-Genesis is a cure for baldness. In one carefully monitored study, 80% of those treated regrew their hair with Bio-Genesis. These were patients with "pattern baldness," not some obscure hair loss disease.

Proof that Bio-Genesis works is provided by the German government. They have recognized Bio-Genesis as a bona fide medical treatment, and have made it



DISCOVERED BY DR. KAI SETALA WHILE DOING CANCER RESEARCH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF HELSINKI, FINLAND.

eligible for inclusion under the German health insurance plan.

No other treatment for baldness has been as widely recognized and proclaimed as Bio-Genesis.

THE DISCOVERY.

Dr. Kai Setala of the University of Finland in Helsinki discovered Bio-Genesis during his cancer research work. After countless

NEW HAIR FOLLICLE IS THICKER THAN OLD HAIR.

tests on laboratory animals, he and his associates concluded Bio-Genesis was the hair restorative man has searched for since time immemorial.

BIOPSY SAMPLES PROVE IT.

The next step was human testing. Patients were treated in the most controlled environment, operating under the strictest medical testing procedures. Biopsy samples of hair roots were taken from patients before, during, and after treatment. The results?

Eight out of ten patients showed follicle rejuvenation after they had been treated. Hair follicles that had previously been atrophied were now strong and healthy. But Dr. Setala and his associates didn't really need a microscope to see that. Because 80% of those treated had regrown hair. That's right, regrown hair, even in areas that had been bald for over twenty years.

Further studies revealed similar evidence. Patients with so-called pattern baldness had now actually regenerated hair growth. (See actual case above.)

HOW IT WORKS.

Bio-Genesis works on four separate levels to rejuvenate the hair follicles and promote regrowth. First, it cleanses the hair follicle of growth inhibiting debris. Secondly, it helps to loosen the subcutaneous tissue surrounding the follicle, thus facilitating increased blood circulation. As imperative as these two steps are, it is the final two steps that makes Bio-Genesis as effective as it is.

THE CURSE OF THE HORMONE.

Since the forties, doctors have known that androgens (the male hormones) were somehow linked to baldness. It was later revealed that the accumulation of these hormones in the scalp is the cause of male pattern baldness. It seems a by-product of testosterone, DHT, renders the hair follicle incapable of producing new hair. Thus, hair fallout occurs, leading ultimately to baldness.

Researchers had long sought a solution that would neutralize DHT. But Dr. Setala had other ideas. He knew that cholesterol is the key ingredient to the synthesis of male hormones. Much of this synthesis takes place in the skin and scalp. Dr. Setala reasoned that by reducing the cholesterol present in the scalp, hormone levels would also decrease. He was right.

Bio-Genesis is capable of neutralizing cholesterol in the scalp that leads to excessive hormone production. But there's more. Bio-Genesis also breaks down cholesterol found on the cutaneous surface of the hair follicles. This in itself is imperative, because cholesterol inhibits cell division. By removing this block to cellular growth, the hair follicle is more easily able to regrow to its normal state.

NOW IN THE U.S.

Bio-Genesis, under the name Bioscal, is now marketed in Europe and Canada. Thousands have already experienced hair regrowth due to this fantastic discovery.

Now Braswell, Inc. is pleased to bring Bio-Genesis to the United States. This is the first time it has ever been available in this country. So now thousands of Americans will be able to beat baldness with Bio-Genesis. Would you like to be included in this number?

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PHI2

If you want four-wheel drive
for all the right reasons (which do not
include attacks on small trees),
then you want AMC's Eagle.

CIVILIZED FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE

BY WADE HOYT

The term *four-wheel drive* conjures up visions of rugged, trucklike vehicles with gas-guzzling V-8 engines blasting across the landscape on rock-hard suspensions, their pea-brained drivers wreaking ecological mayhem through the farthest reaches of virgin wilderness.

That's *not* what the new American Motors Eagle is all about. It is, first and foremost, a four-wheel-drive (4wd) passenger car. Built on the AMC Concord chassis, the Eagle is available as a compact coupé, sedan, or station wagon. Its four-wheel traction is intended, not for cross-country bush-bashing, but to provide the ultimate safety on slippery roads. Neither snow nor rain, mud nor sand, gravel nor ice, can slow the Eagle from the quick completion of its appointed rounds. It is not only one of the most sophisticated 4wd vehicles in the world but also the safest, most idiot-proof passenger motor vehicle available in America today.

Who would have expected such a package from American Motors Corporation, supposedly the weak sister among the Big Four U.S. car companies? Through economic necessity, AMC has learned how to scour the parts bins to create new, sometimes controversial models with a minimum investment in new tooling and inventory.

The original design for the Eagle was a combination of the 4wd technology of the Jeep division with that of AMC's passenger-car lines. But the Jeep plants are working at full capacity and selling everything they can build; so AMC turned to Chrysler's New Process gear division for the full-time 4wd hardware in the Eagle. Called Quadra-Trac by AMC, the heart of the system was designed by FF Developments in England, builders of the sophisticated four-wheel drive train in Stirling Moss's Ferguson Formula One car, Andy Granatelli's STP-Lotus Indianapolis turbine cars, and the Jensen FF sports cars of the late 1960s.

While everyone else is talking about the demise of V-8 engines sometime in the future, AMC has already dropped them and offers only sixes and fours for 1980. The only power package available in the Eagle is the AMC 258-cubic-inch, 114-horsepower, six-cylinder engine with a three-speed automatic transmission. A conventional driveline with a solid rear axle delivers power to the rear wheels. A New Process transfer case at the rear of the transmission diverts some of the engine's power to a second drive shaft, which runs forward to a second differential that is bolted to the engine. Short axle shafts with constant-velocity joints deliver power through an independent suspension to the front wheels.

Most 4wd vehicles have a solid front axle, suspended on leaf springs. This results in a rough ride, difficult handling, and enough ground clearance to straddle tree stumps. While this high stance is perfect for hurtling through the outback, it results in a very high center of gravity, which causes highway handling to deteriorate even further. The gyroscopic effect of the front wheels can also create weird steering-wheel vibrations and rapid tire wear.

The independent coil-spring front suspension of the Eagle eliminates all of these problems. The ride is slightly firmer than that of the usual undersprung Detroit sedan, but it is no stiffer than the typical imported sedan. In fact, the Eagle's ride and handling might be called mid-Atlantic—but closer to Europe than America.

The clever New Process transfer case also distinguishes the Eagle from most 4wd vehicles. It has a fluid coupling, similar to that in an automatic transmission; but the working fluid is not the thin, runny stuff found in an automatic but rather a silicone liquid that retains its honeylike consistency from 40 below zero Fahrenheit to over 400 degrees.

When you point the Eagle straight down the road, the front and rear drive shafts rotate at exactly the same speed, just as if they were locked together mechanically. When the vehicle rounds a curve, however, the front and rear wheels must cover slightly different distances. To make this possible, the viscous coupling allows just enough slip so that the two drive shafts can rotate at slightly different speeds. The thick silicone will not allow too much slip, however, and thus prevents wheel-spin during acceleration and wheel lockup when you are braking.

Sooner or later, the average vehicle will spin its wheels on icy hills or mud-slick roads, whether it has rear-wheel drive, front-wheel drive, or 4wd. The Eagle cannot spin its wheels, because the viscous coupling transmits only as much power as the tires can apply to the road. If they can't apply any power without spinning, the engine may race, but the Eagle will stand still.

Outside, the Eagle looks a lot like the Concord except for its big, 15-inch spoke wheels and the extra 3 inches of ground clearance, which give it the short, purposeful look so admired in 4wd circles. The wheels are set farther apart than those on stock Concords.

Inside, the Eagle can be posh as any Detroit sedan. Options include leather upholstery, power windows, cruise control, a tilt steering wheel, a sunroof, and a choice of several sound systems. Prices start at $6,999 for the two-door Eagle. Our test car was a wagon version with a number of options, including the "Sport" package, and had a list price of $8,969.

Photographs by Ted Kaufman

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

but it definitely includes it, so that together with contests of endurance and fortitude, there is a wallowing in sheer, raw maleness—obscene language, drunkenness, use of urine and excrement to humiliate the initiates, lewd sexual performance. Almost universally in frats and other groups that practice real hazing, the initiates are stripped somewhere in the proceedings, generally right at the start. In addition to the opportunities this provides for involuntary erections, many of the games and stunts are designed to provoke hard-ons, which become the occasion of humiliating insult and, sometimes, punishment. Masturbation appears to be only slightly less widespread than nudity. In some places this may amount to no more than requiring a pledge to beat off an uncommanded hard-on, which allows the members to pretend outrage to their sense of decorum. Other groups may favor the commonly practiced cock-measuring event or the quiz that explores the pledge's sexual preferences and activities to a demonstration of jerk-off style.

Athletes, by the way (and naturally, I suppose, since they are more acutely aware of their bodies and their responses than the average young man), tend to go in more for the crudely and brutally physical—including the grossly sexual—in their hazing, whether it be in lettermen initiations, jock-dominated frats, or military schools where sports is king.

When I began my research, I tended to hold to the superficially obvious suggested by Price in his article: that such activities have a considerable amount of homosexual sadomasochism. After sifting through quite a lot of accounts, with the opportunity to follow up with questions answered by the correspondents, I have come to the same conclusion voiced spontaneously by the sophomore in Price's article: the participants do not view what they are doing as homo-sex but just as sex-sex, which teenage boys do not need to be shown is self-evidently enjoyable and desirable and an end in itself. Although they are not insensitive to accusations of homosexuality in these activities, the participants themselves do not equate the enjoyable exercise of their male sexual powers in events that celebrate masculinity with lusting after other men or with assuming a feminine role in an affectionate relationship. A few groups make a special effort to introduce a positive note of heterosexuality into their hazing. Some athletic groups enlist the aid of cheerleaders in the hazing sessions. Some frats install a prostitute on a mattress in the rec room and require each pledge to demonstrate his manhood before the watching members and fellow pledges. But most groups simply don't feel they need to bring girls into the haz-

ing picture to prove their heterosexuality and prefer to put their pledges through their paces with no outside witnesses present.

Another aspect of sexuality that emerges in many hazings is the idea of initiation as rebirth into the group, or into manhood in a more general way. The Price article provides a fairly literal example of the former. Other groups only suggest the process, often by shaving all body hair off their "babies" and/or dressing them in diapers for part of the initiation. The "rebirth" idea is undoubtedly a carry-over from the initiation rituals of primitive times, but it has far less meaning than in the primitive context and tends to be incomplete and contrived. Still, "rebirths" are undoubtedly part of the complex and paradoxical psychology of hazing.

It is a puzzle why boys at the peak of their male sexuality, literally overflowing with the juices of life, feel the need to obtain peers' confirmation of their successful exercise of their male powers. But it seems clear that they do and that this provides one of the most compelling reasons for their submission to the pain and humiliation of hazing. Other reasons are at play, too, of course, but I find this to be the central thread in the process, not only in fraternities but in any group in which male newcomers are forced to gain recognition by their male peers of their claims to masculinity.

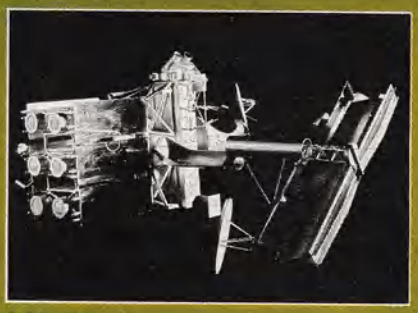
It is an almost virgin subject, awaiting an in-depth exploration by professional researchers. Last spring I sent my own observations and conclusions to the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University, together with a broad selection of raw material that was carefully edited in order to conceal the identity of the contributors. I hope that these observations will provide interested researchers with a start in the thorough documentation of the American way of hazing in a book that will cast some light into this dark corner of the male psyche.—*John Barton, Washington, D.C.*

I just finished reading "Hell Week" and absolutely freaked out! That was my fraternity initiation (I was in the class of 1976) that was described. I won't divulge the name of the fraternity or the school, because that might spoil a 50-year tradition for potential pledges, but I will say that I was a "sperm" when I was a pledge and went through exactly what was described in the article. In fact, the description was so accurate that it sent chills down my spine.

Those who suggest that articles written in *Penthouse* are made up or exaggerated should doubt it no more. Everything described, right down to the maraschino cherry, actually happened. I am proud that my fraternity's initiation has become such a legend. (I just hope that none of our potential pledges read the piece!)—*P. Mollick, Flushing, N.Y.*

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE JANUARY 22



CATCHER

SKI-CHUTING

NEW MEDICINE

COMET CATCHER—When Halley's Comet returns in five years or so, we'll have a spacecraft there to meet it. The Halley's Comet rendezvous mission will mark the first use of a new kind of rocket. It's powered by the sun, and its engines use high-voltage electricity to eject a thin stream of glowing mercury ions. Their thrust is tiny, but the efficient engines can run for years, eventually pushing the probe far faster than chemical rockets could. In this month's *Omni* Dr. Robert L. Forward describes what may become the ultimate "star engine."

THE NEW MEDICINE—Have you had your vitamins today? Your minerals? Maybe a few pumpkin seeds? If so, there's a small band of hardy medical pioneers who'll be glad to hear it. They call themselves orthomolecular physicians, and they say that mass-produced medicine simply doesn't work. To get well and keep well, according to the New Medicine, stay with the natural compounds and carefully calculated diets "health-food freaks" have been advocating for years. For a look at the future impact of vitamin C and a host of other innovations that rankle traditional doctors, see the February *Omni*.

SKI-CHUTING—A new sport, combining movement through air and over ice, is enabling pioneers to overcome—momentarily, at least—the force of gravity. It's known as ski-chuting, and enthusiasts are strapping on parachutes to ski *up* mountains. Photographer Matthias Wendt captures the thrill of this futuristic alpine sport in pictorial fashion for the February *Omni*.

SCIENCE FICTION—One of the most exciting projects coming up this year is *Medea: Harlan's World*, containing original stories by ten top science-fiction writers about the specially designed planet of Medea. An advance look at that book appears in the February *Omni* with Ted Sturgeon's first major work in eight years, "Why Dolphins Don't Bite." Sturgeon explores the conflicts between normally bred humans and genetically engineered people. The situations produce a haunting vision of the future. Also in this issue are stories by Stephen Robinett and Ian Stewart.

FUTURE CURVES—What was the outstanding scientific paper of the past decade? *Omni* put this question to the oldest scientific society in the world: the Fellows of Britain's Royal Society. Bernard Dixon and John Gribbin report on the areas in which consensus emerged among the luminaries, along with some downright unexpected responses. Would you believe that one respondent chose a study entitled *The Life Cycle of the Coccidian Parasite*? You may agree when you discover why in the February issue of *Omni*.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

thought of you often."

As she was speaking, her hand moved up and down my crotch and I was in a torrid state. I tried to push her away but found my hands on her firm, pointed breasts. I had dreamed of this for a year, and it was coming true. I kissed her passionately and unbuttoned her blouse. I realized that Marie had had several quickies with her peers, but I wanted to give her something to remember. I kissed her neck, slid her blouse off, and unhooked her bra. I slowly massaged her tits and kissed them again and again. I sucked on each one until the nipples were hard and rubbed her body.

Marie moaned with pleasure, unzipped my pants, and massaged my member. By the time I got her pants off, she was wild with lust and would have done anything. I felt the same way. I fingered her clit through her panties and pushed the panties in and out of her slit. Then I pressed my teeth against her snatch and bit gently. Marie was wriggling and squirming. She lowered my pants and sucked on my cock.

By this time I was so hot that I placed her on my desk and removed her drenched panties. My thrusts into that tight pussy were violent, and I could feel her coming again and again. In a short while it was my turn. I didn't want any chance pregnancies; so I withdrew and came all over her beautiful, firm breasts. We clenched and held each other for about ten minutes. Then we cleaned up.

Before Marie left, she said that she had just lived out one of her fantasies and that I shouldn't worry because she was moving to a faraway state and would not see me again. I will never forget this experience.—*Name and address withheld*

Crème de la crème

I am writing to you about an experience that I had with my husband. Terry and I have a great physical relationship. We're uninhibited, open about sex, and do whatever gives us pleasure. We were checked into a quaint little hotel, decorated like an old-fashioned inn. Our room was dominated by a huge, canopied bed, with hand-carved wood posts and a billowy feather mattress. The bed was against one wall, and opposite it was a huge wood-burning fireplace.

It was 6:00 P.M. when we arrived. Being tired from the long drive, we both took a hot bath and then relaxed in front of the fire with our drinks. Terry was exhausted and started to fall asleep in the easy chair, but I helped him get to the bed, where he passed out. Within moments I heard him breathing deeply, a sign that he was fast asleep.

I was still wide awake, but the combination of the big supper, the hot bath, and

the brandy made me tremendously relaxed. The sight of Terry sleeping so peacefully had always turned me on, and this night was no different. A couple of brandy snifters later, I had gotten a case of the giggles, standing there like a fool in my sheer nightie with my hand over my mouth so that the sound of my laughter wouldn't wake him.

The picture of Terry in that canopied bed was too inviting for me to ignore; so I set about my work. From my suitcase, I took four long, silk scarves. Then one by one I tied his wrists and ankles to the bedposts, moving each limb carefully so that I wouldn't wake him.

Going back to my suitcase, I extracted a spray can of whipped cream. The can was warm from being in the suitcase all day. I sprayed the warm cream on his pink toes and then I slowly started licking and sucking each one clean. Terry murmured and twitched in his sleep but didn't awaken, and I saw his limp cock start to grow.

His fingers were next. I covered them with the thick cream; then I sucked each one as if it were a tiny penis, wrapping my lips around it and moving it in and out of my mouth. He was still, but his cock was twitching and growing larger.

Then I sprayed the cream in a curving line from the palm of his right hand across his right breast to his navel and then up across his left breast to his left palm. Careful not to wake him, I slowly ate my way across his body, stopping to nibble at his nipples and sliding my tongue deep into the sweetness of his navel.

By this time, Terry's cock had gotten fully erect, but he was still asleep. All this sucking and licking was really turning me on, and the sight of his cock, hard and standing at attention, sent shivers down my spine. So again I reached for the spray can, this time aiming the warm cream at his balls. Ever so gently, I took each one into my mouth, and careful not to let my teeth graze the tender skin, I twirled my tongue around them. Terry was moaning in his sleep, his body imperceptibly rocking back and forth.

I generously creamed his stiff cock and treated him to a tantalizing blowjob. My pussy was aching and throbbing by then, and I had to have his lovely cock inside me. I climbed on top of him and slid my cunt down over his gleaming cock, knowing that this would surely wake him. Still in sleep, Terry's body responded to me when I rode him up and down. I must say that it rated as one of my top orgasms. Then I carefully untied him and climbed into bed, pulling the covers over us as I nestled against his warm body and fell into a deep sleep, still pondering how he could have slept through the whole thing.

Hours later a twinge of pleasure in my crotch pulled me from the depths of sleep. At first, I was confused. It was dark, the fire was out, and I couldn't move. Slowly, the dawning realization came to me, as I felt Terry's hot tongue

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between my toes. He had been playing possum after all. What's good for the gander is good enough for the goose. Careful to keep my breathing even so that he wouldn't know I was awake, I smiled a little because I knew what was in store.— *Name and address withheld*

One for all, all for one

After reading several of the past letters in "Forum," I felt I had to write to you and relate an experience I had earlier this summer.

It all started at the office where I work when Gwen, an accounting clerk, was assigned to work with me and learn my job in preparation for my going overseas on a temporary assignment. Gwen is no raving beauty but is a very attractive woman. I judged that she was about my age, 35, but learned later that she was 39 and has a son 20 years old attending college. I also learned that she was a widow, that her husband had left her quite well off, and that she worked simply in order not to be bored to death staying home all the time.

As time went on, we started having lunch together almost every day and went to dinner and a show several times a week. Every time I tried to get a little romantic, she would back off, explaining she wasn't sure she wanted to get too involved with anyone. I was getting to like Gwen very much and wasn't going to give up until I was in like Flynn.

One Friday afternoon she asked if I was free on Saturday, as she was giving a dinner party and wanted me to attend. Also, her son was home from school for the summer, and she wanted me to meet him. I thought, "Pass his inspection" would be more like it. I accepted, and she gave me directions to her home and said to come out in the afternoon and go swimming in her pool.

I arrived about 2:00 P.M., and Gwen met me at the door. She was wearing a short robe, the kind of cover-up worn over a swimsuit. I couldn't help noticing how nice and tan her shapely, long legs were. I was wondering what kind of suit she was wearing, but was I ever in for a surprise! She took me through the house to the patio by the pool. She fixed me a drink and then said she wanted to introduce me to her son, who was sunning himself out by the side of the pool. I didn't realize he was there, as he was hidden from view by some deck chairs. As we approached him, I was sort of startled to see that he was lying there stark naked. As his mother spoke, he got to his feet to greet me. I guess I had a surprised look on my face when Gwen quickly said she hoped that nudity didn't bother me and went on to say that the family had been nudists for years. As we were introduced, I couldn't help staring at Mark. He had to be just about the most attractive young man I had ever seen. He was about six foot two, with a strong, lean, muscular body, a so-called swimmer's build, I guess you would call it, blond hair, and deep blue eyes.

He had a deep tan, but the most outstanding thing about his body was that the kid was hung like a horse. While his cock was soft, it still must have been at least seven inches long and perfectly shaped. He was as big soft as I am hard. After a few words, Gwen and I returned to the patio to finish our drinks. Gwen then said she was going for a swim and asked me to join her. She slipped off her robe and stood before me wearing nothing except a smile. She had been hiding a beautiful body under those clothes she wore to the office. She may be 39, but her body matches that of any 25-year-old, with firm, high breasts and legs that don't quit. I didn't waste any time stripping off my clothes to join her and Mark in the pool. Although I'm not built like Mark, I keep myself in good shape and don't feel ashamed to be seen in the nude. We all swam several lengths of the pool and then were sitting on the side, feeling the nice warm sun.

Mark excused himself to get ready for a date that night, and Gwen said she had to get dressed for the party. She showed me to a guest room, where I could shower and dress. After dressing, I returned to the patio and found Mark waiting for his

date, a girl named Sandy, to pick him up. He explained his car was in the shop; so Sandy volunteered to take him to the beach party they were going to that night. I noticed that Mark presented a formidable appearance dressed as well as undressed, although he wasn't wearing all that much—just thin jogging shorts and a T-shirt. It was quite obvious that he wasn't wearing anything under the shorts, and I guess the fact that the legs of the shorts were quite tight was the only thing keeping his big cock from falling out.

Sandy arrived, a beautiful blonde with green eyes and a beautiful body. She and Mark made a perfect couple, all health and beauty to the fullest. Then Gwen came out and greeted Sandy. Gwen was wearing a lovely hostess outfit and had her hair up in a style different from what she usually wore at the office. She looked quite beautiful. The kids left, and Gwen asked if I would help her put the finishing touches on the buffet she was serving that evening.

Her guests arrived around seven o'clock, a friendly group, mostly married couples. We had a very nice evening, not a wild time, just good food, drinks, and good conversation. All the guests had left by midnight, and Gwen asked me to stay a while longer. She quickly straightened up the party mess, saying the big clean-up would be the next day. We went out to the patio and talked about the party and had a few drinks. Gwen jumped to her feet and said, "Let's go swimming" and slipped out of her clothes and dashed to the pool. I quickly shed my clothes and followed her.

As soon as I was in the water, she was all over me, kissing me and groping me under the water. She whispered in my ear, "Carl, make love to me!" We moved to the side of the pool, and I had her sit on the side with her legs in the water. I gently spread her thighs apart and buried my face in her pussy, gently working her with my tongue. She was moaning and groaning so loudly that I thought she might wake the neighbors. She came in a shuddering climax and rested on her back, my face still buried between her legs. I got out of the pool, and we went to her bedroom. We then had the wildest fuck session I could ever remember having. She was fantastic!

When I awoke in the morning, Gwen was gone and then I remembered she said she had to see her mother every Sunday or catch hell. I slipped on the shorts I had intended using for swimming and made my way to the kitchen. There was Mark sitting there, naked as usual, reading the Sunday paper. He offered to fix me some breakfast, but I said coffee would be fine. We both sat there reading the paper for a time, and then Mark said he was going out to lie in the sun. He suggested I join him. I slipped off my shorts and stretched out on my stomach on one of the poolside mats. Mark offered to put oil on my back, joking about my getting

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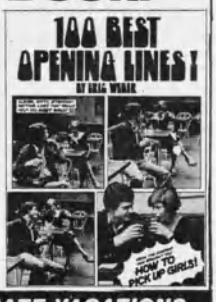

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my lily-white ass sunburned.

As he rubbed the oil on my back, he said that my muscles were very tense, and he would give me a massage. Mark straddled me on his knees and proceeded to massage my shoulders and back. Every so often I could feel that giant cock of his brush my ass. That and the massage were starting to turn me on and my cock was getting stiff. Mark rubbed oil on my ass gently slipping his fingers up the crack of my ass and then moving on to the back of my thighs. As he worked on me, his fingers occasionally brushed my balls between my legs, a further turn-on. Then he told me to turn over, and he would continue the massage. I told him I was a bit ashamed as the massage so far had given me a hard-on. He said, "Fine."

As I rolled over, I saw what he meant. His cock wasn't all that much bigger hard than soft, about nine inches, but much thicker and standing straight out from his body. He was kneeling at my feet as I turned over, and before I realized what had happened, Mark leaned forward and had taken my hard, seven-inch rod deeply into his mouth and was proceeding to give me a blowjob. I was so surprised that I just lay there and let him go at me. It was fantastic! He really knew what he was doing. Then all of a sudden he took his mouth off me and rubbed some oil on my throbbing cock, and before I realized he had positioned himself over me and was guiding my cock up his ass. He slowly sank down on me.

I was speechless. He began to ride me up and down, fucking his tight ass with my cock. It was only a matter of a few minutes, and I couldn't hold back any longer. I shot my load up his ass in what seemed to be never-ending spurts. Almost simultaneously Mark's giant cock shot a gusher of come, the first shot landing on my lips and chin and the rest on my chest. Mark collapsed on top of me and kissed me full on the mouth, licking his come off my lips and chin. We caught our breath, and he rolled off me. He started to apologize for what had happened, but I stopped him, telling him that I was surprised and that nothing like it had ever happened to me before, but that I did enjoy it. We talked awhile, and he told me that he was bisexual and enjoyed sex with both women and men. He also confessed that he had come home early the night before because Sandy wasn't feeling well and he had watched his mother and me making love by the side of the pool. He had also heard us making love in his mother's room and decided then and there that he was going to try me out.

We swam for a while and sunned ourselves. Sandy dropped by and apologized to Mark for getting sick the night before and ruining his evening. She slipped off her shorts and halter top and slipped into the pool with Mark following. They went to the far end of the pool, and soon Mark was sitting on the edge, with Sandy standing between his widespread legs, giving him head. Perhaps they thought I couldn't see them.

Gwen came home shortly after that and suggested we all have a dinner on the patio. After dinner I said I had better get home, as it was a long drive and I had things to do before I went to work on Monday. After I went to bed that night I couldn't sleep, thinking it all over.

A few weeks later I moved in with Gwen, and we are to be married next month when I return from my overseas assignment. My weekends the rest of the summer were fantastic—making love to Gwen on Saturday and making love to Mark on Sunday. I have progressed to the point with Mark that I can now take most of his cock up my ass in return for letting me do the same to him. Gwen knows what happens between Mark and me but doesn't mind as long as there is enough of me left for her. Mark has returned to school but will be home for the holidays. A good time will be had by all.—*Name and address withheld*

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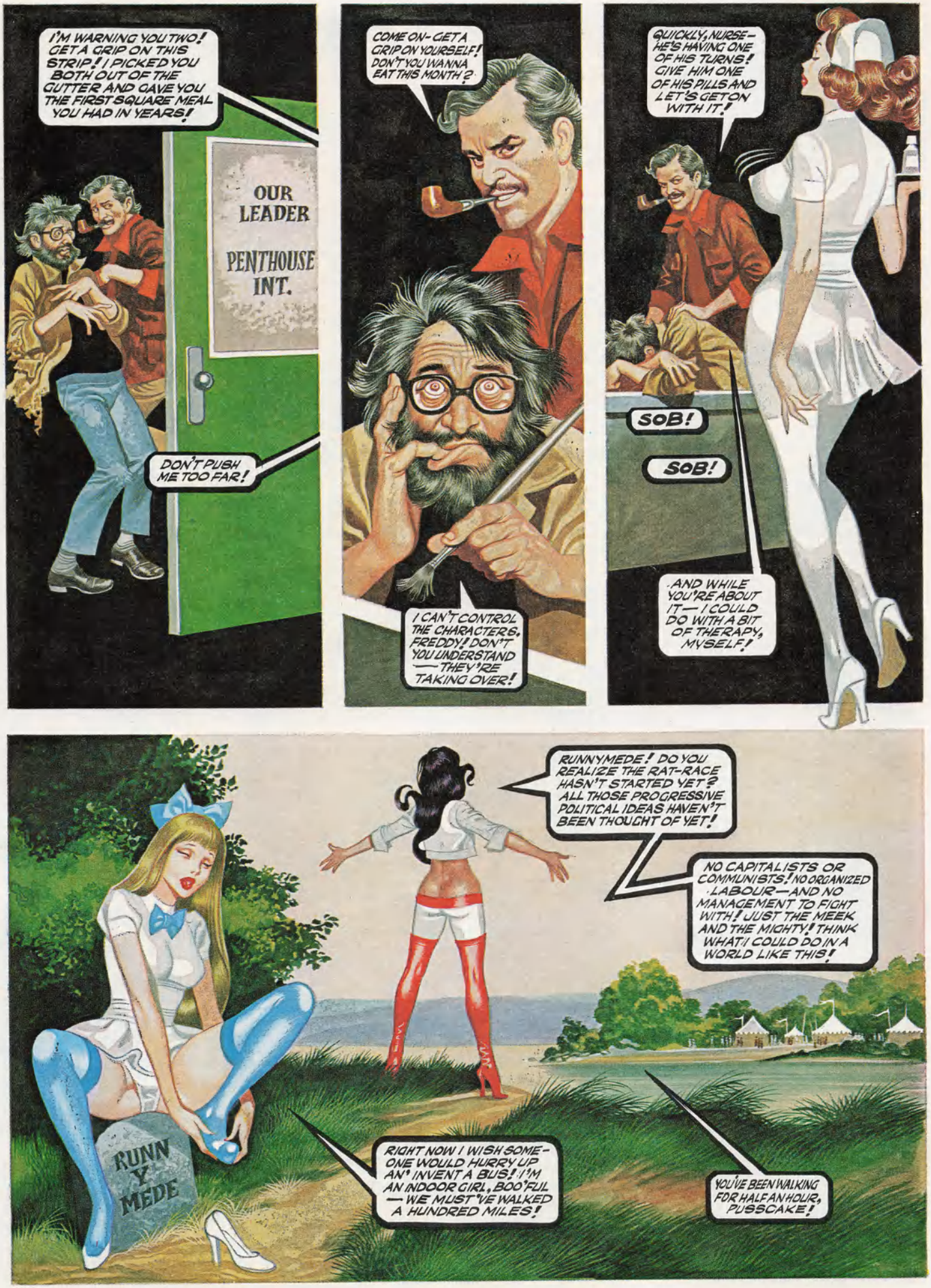
JUST LIE BACK AND ENJOY IT, PUSSCAKE!
WE AGREE! IT DOES SEEM A WASTE OF TIME! BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? SHE'S A VERY WILFUL GIRL AND SHE'S OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA OF ALTERING THE COURSE OF HISTORY!
ALL WE CAN DO IS HANG IN THERE AND HOPE SHE GETS BORED WITH IT SOON!
IF THIS IS SAPIENS' IDEA OF A JOKE – HE'LL BE SPEAKIN' IN A HIGH FALSETTO WHEN I'VE FINISHED WITH HIM!
YIKE! A PIGSTY! OF ALL PLACES!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

WHAT DOST THOU MEAN—PIGSTY? THOU ART SPEAKING OF MY HOME!
YUK! I KNEW THE ENGLISH WERE THE POOR MEN OF EUROPE—BUT I DIDN'T IMAGINE THEY WERE THAT POOR!
WHAT STRANGE BEINGS ART THOU?
THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, SNIVELLING WORM OF A COMMON PEASANT! WHERE ARE WE?
THOU ART IN MY HOME, O NOBLE ONE OF OBVIOUS HIGH BIRTH!
I KNOW THAT, DOGFACE—BUT WHERE IS YOUR HOME?
THOU ART WITHIN A FEW LEAGUES OF RUNNYMEDE, MY LADY—AND THIS IS MERRIE ENGLAND.....
...THOUGH DON'T ASK ME WHY THEY CALL IT SO —IT'S A MISERABLE HOLE!
MY COMPANION AND I REQUIRE FOOD!
ALL I HAVE IS YOURS, MY LORD...ESS! I CAN TELL THAT THOU ART OF ROYAL BLOOD—BY YE GRACIOUS WAY THAT THOU ALLOWEST ME TO GROVEL AT THY FEET!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE—I NEED SOME AIR!

FORGIVE ME, YOUR WORSHIPS! I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT CLOSE CONTACT WITH US COMMON FOLK WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR THY DELICATE NOSTRILS!
PLEASE – CHOOSE A PIG AND I WILL KILL IT FORTHWITH!
I COULDN'T EAT ONE OF THOSE TO SAVE MY LIFE, BOO'FUL!
NO, THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! JUST A LITTLE BREAD WILL DO — THEN YOU CAN POINT US IN THE DIRECTION OF RUNNYMEDE!
GOODBYE, O NOBLE PERSONS – AND MAY GOOD FORTUNE GO WITH YOUR HONOURS!
SQUALID THO' IT IS, I LIKE THE WAY THE PEASANTS KNOW THEIR PLACE HERE – AND ACCEPT IT!
AND MAYEST THOU FALL INTO YE FOULEST OF BOG-HOLES AND ROT THERE!
AND BACK AT THE SCHLOSS...
A SUCCESSFUL MISSION, GRUD! BANG ON TARGET! THE MOSTRESS HAS ARRIVED IN 12TH CENTURY ENGLAND — WITHIN A MILE OR TWO OF RUNNYMEDE!
MY PLACE IN HISTORY IS ASSURED! I'M THE FIRST MAN TO MAKE ACCURATE TIME TRAVEL POSSIBLE! I'VE SUCCEEDED IN PUTTING THE CLOCK BACK EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS!
YOU AND THE AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI!
FIDEL SPECIALS
WHAT TH...?
WHILE WANDA IS INDULGING HERSELF IN TRIVIALITIES — IT'S ABOUT TIME THIS STRIP ABANDONED ALL THIS ESCAPIST NONSENSE AND FACED UP TO A FEW OF THE REAL ISSUES!

1980
WE ARE THE MEN OF DESTINY WHO WAIT QUIETLY IN THE WINGS!
WE AWAIT THE OPPORTUNITY TO ACHIEVE GREATNESS — OR HAVE GREAT-NESS THRUST UPON US!
WE AWAIT YOUR SIGNAL — YOUR CHOICE!
WE WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO SERVE YOU!
AND TO MAKE THIS COUNTRY AND THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN!....ER....
...IN WHICH TO LIVE!
GET 'EM OUT OF HERE!


I'M WARNING YOU TWO! GET A GRIP ON THIS STRIP! I PICKED YOU BOTH OUT OF THE GUTTER AND GAVE YOU THE FIRST SQUARE MEAL YOU HAD IN YEARS!
OUR LEADER
PENTHOUSE INT.
DON'T PUSH ME TOO FAR!
COME ON- GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! DON'T YOU WANNA EAT THIS MONTH?
I CAN'T CONTROL THE CHARACTERS, FREDDY! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND — THEY'RE TAKING OVER!
QUICKLY, NURSE- HE'S HAVING ONE OF HIS TURNS! GIVE HIM ONE OF HIS PILLS AND LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
SOB!
SOB!
AND WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT— I COULD DO WITH A BIT OF THERAPY, MYSELF!
RUNNYMEDE! DO YOU REALIZE THE RAT-RACE HASN'T STARTED YET? ALL THOSE PROGRESSIVE POLITICAL IDEAS HAVEN'T BEEN THOUGHT OF YET!
NO CAPITALISTS OR COMMUNISTS! NO ORGANIZED LABOUR—AND NO MANAGEMENT TO FIGHT WITH! JUST THE MEEK AND THE MIGHTY! THINK WHAT I COULD DO IN A WORLD LIKE THIS!
RUNN Y MEDE
RIGHT NOW I WISH SOMEONE WOULD HURRY UP AN' INVENT A BUS! I'M AN INDOOR GIRL, BOO'FUL — WE MUST'VE WALKED A HUNDRED MILES!
YOU'VE BEEN WALKING FOR HALF AN HOUR, PUSSCAKE!

ANOTHER PENTHOUSE SCOOP! WHERE ELSE COULD YOU WITNESS THE ACTUAL SIGNING OF MAGNA CARTA?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! SAPIENS HAS GOT IT RIGHT! RUNNYMEDE IN 1215 A.D! THAT'S KING JOHN AND HE'S ABOUT TO SIGN THE MAGNA CARTA!
OH, REALLY? HOW...ER... INTERESTING!?
KNOW YE, MY LORDS, THAT I CONSIDER THIS A SCURVY RIPOFF!
WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOIN' IN THIS DRAGGY PLACE?
CUT YE THE CRAP, SIRE, AND START SCRATCHING THY MONNIKER!
THOU HAST TO HAND IT TO YE RED BARON— HE MINCETH NOT HIS WORDS! WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?
WHY, WHOEVER HATH THE MOST BOUNTIFUL BREAD, NATURALLY!
I WISH HE'D GET A MOVE ON! I'VE GOT A SIDE OF BEEF AND A HOT WENCH WAITING FOR ME AT HOME!

WE'RE WITNESSING THE FIRST HISTORICAL STEP TOWARDS PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY....AND YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS THAT'S GOT US INTO!
I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
IT'S AWFUL SPOOKY —LOOKIN' AT SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN DEAD FOR 800 YEARS!
YOUR MAJESTY —HOLD IT!
DON'T SIGN THAT DOCUMENT UNTIL YOU'VE READ THE SMALL PRINT!
SMALL PRINT? WHAT MEANEST THAT?
KNIGHTS! SEIZE YON TRAITOROUS STRUMPETS!
THEIR COSTUME IS AN AFFRONT TO CHRISTIANITY! CAST THEM INTO MY DUNGEON!
SMALL PRINT? A POX ON LAWYERS AND SCRIBES! H'M ...THE QUEEN HATH GOODLY EYESIGHT. I HAD BEST DELAY THIS AFFAIR!
I TRUST THOU HATH A WARM HEART, FELLER, UNDER THAT TIN TRACK—SUIT!

MY OLD LADY IS GOING TO BE SURPRISED WHEN I GET HOME — I WAS ONLY FOUR FEET TALL WHEN I CAME IN HERE!
HERE'S A FINE MEDIEVAL MESS YOU'VE GOT US INTO, BOO'FUL!
RELAX! ONCE THE KING READS THE BOTTOM LINES — HE'LL SPRING US!
...AND THE OUTLANDISH GARB, MY LORD? WOULD THE BARONESS LIKE IT?
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? BARBARIAN NONSENSE! BURN IT — AND SUMMON MY EXECUTIONER!
IF EVER I GET BACK TO DEAR OLD COLLAPSING, DECADENT, BANCRUPT 20TH CENTURY EUROPE, I'M GONNA STICK A BOMB IN SAPIENS' ROTTEN OLD TIME MACHINE — AN' THAT'S FOR SURE!
TERRORIZM IN THE SCHLOSS? NEVER! MORE TO THE POINT, IS THIS WANDA'S LAST TRIP THROUGH THE TIME-SPACE CONTINUUM? WETHINKS NOT!

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

all the lousy things in a star's life because it shows them that even the big guys have problems.

Penthouse: What do you think of the recent rash of confessional books written by the girl friends or ex-wives of film stars?

Marvin: You can't forget that the only reason they're doing it is probably that they're not making it in movies. And so it's their way of getting even. "Fuck me, and I'm going to tell ya about it." That's what they're saying in those books.

But guys shouldn't worry so much about those books, about being called rotten lovers or whatever. I had a teacher when I was first acting who said, "I don't know why all you young men worry about the size of your cock. All you do, when you put it in, is just grab both cheeks of her ass and squeeze, and she doesn't know what's in it." I remember thinking, "Geez, this guy's pretty smart!"

The one book that I've heard a lot of good things about is Betty Bacall's book. Everybody liked it because she didn't name names, stuff like that. You don't have to. Everybody knows about the voracious appetite of women. I mean, I don't care who you're fucking; you're going to think twice before you assume, "I'm the only one that she ever let do this . . ." Come on, sonny! But I'd just rather not hear about it.

Penthouse: A lot of people do, though. They buy millions of those books.

Marvin: That's because the printing press has gone as modern as the films. They fire these books out so fast now. They can read an audience quick to know what it wants and then get the book right with the first printing. I don't know how many books are published a day. It's like the record business.

I'll tell ya, it's all taught me to believe the old Hollywood adage that you should never fuck nobody smaller than you. Otherwise they're going to talk.

Penthouse: Are you as male chauvinist as you sound?

Marvin: I've always respected women. When I was growing up, we had a very high regard for women. It was part of our training, to respect them. Women carried around that female magic, that secret thing that was a mystery. I hate to see them lose any of it. Of course they can vote, and of course they can do whatever they want to do, but I'd hate to see them in the army, as riflemen. I don't want to see them get hurt.

There are a lot of bad things about women's liberation, as there are an awful lot of good things. But I really don't think girls ought to be pilots of 747s, because there's still that stigma from years ago saying, "What happens when she has her period and she gets emotional?" You see two girls walking up to the front of the

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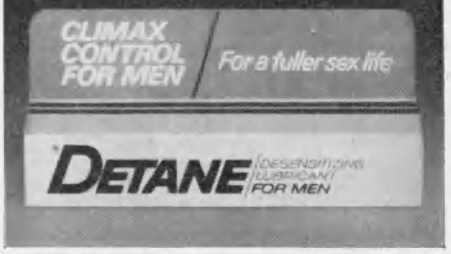

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plane, giggling, and you say, "Hey, wait a minute! I'm getting off." You want a sincere, earnest-looking, gray-haired old captain going up there, who has had 300,000 hours of experience in all kinds of bad weather. But I do believe in equal jobs and equal pay.

You know, respecting women allows me to say, "Hey, I have a secret, too. And so I'm not at the beck and call of any loose female who says, "Hey I want to jump in the hay with you." I say, "Well, you know, my dear, if that is really your aim, then you'd better be a little more seductive about it and let me think that I'm involved, too." I don't find the looseness of modern women at all appealing.

Penthouse: Do you think men have to be aggressors?

Marvin: It depends on many things. Some men are not the aggressors—some women are. They find their own level. It's like water seeking its own level. But I think the healthy—for lack of a better word—male attitude is that of aggressor. He wants to think that he has *conquered* or that he has really gotten the prize, by whatever fancy footwork.

Penthouse: What are the components of a good marriage?

Marvin: I just think that two people have to be basically heading in the same direction. They have to have an agreement on the moral structure of their lives. They set a course—not just due north, but with a variance of 15 or 20 degrees—and then the rest just comes naturally. It's not even important to like the same things. The little things make no difference.

Penthouse: Is the good wife in a good marriage a male chauvinist?

Marvin: I think a good wife naturally believes in male chauvinism. Because I can't really think of a lady of the tenderness, the intelligence, or the feeling required of a good wife who would not want or allow a man to open the door for her or to seat her at the table or to light her cigarette or whatever it is. Courting has always been done that way. And it should continue. So that's male chauvinism. If somebody splashes mud on your wife's skirt or something, I mean, you don't just turn and start brushing it off. You *go* for the guy. You say, "Hey, pal, that's my *wife*."

Penthouse: Has the notoriety you've gotten from this film led to a change in the type of parts you're offered in films?

Marvin: Around the time of the trial, the only scripts I got were Canadian scripts where I was to play some 55-year-old man—running around with a 19-year-old girl—who can't get it up anymore and hires a chauffeur or someone to pound away at her. In other words, the only film response I've gotten has been of low quality.

But then there just aren't good parts *around* these days. When I talk to my agent, Meyer Mischkin, he says, "Look, really, I'm telling ya, I'll send down scripts to show you what's being made today." And they are all kind of low-class crap. I don't see any scripts that are along the lines of what we think of as the old Hollywood. There are no leading-man roles like there used to be. They're all character things. That Cimino thing with a bunch of misfits in Vietnam. Or Kristofferson, a singer playing a cowboy. The pickings are very slim. If good parts are being written, I'm sure I'd be considered.

Josh Logan said something that sums up exactly what's going on now in our society. He said, "You're nobody in this country until you make it in the hay." You haven't made it until they can publicize who you fuck. It's still that old crotch game.

Look at that marvelous senator who was going around with that Argentinean pepper pot. When he became notorious, everybody kinda liked the guy. They'd never even heard of him before. He had been on one of the biggest Senate committees in the country, but as soon as he ran around with this stripper, they said, "*Okay!*" And now, of course, the lady is writing a book on "where I learned to type."

Penthouse: Why are so many high-budget films being made these days?

Marvin: I don't know. Maybe it's like, you know, the price of a whore. If she's a

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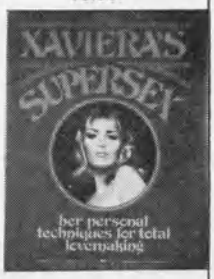

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thousand-dollar hooker, everybody says, "Jeez, she must be good!" when a two-dollar piece of ass would have done the job.

Penthouse: Are banks less conservative about financing big-budget movies?

Marvin: The banks aren't where the money for films comes from anymore. Movies are made with all the dirty money floating around. I think it's one of the biggest laundries going now. I think it's way ahead of Vegas. You'll have a junk dealer in Akron, Ohio, who wants to hide $5 million from the government. So he'll turn it over and say, "All right, get rid of it." And it's put into a film, and the film makes $14 million. And they bring it back to him, and the guy says, "What are you trying to do, ruin me? I said get *rid* of it."

Penthouse: Who make up film audiences these days?

Marvin: God, I don't know. I tell you, I look around—I live in Tucson, you know—and I look around here and can't tell who these people are who sit in movie theaters. They're all in T-shirts, shorts, sandles, beards. And some of them are professors. I don't know who they are. They're all in disguise. I think you don't dare put on a tie to go to a movie, right? The Roxy days are dead, when the movie theaters had all the marble and the beautiful seats and the lovely carpets. People would sit there and cut them up now.

Penthouse: What do you think of the young actors who appear on screen for the first time and become instant stars, never having to serve the 20-year apprenticeship you did?

Marvin: The only great thing about serving an apprenticeship or being the low man on the totem pole for a while is that you really develop a sense of humor at a young age. And it only gets bigger as you grow older. So that's why your Gary Coopers could poke fun at themselves on the screen when they were mature men. They did it with such quiet, inside humor that the audiences absolutely loved them.

I just think that these young guys who achieve instant fame will have critical times in their lives because of their lack of humor about themselves. Their numbers are so big, they have to take themselves seriously. They can't afford to smile at themselves. They think they're playing some other guy when they do a funny scene. So they get caught up in that monetary trap.

Penthouse: Why do present-day actors get such huge fees for pictures?

Marvin: Because years ago, when they made a film, if they really thought it was great, they made 150 or 200 copies of it. And they thought *that* was saturation. Today they don't take a chance on anything. For instance, when *Avalanche Express* is released, there will be a thousand prints. So they'll completely saturate the audience in one week, before the word of mouth gets out that it's either a bomb or terrific. Maybe it doesn't have the legs to stand on or something. So they figure, "Don't give the audience a chance," because if the word gets out and the film is bad, the audience will say, "Jesus, I've been had." The film people just hit it quick, right? They get all the dummies in quick, and by the time they can turn around and say, "It's a piece of shit" or something, the picture's left town and the negative's in storage.

So when you think of the actors getting exorbitant fees, forget it. Look at what the distributors are getting; look at what the producers are getting. And the actor's salary gets them publicity. Just think what the guys who own some of the film are making—$25 and $40 million, right? I mean, look at the percentages made from *The Godfather* or *Star Wars*—my God! So the actor is still way behind the real thieves.

Penthouse: What does the public want from its stars these days?

Marvin: Well, besides complete idiocy, they want lack of respect. They want all the rules broken. The underdog has now become the leading man. He's the heavy, because he's kicking mother or shooting a bazooka into the sheriff's office—he does that before the movie even starts. Next, he's got to burn the town down until there's nothing left. And the audience reaction is "Geez, ain't he great?" I think

this all reflects on our times.

Penthouse: What do you think of some of today's big box-office hits?

Marvin: I haven't seen a film except on airplanes.

Penthouse: What's the last film you saw?

Marvin: Depends on the last plane I was on. And that's been a long time. I guess it was over a year ago. I went to see one, a rerun, here locally—*Jaws*. I didn't see it when it first came out. I thought it was one of the smallest pictures I'd ever seen. Its scope—everything. It was a cheap little film to me. And yet here it is, 28 million bucks. I mean, really, they were shooting hand-held cameras, more or less, at Martha's Vineyard. That's a *newsreel*. And they had 50 people on the beach who panicked. Count them—50! And then a few boats went out, and then they slaughtered this shark. And I'm saying to myself, "Where's the film? I thought this was supposed to be a big picture!"

There just haven't been many good pictures for the last 10 or 15 years—I mean the ones that you would show your students if you were teaching school and wanted to show the better aspects of the human journey. But the films are very precise at showing the social situation today. Maybe that's their job: to relate what is happening today. That's why we have all these scummy shows, because society is really falling apart out there. The old values have now become negative. Mommy and Daddy are pricks, the boss is a bum, and AT&T is a villain. Movies show that the counterculture is really making itself felt.

Penthouse: Are you conscious of making films that suit current tastes?

Marvin: It's such a gamble, whatever type of film you choose to make. If you're going for the audience, that means you're looking for something to bank. And money just isn't a problem for me. So I go for something that I think is realistically appealing to me and might communicate something to other people.

Penthouse: Is your living in Arizona a way of rejecting the Hollywood scene?

Marvin: Yeah, because that scene doesn't hold anything for me. I really don't want to go to lunch or dinner at the Bistro or whatever it is, because I don't need that kind of hype. The people who hang out there are the people trying to pump themselves up and break in, or the people who are trying to say, "I'm on top." I'd rather be with a bunch of old drunks at some saloon. At least I get a laugh out of them—and that's not meant evilly or to hurt anybody. It's just a good dirty joke or something.

Penthouse: Are any of your close friends in the movie business?

Marvin: No, not really. Very few. I tell you, I'm really great friends with the cast of the movie I'm working on. But once the picture is ended and that divorce takes place, it's just "See you next time!" And if I run across them 20 years later, it seems like it's only been a year or so. You know, that's the same in any business. You bump into people every now and then, and it's "Oh, you got married. I didn't know that. And you got five kids, and they all got killed? I didn't know that." So life really flies by, which is okay.

Penthouse: Was there ever any career that you wanted to pursue other than acting?

Marvin: No, I don't think so. My film career just happened. I don't know what else I might have been. I didn't have the education for anything, really. I just lucked into acting as a profession—just fell into it.

Penthouse: Have you thought of directing?

Marvin: I'd rather remain the actor and have a separate director who I trust. A lot of actors are quite content to remain actors. I think that might be because we've all heard the advice from the older actors, the 40- , 50-year veterans of the business. They say two things: number one, grab the money and run; and, second, they say, "Look, kid, all I know is hit the marks and say the lines." They have this kind of protective thing for the young actors, because they know that to be good doesn't mean anything in this business. It's all just a matter of breaks and time and fate. ○+

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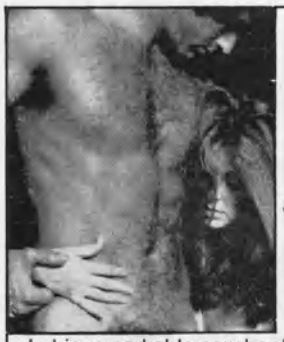

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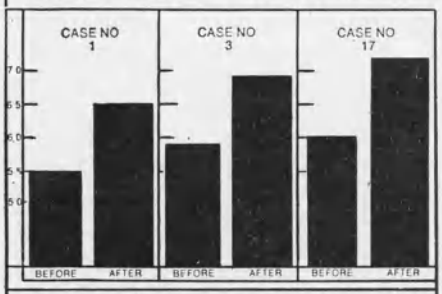

The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

drugstore had was beauty books or teen magazines, none of which interested me. As I headed for the door, I saw a Penthouse *sticking out from behind the cashier's register. I gathered up all the nerve I could, went over, and purchased one.*

When I got back and opened it, it fell open to the Xaviera Hollander column. So I began reading the letters. Well, in minutes I was soaked and getting increasingly horny. I had read about half the column when my husband, Bruce, arrived in the car to take me home.

As we drove home, I kept reading and became so noticeably excited that my husband asked me if I wanted to get high when we got home. I grabbed his cock and gave him a little wink. As soon as we got home, Bruce started to load some bhangs—while I kept reading! I was getting some very provocative *ideas. We lit up. By the time I finished your column, I was very stoned and completely soaked. I got up and walked into the bathroom and proceeded to make myself extremely sexy. I put on a floor-length black-satin nightgown and some ruby-red lipstick. I have a very good figure, with medium-size, extremely firm tits, a flat stomach, and very long legs.*

When I finally returned, Bruce's mouth fell open. He picked me up and carried me into our bedroom. I immediately stripped him down and proceeded to give him head. All in all, I gave him head about eight times—ten minutes apiece, and I mean ten minutes without coming up for air! He was going crazy, and for some reason, when I was sucking his dick, it didn't feel or taste like the same dick that belonged to my husband before. I actually thought this must be a dream, that I was blowing some other guy off. But I wasn't. For some reason my husband's dick felt satiny smooth, and, I swear, it must have been a good ten and one-half inches long. Bruce is usually a nine; I know—I've measured him. But this night he had "grown" about two inches. Bruce couldn't believe the size of his cock, either. He kept moaning that he didn't think he could ever get that big.

With the combination of some good weed, good ideas, and two willing people, the outcome is boundless. You just get into each other, and you won't want to stop. Bruce also did me much better than usual: he ate my pussy nonstop for 45 minutes. He started by sucking on my clit. Then he began to tongue-fuck me and furiously licked all over my cunt lips and pussy. He kept moaning how sweet my love juices tasted. Then he centered right on my clit, licking it with firm strokes. He started to do it fast, then faster and faster. I actually screamed from the bliss. I thought, He must have a motor in his tongue. *Then he flipped me over and started to lick my ass hole. You'll never know how good* that *felt. I was riding a tail wind to heaven.*

Finally Bruce rolled me over and thrust his beautifully swollen cock deep inside me. As he tried to pull out, I closed my legs together and found that this made every muscle in my love box close so tightly around him that he cried out. With the closing of my legs and a touch of muscle control, he couldn't get out. He screamed again. Then he started moaning my name over and over again. Needless to say, he came, and so did I. He asked me why I hadn't done those things before, and all I could say was I hadn't known I could—before I bought that issue of Penthouse!—J.K.

Sex magazines can do wonders for people's lives. Who wouldn't rather be horny than indifferent? And I'm sure your letter will do just that to a number of my readers!

Regarding your observations on penis size, I, too, have noticed that cocks do change. If I haven't seen a lover for some time, I seem to see a larger cock down there. Maybe I'm more aroused, so that it just looks bigger, or maybe he's more aroused, so that it actually is bigger. Probably it's a case of a combination of the two.

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OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR. . . .

My greatest sexual pleasure happened to me one week ago. My name is Keith. I'm six feet two inches tall and have a beautiful eight inches—very thick. I'm also 21 years old.

I went over to my friend's house to see if he was home. His mother, Carol, answered the door. I've had the hots for her for a long time. Her measurements are about 40-24-36. She invited me in and said my friend wasn't home. She said, "Sit down and I'll fix you a cold drink." When she came back, she had on a beautiful, black see-through gown. My cock got so hard I couldn't stand it. She undid my zipper and gave me the best blowjob in the world. She then asked me to lick her nipples through her gown—they were rock-hard now. I then ripped off her gown and put my cock into her big pussy. I pumped her so hard she couldn't stand it. She begged me to stop. I told her no and finally came out of her and ate her cunt for about 15 minutes. After this, she was so horny that she begged me again to put my cock in her mouth. I did so and loved it. I must have given her two gallons of semen. She kissed me for about ten minutes. She is great! We see each other every day.

But here's my problem! I'm 21, and she is 42. Her husband left her 12 years ago. I love her more than I do any girl my age. She loves me more than anything and wants to get married. I need advice!—K.B.

What advice can I give you? If you want to get married, get married. If not, explain the situation to her and either continue seeing and loving her or look elsewhere. Life is simple. Please, don't complicate what seems to be a beautiful and loving affair.

TOO FAST ON THE DRAW

I have been married seven and a half months, and my wife is a lovely person, but there is one problem: she is frustrated when we make love because I can't hold back from coming. I come about one minute after entering her. We have tried everything, from oral sex to masturbating an hour before we have sex. We've even tried a threesome with another guy, but it still doesn't work. She is talking about going to a doctor, but I feel that since she was my first sexual experience, and I was her first, too, maybe what we need is another couple to show us how to act with one another. She has been talking about this girl at work named Lisa. A couple of nights ago my wife came home and told me that she had asked Lisa what she thought about a threesome. Lisa replied by saying she had tried it but would rather have a foursome. When I heard about a foursome, my cock sprang up, which indicated that I went along with Lisa's idea. My wife then said, "It didn't work with a threesome. What makes you think it will work with a foursome?" She then said to forget the idea, and we would figure something out for us to do.

When my wife came home last night, she told me that Lisa had had on a very, very sheer shirt with no bra. She said that she has never seen bigger nipples in her entire life. I then asked her if Lisa had ever mentioned the foursome idea again. All my wife said was "Let's forget the foursome idea and go to sleep."

As I said, my wife has been talking about going to a doctor. What do you think we should do? Should my wife go to a doctor, or should we have the foursome? Please advise. I'm sort of desperate!—L.S.

Why your wife should go to a doctor is what I want to know. You and your wife should go to a doctor, a sex therapist, to be more precise.

A four-way or three-way might help a more experienced couple but will probably just worsen your problem of premature ejaculation. With another, more experienced man beside you, you'll probably just feel even more insecure and come just that much sooner. Also, another woman will probably be even more demanding than your wife. At least you and your wife love and understand

one another and have some patience when dealing with one another's problems. Another woman, though, will be interested in one thing only: great sex. If it doesn't measure up, however, and you come shortly after entering her . . . Well, you can see the problem.

Yes, try a sex therapist.

BLESSING IN DISGUISE

What happens to a marriage after swinging? If it's like ours, everything that happens is good. I'm thirty-three, and my wife is thirty. we had been married over ten years when this incident occurred. The sex in our marriage was getting pretty dull.

A couple of weeks ago we had a dinner party with several friends, including one couple we wanted to get better acquainted with. I'll call them Gary and Karen. We ate, drank a little, and enjoyed ourselves until everyone had left at around two in the moring. Everyone, that is, except Gary and Karen.

In order to get to know them better, we had invited them to spend the night with us. I must admit that I had anticipated getting a very good kiss before bed and fantasized about maybe seeing Karen in her gown or something along those lines. What happened went beyond my limited fantasy.

After our other guests left, I found myself setting next to Karen on the couch while my wife and Gary were seated across from us. I had my arm around Karen's shoulder, and when I stroked her neck and hair, she snuggled up against me. We kissed before I even thought about Gary and my wife, Rachel, being right there. I stood up, and Karen and I went into the den. On the sofa we kissed and I palyed with her pussy through her pants. She let me touch her all over, and soon I had one hand on her breasts under her sweater and one hand on her pussy outside her pants. I was as excited as I could be. Our spouses were only twenty feet away and the door was open, but the way Karen looked in the candlelight was reason enough to make anybody throw caution to the wind.

I opened her pants and moved down to suck her pussy. At first she stopped me, but soon she was whispering that she wanted to fuck. That was her word, and it was exciting to hear her use it. I took her hand and moved it down for her to touch herself with. At the same time, I took my fingers out of her pussy and put them in her mouth, and she went wild sucking on them. Soon she sat up, put her feet on the floor, and lifted up her ass for me to pull her pants down even more. She leaned forward to me, "Put it in hard." I did. That was the singlemost exciting sexual experience of my life. It did not last long, but it was good for us both. I helped her put her pants back on, and we stood up and continued to kiss and touch. We laughed and whispered about how lucky we were not to have been

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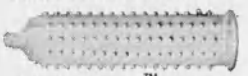

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COMING IN THE MARCH PENTHOUSE

Alex Gnidziejko
TALES OF THE MOSSAD

Alan Magee
FRIDAY EVENING

Leonard Ramsier
LORETTA LYNN

The War against Drug Smuggling—In November 1978 *Penthouse* published journalist Edward Rasen's major exposé of the $12 billion narcotics-smuggling business. Next month Rasen will give *Penthouse* readers an exclusive look at the government's incredible futuristic crackdown on these smugglers. He visited the bunkerlike El Paso Intelligence Center, the headquarters of an "electronic war that knows no geographic limits and makes enemies out of everyone." Rasen, one of the very few journalists ever allowed inside the center, explains how this "war of automation, touted as justifiable, benevolent, even holy by its advocates," could also signal the erosion of individual liberty for hundreds of thousands of American citizens.

Tales of the Mossad, Part II—In the continuation of this exclusive *Penthouse* series, reporter Craig S. Karpel explains how the wall of secrecy that surrounds Israel's legendary security force is its best protection. He shows how Israel uses the Mossad to maintain relations with countries that are afraid to exchange ambassadors with the Jewish state because of Arab reprisals. Karpel explains the Mossad's role in Egyptian leader Anwar Sadat's sensational trip to Jerusalem and interviews Gen. Meir Amit, who ran the Mossad through much of the 1960s. "Israeli intelligence never takes no for an answer," Amit tells Karpel. "If they throw you out the door, you have to come back through the window."

Disco Droids—From deep in L.A. (pronounced "Lay" by those who've escaped) comes the invasion of the disco droids, a giant, dancing swarm of twisting, writhing, half-dressed, half-naked zombies who listen to nothing but Barry Manilow. "We will end rejection," chant the crazed droids, "even if we have to dance in all the private discos in America. After all, a double-knit leisure suit is no reason to reject a person." What mad genius could have masterminded this high-pressured disco insanity? Will the Land of Angeldust survive? Humorist Tom Eyen tells all. Read before the disco droids invade your hometown. No eardrum is immune to the beat.

Loretta Lynn—With more than 50 albums to her credit and the distinction of being the first woman named Entertainer of the Year by the Country Music Association, Loretta Lynn today is acknowledged to be the undisputed queen of country music. Her autobiography, *Coal Miner's Daughter*, was an immediate best-seller. And next month the film, starring Sissy Spacek as Loretta Lynn, will open in theaters across the country.

In an exclusive interview for *Penthouse*, Lynn confides her outspoken views on birth control ("If they had had pills back when I was thirteen, I'd have eaten 'em like popcorn"), women's lib ("There ain't no man alive who can match a woman trick for trick"), and the changes she has provoked in the country music industry ("I've been just a little bit braver than most of the other singers, and I was the first one to get my records banned").

Friday Evening—Mr. Abbott was laid off, and unemployment didn't cover the family's expenses. He needed his daughter to earn extra money. Bonnie only had to *talk* to the men. That *was* the deal, wasn't it? Joyce Carol Oates is one of America's most popular and prolific writers. In this story she creates a stunning portrait of a relationship where everything and nothing are as they seem. ○+

caught by our respective spouses.

I don't think we need have worried. When we walked back to the living room, we saw Rachel and Gary in a crazy sixty-nine. Karen and I watched for a few minutes, and then she started taking her clothes off. I told Gary and my wife goodnight, and Karen and I went into my son's room. (The kids were away for the night.)

For the rest of the night Karen and I made good, hard, sweet, erotic, sweaty, kinky love. I came four times that night in less than four hours and once again when we woke up. We did things with each other that we had not done with our spouses. Karen took me—it was at her request—in her ass and in her mouth. She had never done this with Gary, who did both these things with Rachel this night. The second time we fucked, I pulled out when I came and ejaculated on her breasts. She wiped it off and daubed it all over her tongue and lips and then kissed me.

The next morning all four of us were really tired, but the neat thing was that none of us felt guilty or embarrassed—and we still don't. Rachel and I have had a fantastic week of sex since then, and tonight, on the phone, Gary and Karen said the same thing. Rachel and I found good lovers that night, but we also found that we had also made some genuine friends. We may never made love with them again, and yet we might. If it happens, it won't be forced.

By the way, I'm a minister, and our friends are very good, strong church people. I can see nothing sinful about what we did. Looking back on it, it would only have been a sin if we had done nothing.

I wonder, though, why it is that with someone who is not one's mate the sex is full of lust, laughter, and the feeling that you just have to devour your partner's body.—C.S.

I'm glad to see that missionary sex has been put to rest by the ministry. I always knew you men of the cloth knew how to get it off—after all, having once been a prostitute, I've served many of your more closeted members. How nice to see that swinging has finally joined the clergy! By the way, when are you going to make it a sacrament?

Why is sex with someone you don't know more lustful? One of my books, *Xaviera's Fantastic Sex*, deals with this very question. I feel sex with the perfect stranger is more aggressive and more physical because it is basically fantasy sex. When you make love to someone you know well, the fantasy factor is not so great. You are making love to that particular person, but when you're out screwing a stranger, you know, of course, very little about the individual. You know what she looks like and not much else. So you begin to fantasize: she is the perfect lover, the perfect whore, the perfect princess, the perfect girl-next-door. She is what you want her to be. ○+

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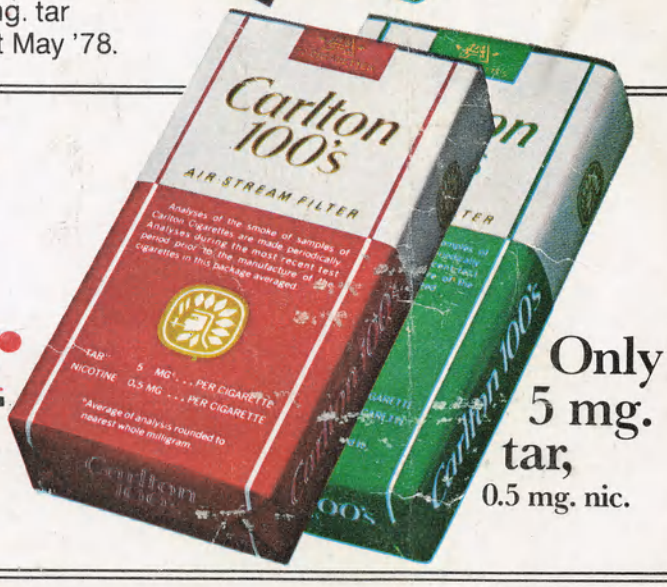
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